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O D Y S S E S

T R A N S L A T E D,

A D O R N ' D

W I T H

S C U L P T U R E,

A N D

I L L U S T R A T E D

W I T H

A N N O T A T I O N S,

B Y

J O H N O G I L B Y, Esq;

Master of His MAJESTIES Revells in the Kingdom of

I R E L A N D.

L O N D O N,

Printed by THOMAS ROYCROFT,

for the Author, M D C L X V.

*Ex dono doctissimi Isaaci Barrow S.T.B.
Mathematici Professoris, huius Collegij Socij & ~*

THE
HOMER

ODYSSEY

TRANSLATED

ADORNED

WITH

SCULPTURE

AND

ILLUSTRATIONS

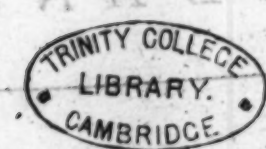
ANNALS



JOHN OGILBY Esq;

Master of His MAJESTIES ROYAL in the Kingdom of

IRELAND



LONDON

Printed by THOMAS ROYCH

for the Author, MDCCLXV.

*The above dedication given by
Matthew Robinson, Esq. 1765*

TO THE
MOST NOBLE PRINCE
JAMES,
DUKE, MARQUES AND EARL
OF
ORMOND,

EARL OF OSSORY AND BRECKNOCK,
VISCOUNT THURLES,

LORD BARON OF ARCLO AND LANTHONY,
LORD OF THE REGALITIES AND LIBERTIES
OF THE COUNTY OF TIPERARY,

CHANCELLOR OF THE UNIVERSITY OF DUBLIN,
LORD LIEUTENANT-GENERAL AND GENERAL
GOVERNOUR OF HIS MAJESTIES KINGDOM
OF IRELAND,

ONE OF THE LORDS OF HIS MAJESTIES MOST
HONOURABLE PRIVY COUNCIL, OF HIS MAJESTIES
KINGDOMS OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND,
AND IRELAND,

GENTLEMAN OF HIS MAJESTIES BED-CHAMBER,
LORD STEWARD OF HIS MAJESTIES HOUSHOLD,
LORD LIEUTENANT OF THE COUNTY OF SOMERSET,
LORD LIEUTENANT AND LORD HIGH STEWARD OF THE
CITY OF BRISTOL,

AND KNIGHT OF THE MOST NOBLE ORDER OF
THE GARTER:

THIS
The most Ancient and Best Piece of Moral and Political
Learning, is humbly Presented and Dedicated,

By the most Obliged,

And most Obedient

Of His Servants,

JOHN OGILBY.



Illustrissimo et Potentiss.
Marchi et Comd de
Gen. Hiber. Palatii
perisclidis Equiti. f.



Principi Jacobo, Duci
Ormond & Governatori
Regij Senescallo Aurece
Tabulam hanc. LMDDDIOL.



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Court of Gods: Telemachus complains
To Pallas. Sutors ryot: Phemius strains.
Penelope disgust; Pallas inspires
The Prince with Strength and Prudence, then retires.
Antinous girds, Telemachus retorts,
Eurymachus sides: Night closeth strife and Sports.*



THAT prudent *Heroes* wan-
dring, Muse rehearse,
Who (*Troy* being sack'd) coa-
sting the Universe,
Saw many Cities, and their va-
rious Modes;

Much suffering, tost by Storms on raging Floods,
His Friends conducting to their native coast;
But all in vain, for he his Navy lost,
And they their lives prophanely feasting on
Heards consecrated to the glorious Sun;

A

Who

Who much incens'd obstructed so their way
 They nere return'd : *Joves* Daughter this display.
 All now by Wars and Billows undestroy'd
 Were safe at home, He only not enjoy'd
 His dearest Spouse, nor with'd-for Passage gain'd,
 Whilst in her Cave *Calypso* him detain'd,
 And hop'd to Wed. But when the Circling Sphears
 Compleated had the Fate-appointed years
 That he his home and Native soyle should see
 (Not from intestine broyles and trouble free)
 The Gods all pittied him ; but *Neptunes* rage,
 Untill he landed, Vowes could nere assuage :
 Who now to ^(a) *Æthiops* distant Regions gon
 (That verge the ^(b) rising and descending Sun)
 At plenteous Tables highly entertain'd,
 Sate, where his Altars Hecatombs distain'd,
 Whilst the other Gods in Heavens high Palace met,
 There *Jove* reminding with no small regret,
Ægisthus storie, whom *Atrides* Son
Orestes slew, thus in full Court begun ;
 How fondly Mortals us accuse, that we
 Both of their crimes and sufferings Authors be,
 When by their folly they themselves destroy ;
 So *Agamemnon* new return'd from *Troy*
Ægisthus murder'd, then Espous'd his Wife,
 Though *Hermes* him on forfeit of his Life
 From us forbad ; Kill not the King he said,
 Nor *Clytemnestra* that Adaltress Wed,
 Lest young *Orestes* his Revenger come,
 And these usurped Kingdoms reassume :
 Yet obstinate he would not us regard,
 So his fowle crime hath met a due reward.
 Then *Pallas* ; Thou who rul'st these bles'd abodes,
 Great King of Kings, and father of the Gods,
 Deservedly

(a) It is observ'd by *Herodotus*, That *Neptune* was a God brought out of *Lybia* into *Greece*, and therefore properly feigned by *Homer* to delight in the Countreys thereabout.

(b) There is great variety of Exposition upon this place amongst the ancientest of the *Greek* Grammarians, *Aristarchus*, *Crates*, &c. all whose conjectures are produced and refuted by *Strabo* in the first book of his Geography. After which, he thus delivers his own opinion ; That as the ancient *Grecians* called all the more Northern people *Sythians*, or *Nomades* ; and the Western *Celta*, *Iberes*, or *Celt-Iberes*, &c. so they called all that liv'd upon the Southern Ocean from East to West, *Æthiopsians*, not those onely which lie South of *Ægypt*. This he confirms with authorities out of *Æschylus* and *Euripides*, which are something obscure by reason those Tragedies from whence he borrowed them, are now lost. We shall therefore supply their room with those which are more clear and evident. *Æschylus* in his *Prometheus*,

— πᾶσι θύει
 ἢ ἔστιν ἀπὸ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ, οὗ πρὸς ἡμῶν
 Ναιον πυρᾶς, ἢ θά πῶτα ἄδελφ.

You shall black people find, where rising
 Suns
 First gild the Earth, and swelling
Æthiops runs.

Ptolemy in his Geography, ἀπὸ διότι
 πᾶσι θύει ἀπὸ τοῦ οὐρανοῦ πρὸς ἡμῶν
 ἂν διότι. There live under the Zodiac
 from East to West men black of colour,
Æthiopsians. And in another place he
 divides *Æthiopia* into Eastern and
 Western. These *Æthiopsians* then
 according to *Homer* διὰ τὴν ἁλῆν
 were divided into Eastern and Western
 by the Arabian or Egyptian Gulfe :
 which though *Homer* never makes
 mention of, as *Aristarchus* observed,
 yet it is not probable, saith *Strabo*, that
 he should be ignorant of that Gulfe
 which is but 1000 Stades distant from
 the Mediterranean, and be so well ac-
 quainted with *Thebes* of *Ægypt* 4000
 Stades farther off.

Deservedly he fell, and may they all
 Who murder Princes in like manner fall.
 But much my bowells for *Ulysses* yern,
 Who pin'd with grief, remote from his concern,
 A Sea-girt Isle, the Navel of the Main,
 And fair ^(c) *Calypso's* blandishments detain.
 Him *Atlas* Daughter, who Heavens starry rounds
 Supports, and th' Oceans deepest channels sounds,
 With charming Beauty, Flattery and Witt;
 Labours that he his Country might forget;
 Who rather would, though there he then should dye,
 Behold his native Smoke ascend the Sky.
 Hast thou for him, O *Jove*, no more regret,
 Who ne'r thy Altars slighted at the ^(d) Fleet,
 That thou offended laist him thus aside?

Why me thus taxest thou Heavens King replyd?
 How should I him forget who so excells
 Mortals in Prudence and all Virtues else;
 Who oft this Court with Hecatombs engag'd?
 But *Neptune* still for ^(e) *Polypheme* enrag'd,
 The *Cyclops* Prince, whom he on *Thosa* got,
 The Nymph compressing in a shady Grot.
 Though he not kil'd him, yet midst swallowing deeps,
 Coupt in an Isle, far from his Country keeps.

Well; let us now consult how best we may
 Work his return, and *Neptunes* wrath allay:
 Who never sure a War dares undertake
 Single against us all. Then *Pallas* spake;

O thou great King, and Father of the Gods,
 If that *Ulysses* shall his own abodes
 Again behold, let *Hermes* streight repair
 To bright *Calypso*, and your will declare:
 That she must him discharge without delay,
 Whilest I with speed descend to *Ithaca*.

(c) A Nymph the Daughter of *Atlas* according to *Homer*, whom others make the Daughter of *Oceanus* and *Thetis*. She being in love with *Ulysses* detain'd him seven years in the Island *Ogygia*: though *Ovid* mentions but six

An grave sex annis pulchram fovisse
Calypso?
Aequoreaque fuit concubuisse Dea?

Suffer'd *Ulysses* much six years t'enjoy
Calypso? with a Nymph to sport and
 toy?

(d) Παλὸν δὲ ἢ ἀπὸ τοῦ μᾶλλον ἀρῶν
 οὗτος ἢ ἀπὸ τοῦ πλείονος, τὸ δὲ πρῶτον
 οὐκ ἔστιν
 ἔστιν, ἀλλὰ τὸν δὲ πρῶτον
 ἔστιν, &c.

(d) Their Vessels at great distance from
 the fight,
 Did on the briny Oceans Margents lye,
 The foremost bedded in the sand/sate dry.
 Walls ranging with their Sterns, their
 streitned Prores,
 Lay pinched up upon the narrow shores;
 Like Ladders steps in ranks the Vessels
 lay,
 The large Jaws fringing of the tren-
 ding bay.
Iliads 14.

The word *walls* makes it appear e-
 vidently that the Fleet was their Camp
 out of this, *Iliad* 7.

Then Towers and Walls strong Bull-
 works they erect,
 Which might their Navie and them-
 selves protect:
 Next hung on Gates with Barrs well
 fortifi'd,
 Through which the Princes might in
 Chariots ride,
 Which they inclos'd with Trenches steep
 and large,
 And Pallisadoes to break off the Charge.

(e) Whose eye *Ulysses* put out with
 a Fire-brand. Which story is related
 at large, *Odys.* 9.

There

There I, his Son, better to act his part,
 Shall prudence give and a courageous Heart;
 So he his House shall of those Sutors rid,
 And their disorders in full Court forbid;
 Whose ryots make such havock there and spoyl.
 Next, him I'll send to *Sparta*, then to *Pyle*,
 To seek his Sire: So he in foreign parts
 Shall purchase Honour by acquir'd deserts.

This said, she fits her golden Talaries,
 Which her ore Hills and Dales and swelling Seas
 With fanning Winds through aery Regions bear;
 Then up she takes her strong and ponderous Spear,
 With which, descended from so great a Sire,
 Oft Regiments of Heroes feel her ire.
 Next stooping from *Olympus* spiry heights,
 Transformed to *Mentes* ^(f) *Taphians* Prince alights
 Before *Ulysses* Gate, then makes a stand,
 A Brazen-pointed Javelin in her hand;
 Where the proud Sutors ^(g) gaming she beheld,
 Seated on Hides of Bullocks they had kill'd,
 Heralds with meaner Officers attend,
 Some in large Vessels Wine and Water blend,
 Others the boards with pory Sponges dri'd
 And Tables cover'd, serv'd up Cates divide.
 Her first *Telemachus*, amongst the debosh'd
 Corrivals sitting, saw as she approach'd,
 Then sadly fancying to himself: Should there
 His valiant Father suddenly appear
 Routing them all, how he would spoyl their sport,
 And soon regain his Honour Wealth and Court:
 Troubled a Stranger there so long should stand,
 He rose, and gently took her by the hand,
 And it disburthening of her Javelin spake;
 Since you are freely Welcom, please to take

With

(f) *Taphus* was a City on the Island *Cephalonia* near adjoining to *Ithaca*, the Country of *Ulysses*: so called from *Taphus* the son of *Pierelus*. —

(g) It is not agreed on by the antient Grammarians what this Game was which *Penelope* Sutors are feign'd by *Homer* to recreate themselves with. Some expound the *mors* here by *uiss* Dice: but *Herodotus* doth clearly distinguish between these two, where he saies that the *Lydians* were the inventors of Dice, and the rest of the Sports except the *mors*. *Appian*, an eminent Grammarian in his time, called by *Tiberius* the Emperour *Cymbalum mundi*, saies that, according as he received it from *Cuse* a native of *Ithaca*, where 'tis probable the Sport might remain in use, 'twas this. The number of the Sutors being 108. they equally divided their Balls, that is 54. on each side, directly opposite to each other. Betwixt the two ranks remain'd a vacant place in the middle of which they plac'd a mark which they call'd *Penelope*, the scope which they all were to aime at. They took their turns by lot, and he that hit the *Penelope* and removing that farther lay in its place, and afterwards should with another hit the *Penelope* again without touching any of the other Gamesters men, was acknowledged Victor, and took it as a good Omen of obtaining his Mistress.

With us, of what supplies our Boards, a share,
 And when your Spirits, Sir, recruited are,
 How I may serve you intimate : This said,
 Up to the Hall the Goddess he convey'd :
 There 'gainst a Column sets her Daunce, where stood
 Ulysses Javelins planted like a wood :
 Then in a Chair, with a rich Cushion grac'd
 And a carv'd Foot-stool, he *Minerva* plac'd ;
 Then sets himself against her, from the rest,
 That, nor their rude deportments should his Guest
 Disturb, nor their importunities tire,
 And betwixt of his Father to inquire :
 Water to wash their hands a Damsel-sewer
 Pours forth in Silver from a Golden Ewer,
 Then spreads the Board, and on pure Manchet sets ;
 The Cook the Table loads with various Cates,
 With richest Wines Attendants crown the Feast,
 When to their places the proud Sutors prest,
 Soon as they wash'd, and Bread up Virgins serv'd,
 All charg'd at once and cut, and each where carv'd ;
 Bowles fill'd and emptied wander here and there :
 When thirst and hunger satisfied were,
 Of Songs and Dances they begin to think,
 Sports heighten Banquets more than Meat and Drink.
 The Herald, *Phemius*, brings a Harp well strung,
 Who, though unwilling, play'd and sweetly Sung :
 When thus *Telemachus* in *Pallas* ear ;

With this our rudeness, Sir, be pleas'd to bear,
 Songs are their business with a well set Aire,
 And thus to feast without a Bill of fare ; (Rain,
 Whil'st on some Shore his Bones lie bleach'd with
 Or tumbled are with Billowes through the Main,
 Whom should they see, rather they'd Wings desire
 Than large Possessions, Gold, or rich Attire ;

B

But

But of my Father now remains no hope:
 If any born under Heaven's glorious cope
 Should me inform that here he would arrive,
 Since the time's past, I should not him believe.
 But tell me, Sir, your Country, stock and name,
 And how, and why into these parts you came:
 Whether a stranger, or were heretofore
 Known to my Sire, since many on that score
 Visit our Court: He correspondents had
 Through all these Isles. Then thus *Minerva* said,
 I *Mentes* am *Anchialus* Son, and reign
 O're *Taphians*, Traders through the boisterous Main:
 Hither I came to Anchor, as we pass
 At ^(b) *Temese* to barter Iron for Brass.
 Our Vessel in the *Rheitran* Harbour rides
 Safe under *Neium's* Grove from Wind and Tides.
 I often and thy hospitable Sire
 Treated each other, this thou mayst enquire
 Of old *Laertes*; who, as they report,
 Absents both from the City and the Court:
 Where his old Maid, when faint with Toyl and Sweat
 Pruning his spreading Vines, provides him Meat.
 I hear the Gods thy wandring Sire impead
 In his return: For sure he is not dead.
 Him fierce Men in the navel of the Main,
 A Sea-girt Isle, against his will detain.
 Though I no Prophet am, nor Augurie boast,
 Know he ere long shall reach his native Coast:
 Not him from home shall Brazen Fetters keep,
 Nor raging Billows of the boisterous Deep.
 Are you his Son? Him you resemble much,
 Such were his Eyes, his manly Visage such.
 Me for his Friend *Ulysses* pleas'd to own,
 Before the *Trojan* expedition:

But

(b) *Temesa* was a City of the *Bruttii* in the foot of *Italy*, now called, as *Pontanus* conjectures in his History of *Naples*, *Longobucco*. That this is the City meant by *Homer*, not that of *Cyprus* of the same name, appears, because the Neapolitan *Temesa* was famous for its veins of Brass, for which *Mentes* saies he traded thither, as appears by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, l. 15.

*Hippodæque domos Regis, Temesce-
 que metalla.*
Hippotades Palace, and *Temesian* Steel.

And *Statius* in his *Sylva*,

— *se totis Temese dedit hausta
 metallis,*
Temese whose Iron mines are drain'd.

And *Strabo* witnesses that the rooms for preparing of Brass remain'd there in his time, though empty. To which may be added the vicinity of this place to *Cephalenia*, and the great distance of the other.

But since the Grecian Princes lanch'd their Fleet,
We nere enjoy'd the happiness to meet.

Then he reply'd; my Mother tells me so,
Nor Children more of their own Parents know.
Would I the Son were of a happy Sire,
Who aged might in his own Court expire:
But mine the unfortunat'ft ere trod the Earth.

Then *Pallas*; Such a Mother brought thee forth,
At such a time, that no unworthy Fate
Shall thee attend: Sir, please to intimate
What means this concourse, why such store of Guests?
Is this some treatment, or else Nuptial Feasts?
This seems no Club, where each one paies his share,
And yet extreamly insolent they are:
A sober person ill would brook to view
The ruffian pranks of this disorder'd Crue. (reign'd,

Then thus the Prince; Whilst here my Father
Good orders he and plenteous Boards maintain'd,
Whom now cros powers, who alwaies mischief plot,
Of mortals make the most unfortunate.

Nor for his Death should I so much complain,
Had at the Trojan Leaguer he been slain,
Or scaping Wars and Billowes died at home:
Our Princes then erected had his Tombe,
Investing me with his Estate and Power;
But greedy ⁽ⁱ⁾ Harpyes now his Corps devour,
Leaving to me, his most unhappy Heir,
In stead of Riches, sorrow and despair.

Nor wail I his disasters thus alone,
The Gods have giv'n me sufferings of my own:
Those Princes who these scattered Isles command,
^(k) *Dulichium*, *Samos*, and *Zacynthus* Strand,
And *Ithaca*, my Mother to espouse,
Daily addresssing, thus molest my House:

Whose

(i) The Harpyes were the Daughters of *Pontus* and *Terra*, from whence they were feign'd to have their dominion partly on the Seas, partly on Land. They were Fowls with the faces of Women. Their form is to be seen in Sculpture, in the Church of St. Martin at Venice, frequented as a Master-piece to draw these Monsters by, both by Carvers and Painters. That they had Wings, we learn from *Æschylus*, who mentioning the Furies asleep by *Orestes*, concludes they were not Harpyes, because they were *Agones*, without Wings. There is a Coin yet extant of *L. Valerius*, where there is a Harpye represented.

(k) *Hellanicus* one of the ancientest of the Greek Historians took *Dulichium* here mentioned to have been *Cephalonia*. But *Strabo* has manifested that to be a groundless error: first, because *Dulichium* was under the command of *Meges*, the *Cephalenians* under the command of *Ulysses*. Secondly, because if *Dulichium* had been the same with *Cephalonia*, *Homer* would not have said that there went fifty Suitors from *Dulichium*, and four and twenty from *Same*, which was a City of *Cephalonia*. *Strabo* reckons *Dulichium*, and that rightly, one of the *Echinades*, neer the mouth of the river *Achelous*, in his time called *Dolicha*.

(1) *Ilus* was great Grand-child to *Medea*, a Lady, famous for her exquisite skill in all manner of Poysons.

(m) There are four Cities of this name. Some of the Antients conceive *Homer* to mean that of the *Thesprotians*, others that of the *Corinthians*, *Strabo* rather enclines to *Ephyra* of *Elea*, because *Homer* makes *Agamede* the Daughter of *Augias* King of the *Epans* to have the knowledg of all sorts of Poysons.

Whose fate she not rejects nor grants, and now
Would gladly shake them off, but knows not how,
Whose ryots wast my Stock; on this pretext,
Me they perhaps will tear in pieces next,
Much pitying him, then thus *Minerva* said,
Thou want'st alas thy valiant Father's aid,
He soon their ranting humours would abate:
Could I but see him standing at the Gate,
As in our Court when first I him beheld,
Arm'd with two Spears, a Cask and glittering Shield,
New come from ⁽¹⁾ *Ilus* (for the boysterous Main
He plow'd to ^(m) *Ephyre*) Poyson to obtain
To noynt his Barbs, which warie he deni'd,
Yet then my loving Father thine supply'd.
Should he now enter in that posture here,
Bitter would prove their Nuptials, sad their Cheer.
But 'tis at the appointment of the Gods,
If ever he review his own aboads,
Or be reveng'd; yet now consider well
How best thou may'st this haughty Crew expell:
A Court to morrow early summon, there
Require them all thy Pallace to forbear,
And if thy mother one must needs Espouse,
Let her return to her rich Father's house,
There let them Wed, there let her warie Sire
After her Dowre, or what ere else, inquire.
Next, if I may advise, make ready streight
A nimble Vessel of the second Rate,
Then saile in quest of thy long absent Sire
To Sandy Pyle, of *Nestor* there inquire:
From thence to *Spartan Menelaus* hast,
Who of the scattered Fleet arrived last;
Of him perhaps some tidings thou mai'st hear,
Make this thy business of the following year:

But

But hear'st thou of his death, return streight home,
Performe his Obits, and erect his Tomb.

Then let thy Mother Wed, and last imploy,
Thy wits how thou these Sutors mai'st destroy,
By force or fraud : And since of age thou art,
Leave childish sports, and bravely act thy part.
Hast thou not of *Orestes* heard, whose name
His gallant acts through all the World proclaim?
He in *Ægystus* breast, that Regicide

Who *Agamemnon* slew, his Weapon dy'd;
Thou art as likely so to purchase Fame:
But I expected at my Vessel am,
And must aboard with speed: What I advise
Be sure to do; when thus, the Prince replies;

You counsel like a friend, a Father such
Would give a Son, which me concerns so much,
That I shall it pursue: Here only stay,
Though posting time and business call away;
Bathe and repose, till I a Gift prepare,
Which thou with joy may'st to thy Vessel bear,
And keep as precious Treasure for my sake,
Such as lov'd Guests from those that treat them take.

Then *Pallas*; Sir, I should be loath t' offend;
What favour you soere for me intend,
Reserve till my return, that then I may,
Accept your Present, and the like repay.

This said, she vanish'd like a Bird, from thence,
Giving him courage and a tender sense
Of his dear Sire. A while he wondring stood,
But when resolv'd this Stranger was some God,
He to the Sutors went, who silent at
Old *Phemius* Musick, and attentive sate;
He sung the *Greeks* hard palls, from *Ilium* hurl'd,
By *Pallas* heavy wrath about the World.

Penelope hears him from Her upper Rooms,
And down Stairs with two Maids, attending, comes,
Entring the Hall a Veil her Beauty hides,
And weeping, thus the sweet Musician chides;

Hast thou no other Layes which deeds relate,
Of men and Gods which Poets celebrate,
Such choose whilst they Carowse, these but foment
Old grief, and work afresh on discontent;
Forbear this woful Theam, since I not yet,
Can one so honour'd through all *Greece* forget.

Then spake the Prince; Why Mother him d'ye blame
Pleasing himself, or tax the Poets Theam?

When greatest *Jove* inspires their sacred Verse;
Well he the *Greeks* misfortunes may rehearse.

What most concerns us, most our ears invite;
What's new and rare still heighten our delight.

My Father not alone his Voyage lost,
But many more nere reach'd their native Coast.

Look to your house, and your affairs at home,
See that your Maids Spin, Card, and ply their Loom:

Leave such Disputes to men who understand,
And me to Umpire who should here command.

This said, astonish'd at her prudent Son,
She thence returns by two attended on;

And in her Chamber for her Lord did weep,
Till *Pallas* clos'd her Eyes with gentle sleep.

When from the Board the proud Cornivals rose,
And drowsie hasten to desir'd repose.

Then spake the Prince; You that so haunt my house,
And vex my Mother, hoping to Espouse,

Cease your rude clamor, this disorder curb;
Nor this high pleasure with such noise disturb:

But hearken to his heavenly Voice and Lyre.
Next I to morrow early you require,

To

To meet in Counsel, where I shall such Guests
 Forbid my Court, else-where to make their Feasts :
 Which if thus warn'd you slight, and not forbear,
 To ruin me, by all the Gods I swear,
 If *Jove* so please, you unlamented shall,
 Just Vengeance feeling, perish in this Hall.
 This said, all bit their Lips, his Speech admir'd,
 That he redress so boldly had requir'd.

Antinous then; What God, my little Prince,
 Inspir'd thee with such pretty Eloquence?
Jove not decreed, that thou should'st rule this Land,
 Because thy Father once did us command.

Then thus the Prince; I should thy wrath condemn
 Would *Jove* confer on me the Diadem :
 To reign is good, Courts are with plenty stor'd,
 Princes are serv'd, are honour'd, and ador'd :
 But there be many great ones here who may,
 Since that my Father's dead, this Kingdom sway,
 Yet I a King, shall in this Pallace reign,
 And, with Paternal wealth, due State maintain.

Then spake *Eurymachus*, *Polybius* Son,
 Heaven's pleasure must, *Telemachus*, be done.
 But who soere shall fill our empty Throne,
 Rule thou thy Mansions and enjoy thy owne :
 None who this Isle inhabits thee shall wrong;
 But say, what Stranger talk'd with thee so long?
 Ought know's he of your Sire, or hither comes
 To pay old Debts, and clear contracted Sums?
 He staid no time, did company decline ;
 He hath a noble look, and princely Mien.

Then thus the Prince : No news of him I hear,
 I to no Wisard now will give an ear,
 For whom my Mother to this Countrey sends :
 This Stranger's one of my Sires ancient Friends,
Mentes,

Mentes, Anchialus Son, who now commands
 The *Taphians*, Traders into Foreign Lands.
 Thus said the Prince, though he the Goddess knew:
 Then they to Dancing and their songs withdrew;
 When routed day sought refuge in the West,
 They to their several seats repair'd to rest.
 When to his Lodgings built with wondrous art,
 Which mid'st *Ulysses* Pallace stood apart,
 Thought-full *Telemachus* to rest ascends,
 Whom *Euryclea* with a Light attends:
 (*Laertes* her had purchased of old,
 At no small rate, for twenty Bullocks sold,
 Her lov'd he as his Spouse, but nere enjoy'd,
 His jealous Wives displeasure to avoyd.
 She up the Prince with much affection bred)
 Opening the door, down sits he on his Bed,
 And off with speed his plyant Garments gets,
 Which up she hanging puts in comely pleats
 Close by his Bed: Her business thus dispatch'd,
 The door, pluck'd by a Silver Ring, she latch'd;
 Whilst plyant Blankets o're himself he laid,
 Minding his Voyage, and what *Pallas* said.



*Illustrissimæ Domine
de Ormond Fabulam*



*D^{ca} Elizabethæ Dⁿⁱ
hanc* **EMDDIO** *Lit^a*



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus a Counsel summons: all
The Island Princes meet: a frequent Hall:
Corrivals charge: sharp Answers and Replies.
Eagles disturb the Court: the concourse rise.
The Prince (a Vessel with Provision stor'd)
And Pallas, like old Mentor, go aboard.*



*O sooner had the Daughter of
the Dawn,
With rose Fingers daies Port-
cullice drawn,
But from his Bed Laertes Grand-
child springs,*

*Put on his Vest, and thwart his Shoulders flings
His well harch'd Falchion, on his Sandals tyes,
And forth with a majestick presence hies,
His Heralds then commanding straight to call
The Island Princes to the Council Hall.*

D

Soon

(*) This is taken according to the
custom of those ancient times. And
therefore it seems to be an Apo-
logue for him, when he went not in
to the middle of the assembly, but
stays to hear from his own seat.

(a) It is observable that *Telemachus*, Prince of *Ithaca*, has no Guard or attendance to accompany him to the Council: neither do I find in the Poems of *Homer*, that ever Prince used any but in time of War: though *Enfrathius* thinks, his attendants had forsaken him, for fear of the Suitors.

(b) It is not altogether unusual with *Homer*, to make the appellative name of a Country, the proper name of a Man: as he does here *Egyptius*, which signifies a Native of *Egypt*, to be the proper name of a Prince of *Ithaca*: for so, in his *Iliads*, he feigns several proper names, as *Meon*, *Dardanius*, *Imbrinus*, *Epeus*, and the like; all which are properly relative to the native Country of any persons so called; which in succeeding ages, grew more common: *Achæus* the name of a famous Poet, *Seytha* of a Philosopher, and *Carystius* an Historian.

(c) This is spoken, according to the custom of those antient times. And therefore *Agamemnon* made an Apology for himself, when he went not into the middle of the assembly, but spake to them from his own seat.

Soon as in Court conven'd the Heroes were,
In comes the Prince, arm'd with a glittering Spear,
(a) Two Dogs attend, whose face *Minerva* deck't
With Heavenly raies, and a Divine aspect:
All who beheld, admire his winning grace,
And, whil'st he mounts his Father's Throne, give place.
Then first arose (b) *Egyptius*, a grave Sage,
Bow'd with the burthen of unweildy Age:
Four Sons he had; one, to the *Ilian* Plain,
Follow'd *Ulysses* fortune, through the Main:
Him *Polyphemus* in his Dungeon kill'd
The last, whose Flesh his rav'nous Stomach fill'd.
Three more surviv'd; one to the Queen made love,
The other did their Father's ground improve.
But he, as if he had no other Son,
Still mourns his loss, and weeping, thus begun;

Me first to hear, you Princes condescend;
We never here in Counsel thus conven'd,
Since good *Ulysses* sail'd for *Ilium*.
For what then are we summon'd, or by whom?
Can any us newly arriv'd inform
Of some approaching Foes, impending storm,
Or ought else that concerns the publick good?
His presence speaks him one of Noble Blood,
May *Jove* succeed his fair Designs. This said,
No longer sits the Prince; but highly glad
At what he hear'd, amidst (c) the Concourse stands;
And when *Pisenor* had into his hands
A Scepter put, & *Egyptius*, the Prince
Himself addressing, thus declares his sence;

The Man's not far, and you shall quickly see,
Who call'd this Court, forc'd by hard Destinie:
Not lately he arriv'd, nor can inform
Of any Foes approach, or gathering Storm,

No

Nor ought concerns the publick good relate,
 My bus'ness all my own, my torn estate
 By two sad chances: First my Sire I lost,
 Who like a loving Father rul'd this Coast;
 Then what is worse, the House that He enjoy'd,
 Is topsie-turvy turn'd, his stock destroy'd:
 Our Grandees Sons do daily there resort,
 And 'gainst her will my dearest Mother court;
 Waving to visit her rich Father's House,
 Who might the Contract draw, and her Espouse
 To one he likes, with a sufficient Dowre;
 Daily repairing thither, they devour
 Fat Beeves, Sheep, Goats, and highly Sup and Dine,
Gratis Carrowing deep on richest Wine.
 Havock they make, whilst I a Champion want,
 Such as my Sire, these Ranters to supplant:
 Since I'm too weak to charge such wasting swarms,
 Nurtur'd in Peace, unseen in feats of Arms;
 But were my strength proportion'd to my mind,
 Who act such prancks should soon my vengeance find;
 I'd prop my sinking House. You Patriots, fear
 Your Neighbours ill reports, the Gods revere,
 Lest they should punish you, for your neglect,
 My case condole, and my Estate protect;
 But I by *Jove* implore and *Themis*, who
 All Counsels ^(d) summons, and dissolves, that You
 Refrain my House, suffer me there alone,
 My self and my misfortunes to bemoan.
 If ere my Father by Hostility,
 Wrong'd any here, retaliate that on me:
 Better it were that you such havock made,
 Devour'd my 'state, then might I be repay'd:
 For in the City I'de upon you call,
 Untill you clear'd accounts, and gave me all:

D 2

But

(d) *Eustathius* on this place notes
 that the Statue of *Themis*, according
 to some Grammarians, was brought
 into all publick assemblies, at their be-
 ginning, and carried forth at their dis-
 solution, to which they will have *Ho-*
mer here to allude.

But now my sorrows are on sorrows heap'd :
This said, his Scepter down he threw, and wept:
All pitting silent fate, nor Answer made,
Till thus *Antinous* rising boldly said ;

You have not well, young Prince, your business scan'd
Thus to asperse us, and our Honour brand :
Thy Mother rather blame, we faultless are ;
Three years she fed our hopes and held us faire,
Promis'd her self to all ; her Women sent,
Us to assure of what she never meant :

When her inventions were at lowest Ebb,
Then she, forsooth, pretends a curious Web,
And thus to all said ; Though my Lord be dead,
Suspend your suit, and urge me not to Wed,
Till this be wrought, which when his sad Fates call

Must serve *Laertes* for his ^(c) Funeral Pall ;
So shall no *Grecian* Lady me asperse,
That I with nought adorn'd his Funeral Hearse.

Thus did the Queen our easy minds perswade,
By night unraveling, what by day she made,
And held three Summers thus, and Winters on ;
But when the fourth years gliding sphears begun,
One of her Women her designe reveal'd,
And busie, her unweaving we beheld.

Discover'd thus, her work she finish'd straight ;
So we reply, and the whole truth relate ;
Advise thy Mother at her Fathers House
With his consent to choose a noble Spouse,
For if this tedious game she longer plaies,
Hopes height'ning now, now starving with delays ;
And thus insists, whom *Pallas* gave such parts
Making a Mistress, in her own great Arts,
That ^(f) *Tyro* ^(g) *Micen*, nor ^(h) *Alcmena* ere
Could boast like skill, though they so famous were.

Her

(c) It was the custom of the ancients, to have their Funeral garments made while they were yet alive ; if either Nature, or any eminent danger, put them in minde of their death. The Mother of *Euryalus*, lamenting her Son, lost in the War, mentions the Funeral Robe she was before providing for him.

— *pressive oculos, aut vulnera laevi,
Veste regens, tibi quam noctes festina dis-
esque
Urgebam, & tela curas solabar aniles.*
Virgil l. 9.

— nor close thy eyes at rest,
Or bathe thy Wounds, and cover with
the Vest
Which night and day I did for thee
prepare,
At my Web, curing an old Womans
care.

(f) *Tyro* was the Daughter of *Sal-
monus* King of *Elis*, a beautiful Lady,
impregnated by *Neptune*, in the form
of *Enipeus*. Of whom *Ovid*, in the E-
pistle of *Hero* to *Leander*,

*Si neque Amymon, neque laudatissima
forma
Criminis est Tyro fabula vana tui.*

Nor fair *Amymon* nor *Tyro* prove,
Vain fables of thy vitious love.

(g) *Mycene* the Daughter of *Inachus*
and *Melia*.

(h) The Mother of *Hercules*, whom
she had by *Jupiter*, in the absence of
her Husband.

Her ill-lay'd Project shall no better take,
 But that so long of thine we'll havock make,
 Till Heav'n shall change her mind: True! she may be
 Renown'd for this, whil'ft here we ruin thee,
 Feasting on thine, and off all business leave,
 Till one of us she as her Spouse receive.

When thus *Telemachus*; I were accurs'd
 Should I expell, who me both bore and nurs'd,
 My Father too may live, nor can I lend
 Her home with all she ⁽ⁱ⁾ brought, nor ought pretend
 In my excuse to my offended Sire,
 Nor to the Gods, when imprecations dire,
 My Mother raging, to sad Furies makes,
 Cursing her Son, as she his House forsakes;
 I'll nere propose that motion to her, shall
 Gain me her hatred, and dislike from all:
 This if you relish not, my House refrain,
 Feast elsewhere, or each other entertain;
 Yet if it better with your humour square,
 To ruin me and mine, my Board not spare.
 But I'll implore th' immortal Gods, if ere
 Great *Jove* retaliate, unreveng'd that there
 You all may perish. Thus he said, when *Jove*,
 Humane affaires observing from above,
 Sent from a Hill two Eagles, swift they fly,
 And cut, with Wings expanded, th' easy Sky;
 But when they came into the Counsel Hall,
 They shake their fluttering Pinions, viewing all,
 And sad, from their own necks and bosomes drew
 Blood, with their Talons, then to th' right hand flew,
 And to the Houses and the City bend.
 All saw, admiring what this might portend:
 When *Alitherses*, expert grown by Age,
 Who well could speak, and best by Birds presage,

(i) It was an ancient law among the Grecians, that the Wife, upon the Death of her Husband, or Divorce, should receive the Portion she brought with her: for which there was security given to her friends, upon her Marriage. *Demosthenes* in his Oration against *Baotus*, Καὶ μὲν ταῦτα τὰ ἀνδρὲς αὐτῆς παραυλοῦσι, ἀπολίσσασθαι δὲ οὐκ ἔστιν, ἢ καμνομένην ἔπειτα, Ἀφ' ὧν τὴν οἰκίαν ἀφαιρῶντες, ἀποδίδωμι τὴν ἐμὴν μετὰ τῆς οἰκίας, &c. Wherefore *Telemachus* makes this his Apology, why he sent not away his Mother to her Father's house, because the Suitors had not left him wherewithall to return her Portion.

Most

Most sober in advice, in Counsel grave,
 Thus on the Prodigie his judgment gave;
 You Princes, this concerns the Suitors most,
 Whom sodain Danger threatens; his Native Coast,
 And friends ere long, *Ulysses* shall enjoy:
 He comes, will them, and many more destroy.
 You Princes, who this famous Isle possels,
 Consult before how we may acquiesce;
 Advise them straight, all Courtship to forbear,
 His House refrain, that he their lives may spare.
 I am no idle Prophet, wanting skill,
 What ere I have foretold, hath happen'd still:
 When first to *Troy*, the *Grecians* steer'd their Fleet,
 And Sailes with them Renown'd *Ulysses* set,
 I said, That suffering much, his Friends all lost,
 He in the twentieth year his native Coast
 Unknown should reach; which wil prove true. Then said
Eurymachus; Thy Children so perswade,

(1) Though prediction by Augury was religiously maintain'd, by both Greek and Roman States, yet the more discreet of them seldom took further notice of it, then stood with their own advantage: of which *Homer* himself has given ample testimony in an elegant Speech of *Hector's*, *Iliad* 12.

Τὴν δ' ἐπειδὴ πτερὰ κινήσαντες
 Πτεροῖσιν, ἢ ἔνι μακρὰν ἴστω,
 "Εἴ τι δὴ δέξῃ ἴστω, πρὶν ἢ τ' ἰδὼν τι,
 "Εἴ τι ἐν ἀγῶνι τίνα μὴ ζῶον ἴδωσιν.
 Ἡμεῖς δ' ἐμὴν ἑαυτὴν ἀνδρῶν ἀνδρῶν
 "Οὐ μὴν θύομεν, καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀνδρῶν.
 Ἔς τις ἀνδρῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀνδρῶν ἀνδρῶν.

Must I mark Birds when they their
 wings expand,
 Leave sure designs upon the Counter-
 mand?
 Let them, for me, to right or left hand
 fly,
 Where the Sun riseth, or forsakes the
 Skie;
 Joves pleasure we should do without
 delay,
 Whom mortals, and immortal Gods, obey:
 'Tis a good sign, We for our Country
 fight.

From which last Verse, *Q. Fabius Maximus*, a Roman Augur, took that Saying of his, *Whatsoever, is done to the benefit of the Commonwealth, is done optimis auspiciis: whatsoever is alled to its ruine, fit contra auspicia.*

(1) Dotard, at home, lest they should suffer, I
 On this account can better prophesie:
 Many Birds fly beneath the glorious Sun,
 But all not fit to make a Judgment on.
 Far off *Ulysses* dy'd, would thou hadst there
 Perish'd with him, and never talk'd so here,
 And with vain Prophecies his youth incense,
 Expecting at thy House a recompence:
 But truth I'll thee foretell, if thou engage
 The Prince with poys'ning words, provoking rage,
 It shall prove bad for him, and worse for thee,
 And thy design shall vain and fruitless be.
 Dotard, on thee wee'l punishment inflict,
 Nor can we in our Vengeance be too strict;
 But this advice I to the Prince commend,
 Let him his Mother to *Icarius* send;

There

There let them wed, there let her wary Sire,
 After her Dowre, or what ere else, inquire :
 But we, till then, shall to his House repair,
 And court the Queen, since none alive we fear ;
 No not *Telemachus*, although so high
 He rants, nor yet thy fustian Prophecie,
 Which thou, fond buzzard, scandalizing Fate,
 Pratlest to purchase our united Hate :
 Still we shall haunt his House, there Sup and Dine,
 Till she with one of us in Wedlock joyn.
 Her Beauty takes us so, and curious Arts,
 None else but she can captivate our Hearts.

Then said the Prince ; *Eurymachus* I crave,
 That you, and this Assembly, now would wave
 Former dispute, and I the like shall do,
 Since all the Gods, and *Greece*, our difference know :
 And me a Vessell of the second Rate,
 Well man'd, provide, that I imbarcking strait,
 May Sail for ^(m) *Pyle*, and *Sparta*, to inquire,
 As duty bids, of my long absent Sire :
 If any there can tell, or Fame, that Post,
 Who brings Intelligence from Coast to Coast ;
 Yet if I nothing hear of his return,
 A year his absence patiently I'll mourn.
 But of his Death inform'd, and that no more
 He shall alive behold his native Shore,
 Due Rites perform'd, I'll rear his Monument,
 Then match my Mother with her own consent.

This sayd he fate, and up old *Mentor* rose,
 Whom 'mongst his trustiest Friends *Ulysses* chose
 His Steward, when for *Troy* he Anchors weigh'd,
 And Supervisor of his Household made.

And thus began ; You who our Princes are,
 Hear with attention what I shall declare :

(m) *Pyle*, the seat of old *Nestor*, as appears by the following Verses. But there were three Cities of that name in *Peloponnesus*, each of them, in after ages, challenging to themselves the honour of having been the seat of *Nestor's* Empire: The one in *Arcadia*, the other in *Messene*, and the last in *Triphylia*. *Strabo* attributes it to the last, and proves it at large, out of *Homer* himself, in the eighth Book of his Geography.

No

No more let Kings be pious, mild, nor just;
 Nor act by Law, nor Reason, but their Lust,
 Since none *Ulysses* minds, who rul'd this Land,
 Rul'd, like a Father, with a gentle hand:
 I these proud Suitors not at all envy,
 Who, by depraved Counsells, act so high,
 Vent'ring their Lives his Riches to consume,
 And thus, as ne'r he would return, presume:
 But I'm concern'd, that all sit silent here,
 And none rebuke, nor force them to forbear,
 Since they a few, and we so many are.

Then spake *Leocritus*, *Eumenor's* Heir,
 Well such advice might be, old *Mentor*, spar'd,
 To force us to forbear, that task were hard;
 When we with Wine are heightened at a Feast,
 Should then *Ulysses*, an unwelcome guest,
 Arrive, and think to drive us from his House,
 Small joy would find his long-expecting Spouse,
 Ore-match'd, to see him slain at his return,
 You counsel ill: Let straight this Court adjourn,
 Then thou and *Halitherses*, if you list,
 Who were his Father's friends, may him assist:
 But here he long may sit, ere news arrive
 Of his return, or that he is alive.

This said, the concourse rose, and each repairs
 To his relations, and their own affairs,
 The Suitors to the Court. The Prince mean while,
 Down to the Sea-wash'd Margents of the Isle
 Withdraws alone, soon as his hands he had
 With salt Waves 'cleans'd, he thus to *Pallas* prai'd;
 Hear me, who honour'dst yesterday my roofs,
 And with thy presence gav'st such ample proofs,
 Virgin, of thy affection, with commands,
 That I should seek my Sire in foreign Lands.

The

(a) It was the constant practice of the Grecians, to purify and cleanse themselves, by washing, before Prayer, and Sacrifice. So *Chryses* in the first of the *Iliads*.

Ἐπει-ἴατο δ' ἔπειτα, καὶ ἑλκεῖται ἀλκίονοιο
 Τόισιν δ' ἄρ' οὐκ ἔστιν ἔτι καὶ ἄλλοις ἄνθρωποις
 ἀνθρώποις.

Up with wash'd hands they unbuis'd
 Barley take,
 When *Chryses* thus his earnest prayer
 did make.

Which is not confirm'd only by exam-
 ple of particular persons, but by a ge-
 neral precept, recorded by *Hesiod*,

Μακάρι δὲ τίς τις ἀνὴρ ἀνθρώπων τίς τις,
 Καὶ οὐδ' ἀνθρώπων καὶ ἀνθρώπων ἀνθρώπων.

To Jove nor any who in heaven com-
 mands
 Early libate before thou wash thy hands.

The Court, me in my expectations, fails,
And the proud Suitors interest prevails.

Straight *Pallas*, like old *Mentor*, as he pray'd,
To him appear'd, and comforting, thus say'd;

Thy Father's Principles I shall instill
(Thou shalt not coldly act thy part, nor ill)

Into thy bosom, and his courage too;

Nor shalt thou only speake like him, but do:

Thou in thy intended Voyage shalt go on;

But if thou art not *Icarius* Daughter's Son,

Of what thou undertak'st thou may'st despaire;

Although few Children like their Fathers are,

Some better be, but many worse by far.

Thou not degenerat'st, but may'st compare

With thy great Father: So thou need'st not doubt,

Thy enterprize, what ere, to bring about.

Let the fond Suitors to Vain projects trust,

Since they are neither Politick nor Just,

Who little know, their Fate approaching, they

Are destin'd all to perish in one day;

But I will, as a Father and a Friend,

Provide a Vessel, and on thee attend.

Now first go home, the Suitors kindly treat;

Pure Flower, rich Wine, such good provision get,

Put in *Borachios* up, and Sacks well fow'd,

Whil'st I shall raise thee *Volantiers* abroad;

'Mongst many Ships I'll choose one tight and stanch,

And all our Goods aboard to th' *Offine* Launch.

Thus *Pallas*; Straight *Telemachus* obey'd,

And, with a heavy Heart, hast homeward made;

Where stripping Goats, the Princes he beheld,

And Porckers dressing in the Portal kill'd.

Antinous, smiling, met him in the Hall,

And his Hand grasping, thus began to Droll;

E

My

My pretty Speaker, rangle now no more,
But merry Eat and Drink, as heretofore :
Because the *Greeks* will Rigg thy Ship mean while,
That thou mayst seek thy valiant Sire at *Pyle*.

Who thus reply'd ; Should I with Ranters Feast
Against my will, who privacy love best ?
Is't not enough, you my Estate destroy,
My Stock consume, as still I were a Boy,
But now of Age I'll take advice, and learn
With Courage how to mannage my concern.
I shall attempt, either at *Pyle* or here,
To make you pay large Recknings for your Cheer :
Nor shall I loose my Voyage, though I want
A Ship, which you were pleas'd they would not grant,
Since as a Passenger, I'll leave this Land.

Thus say'd, he from *Antinous* plucks his Hand ;
They went to Feasts prepar'd, and merry make,
Cavill and prate ; when thus a proud Youth spake ;

This Boy will kill us all ; Bravoes he'll hire
At *Pyle*, or *Sparta*, or from *Ephyre*, dire
Poyson Transport ; and when we take our rowse,
Wine mix'd with deadly Bane shall clear his House.

Another say'd ; He may a Voyage make,
Bad as his Father erst did undertake,
And perish far off, on a Foreign Shore,
Which rather will incumber us the more,
How we his Goods shall share ; but we this House,
Shall give his Mother, or whom she'll espouse.
Thus drolling they their pride and folly vent,
Whilst he up to his Fathers Chamber went ;
Where Gold and Brasse congested stood in piles,
Along the wall, and Jars of severall Oyls,
And Vests layd up ; a Pipe of richest Wine
Lay farther in, whose liquor was Divine,

Kept

Kept for *Ulysses* glad Return from Sea;
By *Euryclea* under Lock and Key.

To whom the Prince; Draw next that richer piece,
Which for my hapless Sire provided is,
Twelve Runlets, Nurse, let them be staunch and sweet,
And twenty measures sack of purest Wheat.
Do this alone; which, when my Mother goes
At night up to her Chamber, I'll dispose;
I must to *Pyle* and *Sparta*, to inquire,
And listen after my long absent Sire.

Aloud, this said, she bitterly complain'd:
Why wilt thou venture to a Foreign Land,
Who art *Ulysses* dear and only Son?
So perish'd he, far off in Realms unknown,
And now for thee some mischief they'll prepare,
Thou once destroy'd, thy Fortunes they will share.
Ah! stay thou here, thy Enterprize decline,
Nor furrow Billows through the raging Brine.

Then he reply'd; No danger Nurse suspect,
That power who me advis'd, will me protect.
But Swear, you my departure keep unknown
To my dear Mother, till twelve daies are gone,
Unless that she of this my absence hears,
And so her Beauty wrong, with briny Tears.

Then swearing Secrecie to his designe,
Pure Wheat she sacks, and runlets up rich Wine;
But down the Prince, amongst the Suitors went:
Whil'st *Pallas* did another Plot invent,
And him resembling, gives about the word,
That at Sun-setting all should come aboard,
Desiring *Noemon* to lend his Bark,
He kindly grants, and when the Streets grew dark,
His Vessel launch'd, where she might ly afloat,
And Oars aboard, Yards, Sails, and Tackle brought,

With speed : thus prompted by the Goddess, they
 Attended at the bottom of the Bay ;
 Then thought she of another quaint device,
 Herself to Court conveying in a trice,
 With gentle Sleep, the Suitors there trapanns,
 And shakes their tottering Goblets from their Hands :
 With drowsiness surpriz'd, streight all arose,
 And to the City went, to their repose ;
 Next, like Old *Mentor*, from *Ulysses* Hall,
 Thus gives she Prince *Telemachus* a call ;

All ready are to go, hoyle Sail and weigh,
 Hast, lest we lose our Voyage by delay.

This said, *Minerva* from the Threshold leaps,
 He, following close, reprints the Goddess steps ;
 Soon as he came, where lay their Vessel moor'd,
 And found them all prepar'd to go aboard ;

Sirs, our Provision wants your helping hands !
 He say'd, which ready in the portal stands,
 Neither my Mother nor her Damsels know
 Of this, but only one : This said, all go
 As he commanded, nor their bus'ness slip'd,
 Till they full Sacks and swoln *Borachios* Ship'd.
 Before the Prince, aboard *Minerva* goes,
 And plac'd together on the Stern, unloose
 Their Cables, streight all mount, their Bancks assign'd,
 And *Pallas* calls a fair and whispering Wind ;
 They raise their Masts, and hoyle their Sails a-trip,
 Soft Gales give speedy passage to their Ship ;
 Bruis'd Billows thunder, as her course she stood,
 Cutting rough Furrows through the boyst'rous Flood,
 Whil'st they loose Cordage fasten to her side,
 And a Libation for the Gods provide,
 Hon'ring *Jove's* Daughter most ; then on they Steer'd
 All Night, untill the blushing Dawn appear'd.



Illustrissimo Domino: Do
Subpraefecto Gen:
Tabulam hanc



Thomae Com: de Ossory
Totius Regni Hiberniae
L.M.D.D.D.I.O. Lik 5.



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus *Lands*, Pisistratus *invites*
Him, and Minerva, unto Neptunes rites,
Of lost Ulysses, Nestor *nothing knows*;
Day and the Feast concluding, all repose.
Nestor, Telemachus his Chariot lends,
And, with the Prince, his Son to Sparta sends.



WHEN the Sun rose, leaving the
ample Floods,
To light both Mortals, and Im-
mortal Gods,
Guilding th' Opacous Earth, and
Heaven's bright Sphere,
To Pyle they (Neleus strong built Walls) drew near:
Whose people on the Ocean's ^(a) Margent had
^(b) Black Beeves, a Hecatomb, to Neptune pay'd;
Up to nine Boards, five hundred Guests at each
Were serv'd nine Steers, all slaughter'd at the Beach,
Whil'st

(a) Although it might seem proba-
ble, that the Temple and Altar of Nep-
tune, here mentioned, were but the
fiction of the Poet, as well as the Sa-
crifice, and the Attendants on it, yet
Strabo assures us that there remain'd
in his time, the Temple of Neptune, in
the district of old Nestor, by the Sea-
side, between the Cities of Lepreus
and Samicum, about an hundred Stades
distant from each, intended here by
Homer.

He makes Bulls a Sacrifice peculiar
to Neptune, as in the eleventh of his
Iliads,

Ἐνθα Δὲ βόεσσιν ἱερὰ πηλὰ,
Ταύρων δ' Ἀλφειῶ, ταύρων δ' Ἰοσσηνέων.
Αὐτὰρ Ἀθλιῶν γλαυκῶπι βοῶν ἀγαλῶν

Joves Altars thure with sacred rights
we fill'd,
Two Bulls for Neptune and Alpheus
kill'd,
A Heifer next Minerva we present.

Signifying by their fury and lowing,
the rage and noise of the Sea.

(b) That they were black, which
were here sacrific'd, relates to the co-
lour of the Sea, by him frequently
call'd μέλας, ποσειδάων, &c. which Ho-
mer himself intimates in this place, by
the Epithete of Neptune Κυανόχαιτος
black hair'd.

The nine Bulls relate to the nine
Cities, under the command of Nestor,
mention'd by Homer in the Boetia,

who dwell in Pyle, and those Arene
for'd,
And Thryos, where Alpheus you may
ford;
who did in Epy's lofty Walls reside
In Cypariss and Amphigen abide;
who Helos, Pteleos, Dorion, where the
throng
Of Muses silenc'd Thracian Thamyris
tongue.

And the number of the Attendants on
the Sacrifice, to those that waited on
Nestor in the Trojan expedition, 500.
to each seat here, as 500. to each Ship
there.

Whil'ft they with furl'd-up Sails for Harbour bore,
 Then mooring fast their Vessel, leap'd ashore;
 But *Pallas* forth *Telemachus* conducts,
 And on the Peer safe mounted, thus instructs;
 Now simpring Modesty and Blushes spare,
 Since thou hast sail'd to make inquiry, where
 Thy Father lies, and how he dy'd; let's go
 And see, if ought of him old *Nestor* know;
 Request the prudent King, to tell the truth,
 Nor ought extenuate, to sooth thy Youth.

Then he reply'd; How shall I make address?
 How him salute? That Language want't express
 My self in, at th' Accost, who bashful am,
 And he a Prince, as great in Age as Fame.

Telemachus, the Goddess then replies,
 Be confident, nor thy own parts despise,
 Some God shall thee inspire, for I suppose,
 Thou hast in *Jove's* Celestial Court no Foes.

This say'd, off from the Beach *Minerva* leaps,
 He, following close, reprints the Goddess steps,
 And up they came, where all the *Pylean* State,
 Old *Nestor*, and his valiant Offspring sat,
 Whil'ft others dress'd their Cates: streight Old and
 *About such Guests, so unexpected, throng, (Young
 Desiring with glad welcomes to sit down;

But first *Pisistratus*, old *Nestor's* Son,
 Them to the Board lead up, in either hand,
 Placing on Skins, upon a bed of Sand
 Next *Nestor* and his Brother: Part then brought
 Of Sacred inwards, and with rich Wine fraught
 A Golden Bowle, which he to *Pallas* bore,
 And thus presents; Sir, *Neptune* now implore,
 Since thou hast fortun'd here, a welcome Guest,
 To celebrate the World-Embracer's Feast;

And

And when with Prayer th' hast pay'd Libations due,
 Give him the Cup that he may offer too;
 Whom I suppose thou need'st not much persuade,
 T' implore the Gods, all Mortals want their aide,
 But he's thy junior much, resembling me
 In Age, therefore I bring this first to thee:
 Giving the Bowle *Minerva* as he spoke,
 With his discretion, extremely took,
 Rejoyc'd that his respects to her he pay'd
 Before the Prince, and thus to *Neptune* Pray'd;

Oh thou! great King, whose circling armes are hurl'd
 Round the vast body of the mighty World,
 Honour on *Nestor*, and his Sons bestow,
 And next, these civil People favour shew,
 Whose Offerings on thy sacred Altars burn:
 Last grant this Prince and me a safe return,
 His bus'ness well effected, for whose sake
 We hither furrow'd up the briny Lake,

Thus Pray'd she, and all Ceremonies done,
 The Golden Bowle presents *Ulysses* Son:
 Who in like manner pay'd Libations due,
 Then Cates well roasted, off with speed they drew,
 And Messing up, all plentifully fare.
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
 To raise Discourse, thus ancient *Nestor* say'd.

Our Stomachs, worthy Guest's, now well alay'd,
 Let us with Table talk, the time awhile,
 And customary Questions, beguile;
 Who are you, Sirs, and from what Country come?
 Trade you abroad, or else as *Pyrats* Rome,
 Your Lives extending, through the boysterous Floods,
 To seize as lawful Prize, all Foreign Goods?

When thus the Prince, embolden'd by the Maid,
 To ask about his long lost Father, said;

Oh

(c) It may seem strange, that *Nestor* should entertain his strange Guests with that ignominious, as it is now esteem'd, title of *Pirates*. But it does appear by the ancient Historians, that both the Islanders, and those of the Continent who bordered upon the Sea, chiefly maintained themselves by the Inrodes, they made into strange Countries and Towns unfortified, esteeming it the part of base and inferior Spirits to live upon their own labour; and on the other side a token of Valour, and Eminency to live upon Rapine and the spoils of others. This *Thucydides* delivers in the Preface to his History, and confirms with this very place of *Homer*, though but obscurely intimated, where he saies, *In the ancient Poets when Mariners were interrogated, whether they were Pirates or no, they counted it no dishonour to confess it, nor did they think they had upbraided them, who asked them the question.*

Oh thou ! to whom all Greece prime honour pay,
 Hither we come, from *Næian Ithaca*,
 On private, not a publick score ; t' inquire,
 If dead or living be my absent Sire,
Ulysses, who, with thy especial ay'd,
 As Fame reports, proud *Troy* in Ashes lay'd.
 Who ere there perish'd, by th' insulting Foe,
 The place, and manner, of their Death we know ;
 But *Jove* his Fate absconding none can tell,
 Nor certainly inform us, where he fell.
 If slaughter'd by the *Trojans*, in Champaign,
 Or lost 'mongst Billows in the boyst'rous Main ;
 On this account I now, thy Supplyant am,
 If thou did'st see, or since, by flying Fame,
 Heard'st his sad Fate, that thou would'st tell the truth,
 And nought extenuate, pitying my Youth ;
 But sure a hapless Son his Mother bore :
 I by my valiant Father thee implore,
 If ere his word he good by action made,
 Against the Foe in field, or Ambuscade,
 When worsted *Greeks* were in their greatest straight
 That to remind, and all the truth relate.

Then *Nestor* sai'd ; Thou mak'st my heart to melt,
 Recalling all those miseries we felt
 Under *Achilles*, Plundring Towns by Sea,
 Or that sad Leagure, where so long we lay ;
 Where our prime Chiefs we lost : There *Ajax* lies,
Patroclus and renown'd *Æacides*,
 Where toyles and sorrows fell on us so thick,
 To cast them up would pose Arithmetick ;
 There fell *Antilochus*, my off-spring, who
 Well kept his ground, and could as well pursue.
 Five years should'st thou inquiring, here remain,
 What hardship there, we suffer'd in Champaign,
 Thou

Thou might'st the sixth return unsatisfi'd,
 Nine years all Plots and Stratagems we tri'd,
 Which *Jove* scarce ended then : In that sad War,
 None with thy prudent Father could compare,
 On all occasions acting best his part
 At close designing; if his Son thou art.
 And now I view thee better, I admire,
 Thou look'st so like, and speak'st so like, thy Sire.
 Nor need thy blushes thee excuse as young,
 Who hast his Eloquence and silver Tongue;
 We ne'r in publick, handling points of State,
 Thwarted each other, nor in close debate;
 But of one Judgment jump'd still on the same,
 Playing the best of a hard *Grecian* Game.
Ilium once sack'd, our Navy Anchors weigh'd,
 But *Jove* offended, long our Voyage made.
 We were not Pyous all, Prudent, nor Just,
 Hence some for Riot suffer'd, some for Lust :
 And ^(d) *Pallas* 'twixt th' *Atrides* strife begun,
 Who call'd a Counsel late, at setting-Sun.
 Heated with Wine, the *Greeks* divided straight,
 And, from harsh Language, fell to high debate;
 Then *Menelaus* orders all to weigh,
 And minding home to Plow the broad-back'd Sea.
 But *Agamemnon*, not so pleas'd, denies,
 Not one must stir before they Sacrifice,
 That so *Minerva*'s wrath might be appeas'd;
 Gods once Incens'd are not so easily pleas'd.
 Thus they contesting made a bitter close,
 And in divided Factions clamouring rose.
 That Night our Sleep but little us reviv'd,
 Whil'st greater sorrows *Jove* for us contriv'd.
 Next morn we Launch, our Goods and Treasure stow'd
 And with our long-Veil'd Captives leave the road,
 F The

(d) *Pallas* favour'd the *Grecians* during the whole *Trojan* War, nor does *Homer* give any account whence she was so incens'd against them. The later Poets say that *Ajax* deflowr'd her Priestess *Cassandra*, a Virgin and Prophetess.

Which dishonour she reveng'd not only on *Ajax* himself, but the whole nation: and these *Virgil* follows,

Æn. 1.
 — *Pallasne exuvæ classem*
Argivam, atque ipsos potuit submergere
ponto
Unius ab noxam & furias Ajacis Oilei?
Illa Jovis rapidum jaculata è nubibus
ignem
Disjecitque rates, evertitque aquora
ventis:
Illum expirantem transfixo pectore
flammas
Turbine corripuit, scopuloque infixit
acuto.

— could *Pallas* burn
 And sink the *Grecian* Navy in the Sea
 For one mans lust, *Ajax* impiety?
 She cast *Jove*'s winged lightning from
 a Cloud,
 Dispers'd their Fleet, with wind the
 Ocean plow'd.
 Him breathing flames, which through
 his bosom broak,
 Stak'd with a Whirl-wind on a pointed
 Rock.

The other half with *Agamemnon* stay,
 And as their King and General obey;
Tenedos, plowing Billows, soon we made,
 And on the Beach our Offerings duely pay'd
 For a safe Passage, but this *Jove* deni'd,
 And did our Fleet a second time divide.
Ulysses Squadron on our General's score
 Sail'd back, and Anchor'd where they rode before:
 But I, perceiving *Jove* offended, fled
 With my whole Fleet, and honour'd *Diomed*.
 Us *Menelaus* found at ^(f) *Lesbos*, there
 Consulting if we should 'bove ^(g) *Chios* Steer
 To ^(h) *Psyria*, or on our Larboard hand,
 For Stormy * *Mimas*, under *Chios* stand:
 Then we great *Jove* besought, who gave a ⁽ⁱ⁾ sign,
 Would we be safe, to plow ^(k) *Eubæan* Brine;
 Thence through swoln Billows, with a favouring Gale,
 In one short night we to ^(l) *Geraestus* sail'd;
 Where we with Thighs of fatted Bullocks stain'd
^(m) *Neptunian* Altars, then forfake the Land;
 The fourth day *Diomed* at *Argos* lands,
 Thence turning straight for *Pyle* my Navy stands,
 Nor the same Wind that *Jove* first sent us fail'd,
 So I, dear Son, in safety hither sail'd,
 Nor know who scap'd, or were of life depriv'd;
 But what I learn'd since I at home arriv'd
 I shall to thee relate: *Pyrrhus*, they say,
 His Navy safe to *Phthya* did convey.
 Safe *Philoctetes* harbour'd his tall Fleet,
 None lost *Idomeneus*, but to *Greece*
 His flying Squadron he in safety Steer'd.
 How *Agamemnon* Landed you have heard,
 And how *Ægystus* him supplanting slew,
 Where he receiv'd Retaliation due,

Slain

(f) An Island in the *Ægean* Sea, not far distant from *Troy*.

(g) Another Island in the *Ægean* Sea four hundred Stades distant from *Lesbos*.

(h) An Island distant 60. Stades from *Chios*.

* A Mountain in *Ionis*, abounding with Trees and wild Beasts, directly over against *Chios*; so call'd from *Mimas* a Gyant there buried.

(i) The Poet mentions not what sign it was, which has given liberty to the conjectures of the Commentators. But I conceive he meant no more than a favourable gale for their passage to *Eubæa*.

(k) A large Island near unto *Greece* now call'd *Negropont*.

(l) A Port-town in *Eubæa*, but not mention'd by *Homer* in his *Bæotia*.

(m) *Strabo* mentions the Temple of *Neptune* at *Geraestus*, standing in his time.

Slain by *Orestes*; who his Faulchion dy'd
In Blood of that accursed Regicide.

Be Valiant thou too, Son, thy Face hath lines,
Which speak thee Fam'd to be for bold Designs.

Then thus the Prince; Thou who the Glory art
Of all the *Greeks*, he met his just desert,
And through the World, *Greece* shall his Fame divulge;
Ah! that the Gods would me so much indulge;
That I might take the like revenge on them
Who plot my ruine, and my Youth contemn.
But th' unkind Pow'rs allow my Sire nor me
No happiness, we still must sufferers be.

Then *Nestor*; Truth thou say'st, so all report;
That several Princes to thy House resort,
Courting thy Mother, melting thy Estate.
Is it thy will, or is't thy Peoples hate,
Stir'd up by (*) Oracles? who knows but he
Returning, may on them revenged be
Alone, or else for him a Party made?
Should *Pallas* thee, as erst thy Father, ayd
Against the *Trojans*, when we suffer'd so.
I ne'r saw any God such favour show
To Mortal in distress, as she to him;
Had'st thou from her like favour and esteem,
Soon Nuptial fancies they should lay aside.
When thus the prudent Youth to him reply'd;

Nestor, What thou hast say'd will never be,
For I despaire that happy day to see,
Although revenging Gods with us should side.

Telemachus, *Minerva* then reply'd,
How scap'd such words thy Teeth, their Ivory guard,
Not *Jove* from Heaven's high Turrets finds it hard,
In exegencies Mortals to relieve,
I rather, suffering many woes, would live,

(*) *Enstathius* on this place observes, that Princes have often been deposed by their Subjects, incited thereto by some Oracle.

And home returning my Estate enjoy,
 Then that some Stranger there should me destroy;
 So hapless *Agamemnon* lost his life,
 By sly *Egyſtus*, and his cursed Wife.
 Nor can the Gods those whom they most esteem,
 Rescue from Death, nor from the Grave redeem,
 Who once Arrested, to th' Infernal shade
 Are hurried hence. *Telemachus* then said;

Mentor, of this sad Argument no more:
 I fear he nere shall see his Native Shore,
 Since he is dead. Of *Nestor* now I'll learn
 Some other News, waving my own Concern,
 Who by his years hath much experience gain'd,
 And, like a God, hath now three Ages reign'd:

Great Prince, thou Glory of thy Nation, tell
 How that Renowned *Agamemnon* fell,
 Where then was *Menelaus*, by what Plot,
 One in his pow'r, subtile *Egyſtus* got,
 So much the better Prince, whether he were
 At *Argos*, or in foreign Lands else-where.

Then *Nestor* thus; I shall, most noble Youth,
 Resolve thee streight, thou hint'ſt upon the truth;
 Had *Menelaus* there arriving found
Egyſtus living, he not under ground
 Had lay'd his Body, but upon the shore,
 Expos'd for Doggs, and Vultures to devour
 Far from the City, nor fond *Grecian* Dames
 Had pitting Tears shed at his Funeral flames;

At *Argos* he, whilst we beleagu'r'd *Troy*,
 Indulg'd his pleasure, Courting to enjoy
 His Spouse, fair *Clytemnestra*: the chaste Queen
 Long time stood out, loathing so foul a sin:
 Besides, the King departing, left in trust
 Her to a learned ^(c) *Bard*, discreet and just,

bnA

Whose

(c) The name of this Bard, or Musician, the Poet nowhere delivers. Some Writers call him *Chariades*, others *Demodocus*, or *Glaucus*. *Demotrius Phalerens*; relates the Story thus; *Menelaus* and *Ulyſſes* were sent to consult the Oracle at *Delphos*, about the *Trojan* Expedition, at what time were celebrated the *Pythian* Games, where *Demodocus*, one of the Scholars of *Antemides*, was Victor, whom they perswaded to return with them, and whom *Agamemnon* left overseer of his Queen.

Whose Fate him to his ruin did beguile :
 Subtill *Egythus* on a desert Isle,
 Leaves him to Vultures, and wild Beasts a prey :
 Then she consenting, keeps their Wedding day
 In her own Court, and th' Altars of the Gods
 With Hecatombs of fatted Bullocks loads,
 Their Fanes with Arras grac'd, their Priests with Copes,
 Proud of a Prize so much beyond his hopes.
 Whil'st we our constant course from *Ithum* bend,
 And with me *Menelaus*, my dear friend,
 Untill we neer *Atbenian* ^(p) *Sunium* drew,
 Where ^(q) *Phebus*, *Menelaus* Pylate slew,
 As at the Helm he stood, *Phrontis*, who best
 Of Mortals, steer'd a Ship with weather stress.
 Here, though in hast, his Voyage he deferr'd,
 Till he his friend with Funeral rites Interr'd ;
 This done, their Squadron through the Ocean glides,
 Untill they reach steep ^(r) *Malias* Rockie sides ;
 There *Jove* a dang'rous Passage them design'd,
 And Waves like Mountains, rais'd with blustering wind,
 Which them dispers'd ; a part for *Creta* stood,
 Where the ^(s) *Cydonians* plant, neer *Jardan's* Flood :
 On *Cretan* Coasts, a Rock with Sea-worn Cliffs,
 His towry scalp above swoln billows lifts,
 Where Southern gusts rowl on rough ^(t) *Phæstus* tydes
 On the left hand, which a small rock divides.
 Hither they steer, and hardly death escape,
 Whil'st all their Fleet, but five, bulg'd on the Cape ;
 Which sail'd for *Ægypt's* fertile Margents freight,
 Where with rich Goods their crazy Ships they freight.
 Mean while *Ægytus* his dire Plot pursues,
 Murthers the King, the Queen corrupts, subdues
 His Realms, and seven years them in slav'ry held,
 The eighth *Orestes* the Usurper kill'd ;
 Whose

(p) A Promontory belonging to the City of *Athens*, where was the Temple of *Jupiter Sunius*.

(q) All sudden deaths of Men, the Poet ascribes to *Apollo*, as of Women to *Diana*.

(r) A Promontory belonging to the *Lacedæmonians*, where Navigation was counted so dangerous, by reason of the contrariety of winds, that the *Asian* and *Italian* Merchants, chose rather to transmit their Goods over Land, at the *Corinthian Isthmus*, then trust them to that Channel.

(s) A People on the Island *Crete*, over against *Laconia*.

(t) A City of *Crete*, where *Epimenides* was born.

Whole Obits, and his Mother's Funeral rites,
 Perform'd, the *Greeks* he to a Feast invites:
 And *Menelaus* landing the same day
 A world of Riches brought into the Bay.
 Then stay not long, nor travel far, lest those
 Thou left'st behind, thy Goods, to spoile expose,
 And for this fruitless Voyage thee despise.
 But go to *Menelaus* I advise,
 For he came lately home; whence he again
 Ne'r hop'd return, driven by a *Hurricane*,
 Into a Sea so broad, that Birds might ask,
 A year to cross o're, and no easie task.
 But Sail thou hence, or if thou go'st by Land,
 My Steeds and Chariot are at thy command,
 And thee my Sons to *Sparta* shall conduct,
Atrides there thee farther may instruct.

This say'd, Sun-setting Night her Flagg unfurl'd,
 Spreading black Ensign o're the wat'rie World.

Then *Pallas*, Thou speakest, *Nestor*, like a Friend,
 Now part the^o Tongues, and Wine with Water blend,
 To offer *Neptune* and th' Immortal Gods,
 That all may then repose in their abodes,
 Since late it grows and dark; nor is it fit,
 That long we should at Feasts Celestial sit.

This say'd, the Concourse follow her commands:
 Water the Heralds poure upon their hands;
 Young men with sparkling wine their Goblets crown'd,
 They drink about, and still the Bowl goes round.
 Tongues broil'd on Sacred Flames, all rising up
 Libations pay, and take their parting Cup:
 Then *Pallas* and *Telmachus* desire
 They might depart, and to their Ship retire,
 But *Nestor* staying them; thus gently chid;

Jove and th' Immortal Deities forbid,
 That

(*) It was an usual Rite among the
Grecians, to Consecrate the Tongues
 of their Sacrifice at the end of their en-
 tertainment, mentioned by *Athenens*,
 and *Didymus*, by *Homer* meant only
 as a Symbol of Silence.

That you my House should banck, and by aboard,
 As if our Court no Lodging could afford,
 Nor ought that Strangers might accommodate;
 I furnish'd Chambers have, and Rooms for State,
 Adorn'd with Arras, and rich Tapestry,
 Ulysses Son shall ne'r a Ship-board ly,
 Whil'st I, or mine survive; who e'r resort,
 Shall civilly be Treated in our Court.

Then *Pallas*; *Nestor* thou hast nobly say'd,
 And may'st *Telemachus* to stay perswade:
 But I must down, our Company to cheer,
 With my wish'd presence, who am Oldest, there:
 Young men they are, much of the Prince's Age,
 Who on his friendship's score with him engage.
 But early I to ^(x) *Caucones* must reaire,
 To state accounts, which of concernment are:
 And when thou kindly him hast entertain'd,
 Lend him your Steeds and Chariot, then command
 Thy Son to guide the Prince; let him, I crave,
 Since 'tis your Grant, your fleetest Horses have!

Pallas, this say'd, thence like an Eagle flew,
 Which all the Concourse, struck with terror, view;
 Then by the Hand the Prince Old *Nestor* took,
 And thus to him, admiring, kindly spoke:

There's hope of thee, brave Youth, whom Gods
 And thus in thy Minority conduct; (instruct,
 This of all Pow'rs, who plant the Starrie Sky,
 Is *Pallas*, for no other Deity
 Thy Father so befriended; Virgin! be
 Propitious to my family and me,
 And a broad Fronted Heifer, one year old,
 I'll offer thee, and tip his ^(y) Horns with Gold.

Thus *Nestor* Pray'd, and *Pallas* hear'd his Pray'r,
 Then home with his Relations did reaire,

There

(x) *Strabo*, in the eighth Book of his Geography, proves that the *Caucones* here mentioned, were a People that lived neer *Dyme* in *Elea*, not those of *Triphylia*. She makes this excuse, that she may not accompany *Telemachus* to *Lacedaemon*, where the Marriage of *Menelaus* Daughter was celebrated, she being a Virgin Goddess.

(y) It was one of the Rites among the *Grecians*, to adorn the Horns of their larger Sacrifices with Gold: which from them descended to the *Romans*; for the Senate of *Rome* decreed that the *Decemviri* should Sacrifice to *Apollo*, *Graco ritu*, after the manner of the *Grecians*, an Ox and two Goats with their Horns gilded. *Ovid*,

— blandis induta cornibus auro
 Considerant illa nivea cervice juventa.

Virgil *En.* 10.

Et statnam ante aras aurata fronte ju-
 vencam
 Candentem, pariterque caput cum
 matre ferentem.

There in his Pallace seated, he in Gold
 Presents them Wine new pierc'd, eleven years old:
Pallas Libating, each one cheers his Heart
 With a full Bowle, and thence to rest depart.
 Under the high Arch'd Portals, *Nestor* lead
Telemachus, unto a curious Bed,
 Neer him *Pisistratus*, his Valiant Son,
 Who yet unmarried, Lodgings had alone.
 Then he retires to Chambers further in,
 And a soft Couch prepared by his Queen.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,
 With rosie Fingers, Daies Port-cullice drawn,
 But *Nestor* rose, and down before his Gate,
 On *Nelus* Throne of Pollish'd Marble sat,
 Whose prudence living, match'd th' Immortal Gods,
 Now dead descended to th' Infernal Floods.
 There Scepter'd *Nestor* with his Sons about
 Him, places took, *Tbrasymedes* first, and stout
Perseus, *Aretus*, *Stratius*, *Echepron*,
 And last *Pisistratus* his youngest Son;
 These to a Seat *Telemachus* convey'd,
 Next to old *Nestor*: who thus rising say'd;

Pallas let's now Attone, since she our Feast
 In publick grac'd, as an invited Guest.
 Let one of you command our Heard's-man straight,
 A Heifer bring to offer at the Gate:
 And let a second to the Vessel go,
 And summon all their Company, but two:
Larcus a third; our Gold-Smith, who adorns
 Our Guifts, to guild the sacred Victims Horns,
 Let all the rest here in their Seats abide,
 But bid the Damsells all things fit provide,
 Seats, Wood, and Water: Their old Father, They,
 As soon as say'd, him Filial duty pay,

From

From field the Heifer comes, those from the Ship;
 Ready the Gold-Smith stands the Horns to tip,
 With Anvil, Tongs, and Hammer; *Pallas* would
 Not absent be, ^(*) *Nestor* gives out the Gold,
 That such their cost might more the Goddess glad;
Stratius the Beast and *Echepolus* led
 Out by the Horns, *Aretus* Water brought,
 And in 's left Hand with Cakes a Charger fraught:
 Ready stood *Thrasymedes* with an Ax,
Persus the Bacon holds, *Nestor* the Cakes,
 And *Pallas* supplicating, plucks the Hair
 Betwixt her Brows, and burns, closing their Prayer:
 Straight *Nestor*'s Offspring thence the Barley took,
 His Ax exalting *Thrasymedes* took:
 The Victim streight, her Nerves dissected fell,
 The Women shriek, raising a hideous yell.
Pisistratus soon cuts the Heifer's Throat,
 Forth, with the Blood, her vital Spirits, float:
 Which flead, they to the Thighs lay'd off affix
 A double Cawle, and Lean with Fat commit;
 Next thinner Steaks, from parts extremer cut,
 And round the Thighs, about the Altar put,
 Which *Nestor* burns with Wood, then powrs on Wine,
 His Sons brought Spitts, which five in one conjoyn,
 The Thighs consum'd, they on the inwards feast,
 And what remain'd, in pieces cut and dress'd.
Polycaste, *Nestor*'s youngest Daughter, noynt
 And Bathes the Prince, and Vestments him appoints;
 Which when put on, he with a Godlike grace,
 By Antient *Nestor*, reassumes his place.

Soon as the Joynts well roasted were, they drew,
 And dish'd them up, the Princes streight fall too:
 Then some arising, powre in Golden Bowls
 The richer Wine, that cures despairing Soules.

G

When

(*) For in those times Gold was a rarity for a Princes Closet, not a Subjects Purse. *Athenaus* saies, That when *Hero* King of *Syracuse* had resolv'd to consecrate a Golden Victory and *Tripes* to *Apollo* at *Delphos*, *Greece* and *Sicily* could not afford him matter sufficient, till after long search, he met with some at a Merchant's house in *Corinth*. Nor does it appear that there was any plenty of Gold in *Greece*, till the *Phocians* had sacrilegiously rob'd the Temple of *Apollo*, enrich'd with several Monuments of Gold, by the Princes of *Lydia*, *Gyges* and *Crasus*.

When thirst and hunger satisfied were,
 Said *Nestor*; Sons my Chariot streight prepare;
 Put in my Steeds that he may go: This said,
 The ready Princes their old Sire obey'd,
 And to the Teem-Poll his swift Horses joyn:
 Forth brings a Damsell Viands, Bread and Wine.
 Up to his place *Ulysses* Off-spring gets,
 And next *Pisistratus*, who by him sits.
 Taking the Whip and Rein, they *Pyle* forsake,
 Plying the Lash, their Steeds free mettall shake
 The jolting Teem, which rattles all the way,
 Till night's black Regiments seclud'd day.
 To ^(aa) *Pheras*, *Diocles* Pallace drove they on,
 His Sire *Orchilocus*, *Alpheus* Son;
 There they all night well treated took repose:
 But when the rose-finger'd Morn arose,
 They joyn their Steeds, and mounted ply the Whip,
 O're smooth Champain their Horses nimbly trip,
 Till, the Sun-setting, night her Flag unfurl'd,
 Hanging her sable Ensign ore the World.

(aa) A City of *Laconia*, betwixt
Pyle and *Lacedaemon*.

HOMERS





*Illustrissimæ Domine D^e
Tabulam hanc: L.M.*



*Emilæ Comitissæ de Ossory
D.D.D.I.O. Lib. 4*



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Menelaus Nuptials keeps; unlook'd-for Guests,

Telemachus and Nestor's Of-spring, feasts.

His long and dangerous Voyages relates.

Proteus, his Brother's, and Ulysses Fates,

Then Ajax tells. A Plot the Suitors lay

To intercept Telemachus at Sea,

Traight on they drive to *Mene-*
laus Court,

Who now late Feasting with a
great resort

Of Friends and Neighbours all
invited, where

Together with great State solemniz'd were,

His Sons and Daughters Nuptials : Her he sent,

(At Troy Contracted first by his consent)

G 2

With

(a) Homer mentions only the Contract made between Pyrrhus and Hermione, by the consent and order of Menelaus; but Sophocles and other Greek Poets speak of a former Contract between her and Orestes, made by their Grand-father Tyndareus, who in revenge of his lost Mistress, slew Pyrrhus at his return. These later Poets, both Virgil and Ovid follow; the first, in his *Aeneid*, l. 3.

Nos patriaincensa diversa per aquora
vella
Stirpis Achilleæ fastus, juvenemque
superbum
Servitio enixa tulimus: qui deinde,
secutus
Ledaam Hermionem, Lacedæmoniof-
que hymenæos,
Me famulam famuloque Heleno trans-
misit habendam.
Aft illum crepta magno inflammatus
amore
Conjugis & scelerum furis agitatns
Orestes,
Excipit incantum, patriasque obtruncat
ad aras.

We from our Countries flames through
all Seas born,
Felt the proud Youths, Achilles Of-
springs, scorn;
Who after, fair Hermione did Wed,
And, Fatal still, enjoy'd a Spartan Bed,
And me to Helenus his Servant gave,
But him Orestes, who did strangely rave
For his lost Spouse, impatient did
pursue,
Surpriz'd, and at his Fathers Altars slew.

The other, in his Epistles.

(b) Athenæus observes that Ari-
starchus took these five Verses, where-
with the Feast, with its appendages, is
described, out of the 15. Book of the
Iliads, and plac'd them here, least the
Poet should seem too slightly to pass o-
ver so solemn an entertainment: but
with what bad success, he proves after-
ward at length. First, because the
Nuptial feast was now over, and Me-
nelaus his Daughter sent away unto
Phibia, and himself left alone with
Helen: Secondly, because it is a Cre-
tan dance which is here described,
not used at Lacedæmon. Thirdly, be-
cause the Language is incongruous,
the word *ἱερὰ* being proper to
the Harp, or Voice, not to those that
dance after it: so Hesiod uses it —

ὅταν δ' ἱερὰν αἰὲς
Μῦσαι Παιπιδες

And Archilochus

Αὐτὸς ἱερὰν ᾠδὴν αὐτὸς Ἀλκίβοις μὴ-
σῃ.

With Horse, with Chariots, and a stately Train
To Pyrrhus, where in Phibia he did reign.
Him, he Alector's beauteous Daughter gave,
Bold Megapenthes, gotten on his Slave
When Aged grown, for Heaven so pleas'd that he
Only, by Helen, had (a) Hermione,
Fair like bright Venus. (b) Whil'st they treated were
In his high Palace, thus with sumptuous Fare,
Two Dancers moving 'mid'st th' admiring throng,
To a learn'd Bard, who Play'd and sweetly Sung:
Telemachus and Nestor's Son drive up,
And in the echoing Porch their Chariot stop:
Them Eteon, Menelaus Steward, spies,
Who with his Royal Master to advise,
Hasting to 's presence said; Sir, at your Gate
Two Princes, like Jove's Heavenly Issue, waite.
Shall we take out their Steeds, and treat them fair,
Or let them entertainment seek else where?

Who thus incoinc'd, replies; Art thou a Fool,
Or shallow Novice, lately come from School?
To raise such doubts; We had not liv'd to see
Jove grant a period to our misery,
If we abroad had mis'd like kindness; Go
Take out their Steeds, and in the Strangers show.

Back with like speed, thus order'd, Eteon comes,
Calling to his assistance ready Grooms,
Who straight unloose their Steeds, to Mangers tye,
Which they with Oats and Barley mixt supply,
Their well hung Chariots place against the Wall,
The Strangers then conducting to the Hall;
Who wondring view his stately Court, which shon
Like Titan's beams, and quite eclips'd the Moon;
With so much Cost and Art his House he built,
His Columns, Walls, and lofty Ceilings gilt:

Their

Their Eyes with Objects feasted, they descend
 To a warm Bath, fair Virgins them attend:
 Whom when they had Anointed, Bath'd, and Drest
 In costly Weeds, they Usher'd to the Feast,
 Placing them nigh the King, a Damsel Sewer
 To wash their Hands, fills from a Golden Ewer,
 A Silver Bason, neer a Table brought,
 And straight with many sav'ry Dishes fraught,
 And Golden Bowles: Then thus *Atrides* spake,
 Giving them kindly his right Hand; Partake
 Of what you see; and when suffic'd you are,
 Your Country and your Parentage declare.
 You seem to be of high extraction, sure
 From no mean stock you spring, nor yet obscure;
 Princes you are by your majestick *Mein*;
 And his own Dish, this said, a roasted *Chine*,
 Before them plac'd, on which they highly fare.
 When thirst and hunger satisfied were,
Telemachus in *Nestor's* Off-springs care
 Thus softly whisper'd; What a House is here?
 The splendor of this stately Hall behold,
 How dawb'd with Silver, Ivory, Brass, and Gold,
 Like *Joves* own Court that crowns th' Olympick spire,
 The more I look, the more I still admire.

The King overhearing sayd; None must compare
 Mansions with *Jove*, his seats immortall are,
 But with me any may, who eight years tost
 Through worlds of miseries from coast to coast,
 'Mongst unknown Seas, of my return small hope,
 (c) *Cyprus*, *Phenicia*, *Aegypt*, (d) *Aethiop*,
Sidon, (e) *Erembos* sound, and *Libya*, where
 Their Lambs are horn'd, their Ewes teem thrice a year:
 Whose Lords and Peasants flesh and cheese have store,
 And all the year the milking Paile runs o'r.

Whil'st

(c) An Island in the Mediterranean, whither it seems he was driven from *Erebus*.

(d) The Commentatours on *Homer* have been very inquisitive to find out *Menelaus's* Voyage into *Aethiopia*. *Crates* supposed that he passed out at the Streights, doubled the Southern Cape, and so arrived thither. *Eratosthenes* conjectures that in the time of *Homer* the Streights mouth was an Isthmus, and the *Aegyptian* Isthmus overflow'd by the Sea, which afforded him a shorter passage. But that is most probable which *Strabo* delivers, That he then went to the borders of *Aethiopia* when he pass'd up *Egypt* to the City of *Thebes*: the borders of *Aethiopia* being not far distant from thence in *Strabo's* time, probably very neer it in *Homer's*.

(e) It is most probable that they were the *Arabians*, lying on the other side of the Gulfe, directly over against *Egypt* and *Aethiopia*.

Whil'ft I thus Coasting ftore of Riches got,
 One, with his Queen conspiring, by a Plot
 My Brother flew; fo that fmall comfort I
 Of this my Palace, Wealth, and Realms enjoy.
 And you perhaps may from your Parents hear
 What my great Losses, what my Sufferings were,
 My ranfact Court of Jewels, maflic Plate,
 Of Vests, of what or serv'd for ufe or State;
 A third of which I rather would enjoy
 So thofe were living yet, who dy'd at *Troy*:
 For whom fo oft difconfo late alone
 Here fit I fighing, and their Fates bemoan.
 Now sorrow pleafeth, now fad thoughts I wave;
 Quickly of griping Woes our fill we have.
 But more for one, then for them all, I Weep,
 Whom minding, I neglect repofe and Sleep;
Ulyffes, none of all the *Grecian* Hoaft
 Could parts like him, Prudence, or Valour boast;
 None like thy Sire 'gainft *Troy* maintain'd our caufe,
 Nor purchas'd equal Fame, nor like Applaufe:
 Yet all his Toyles turn'd to no more account,
 But that his future fhould paff woes furmount;
 And I am fceaft of Tears a constant rate,
 Since none knows how or where he met his Fate.
 His Father, his dear Wife, and only Heir,
 Whom he an Infant left; like me despair.

This fay'd, the Prince a briney Deluge fheds,
 And o'r his Face his Purple Vefiment freads.
 Him *Menelaus* knew, and pond'ring fate
 If he fhould fuffer him to intimate
 His bus'nefs, or his Father mention firft:

Whil'ft thus *Atrides* to himfelf discours'd;
 Forth from her perfum'd Chamber *Helen* came,
 Like Quiver'd *Cynthia*, the Forests Dame.

Aerasta

Aerasta plac'd her Chair, Tap'stry well wrought

Alcippe, her rich Cabinet ^(f) *Phylo* brought,

Alcandra's costly Gift, *Polybus* Spouse,

Who in *Egyptian Thebes* a stately House

Well furnish'd kept; Cups of a curious mould

Two, and two *Tripods*, Talents ten of Gold,

He gave the King; to *Helen* then addrest

A Golden Distaff, and a Silver Chest,

The edges Gilt, which pleas'd she did accept,

And in't her Work, and curious Worsted kept.

This modest *Phylo* bare the Distaff full

With segregated streaks of Purple Wool;

Well settled on a Foot-stool in her Throne,

The Queen to *Menelaus* thus begun;

Know'st thou not who these are, nor from what coast

These Strangers come, nor Parentage they boast?

I would guess right, speak truth, and be no Lye,

For still the more I look, I more admire:

Since I ne'r any yet beheld, not one,

More like, then this, to be *Ulysses* Son

Telemachus, whom he then left at home

An Infant, when you launch'd for *Ilium*;

And on my sad account a numerous Hoast,

Brought with destruction to the *Phrygian* Coast.

Then he; Tis true, him he resembles much,

His Hands and Feet, his Face, Hair, Eys were such.

Now I recall, when of his Sire I spake,

And sorrows he had suffer'd for my sake,

Tears down his Cheeks in riv'lets dew'd his Breast,

And or'e his Face he threw his Purple Vest.

When to the King *Pisistratus* begun;

Y' are not mistaken, This, Sir, is his Son,

Who modest thought not fit that he before

Him, whom like *Jove* we honour and adore,

(f) *Enstathius* observes, that *Helena* has not the same Attendants here which she had in the *Iliads*: it being not consentaneous to honesty, that those should now remain of her Retinue who were conscious of the foule fact of her Adultery.

A Speech should make : Nestor commanded me
Him to attend, who long'd to gain from thee
Some grave advice : Many and high affronts
At home he suffers, whil' st his Sire he wants ;
Few are his Friends, desperate his case and sad,
And none amongst the people him will ayde.

Then spake the King ; See I Ulysses Son,
Who for my sake so much hath undergone
With him I thought, had he who rules the Sky
Brought us in safety home, to live and dye,
And we in Argos had together dwelt :
His Son and Weak Transported, I had built
For him a Court, and fed in a Town
His people, though belonging to our Crown :
There He and I would meeting oft discourse,
And nothing should us two but Death divorce ;
But *Jove* us so much happiness envy'd,
Who him, alas ! a safe return deny'd.

These words awak'd old griefs which long had slept,
Helen, *Telemachus*, *Achilles*, wept ;
Nor could *Pisistratus* from tears refrain,
Minding *Antilochus* by ^(c) *Memnon* slain.

Who thus ; Nestor, renown'd *Achilles* said,
When we, of thee discoursing, mention made,
That thou of *Morals* most accomplisht art ;
Therefore spare me, I would no heavy part
At Supper act ; but when the Sun's approach
Gilds Eastern Portals with his bright Carroch,
Then I, my Friends and dear Relations dead
Reminding, shall a briny deluge shed.

To them, descended to the silent World,
Tears we as duties pay, and ^(b) Tresses curl'd
My Brother there *Antilochus* I lost,
Not least significant of all that Host.

You

(g) The Son of *Tisbonus*, Brother
of King *Priam*, and *Anchises*, who
came out of the East, to the assistance
of the *Trojans*, and was slain by
Ulysses.

(h) It was the custom of the *Grecians*
to cut off a lock of their haire, and
lay it upon the Coarse of their deceased
friends ; recorded by *Homer* in his
Iliads, describing the Funeral of *Patroclus*.

— ἐν δὲ μὲν οὖν Πάτροκλον ἐταίρον,
ὅστις ἦν παῖς ἰσχυρὸς ἄνθρωπος ὡς ἰσχυρὸν
βαλλὼν Κρονίωνος.

Twixt these his Intimates *Patroclus*
bare,
Covering his Body with their cut-off hair.

And by *Sophocles*, in the person of
Tener speaking to *Eurydice*,

ὦ παῖ πατριὰς δούρα, καὶ σάβης πύλας,
ἱέμεν ἱερὰς ἀνέστη, καὶ σ' ἵσταται.
Θάλασσαν ὁρῶμεν, καὶ ἡρώων ἔχον
κόμην ἱερὰν, καὶ τῆς δὲ, καὶ οὐκ ἔστιν,
ἱερὰς δούρας.

Draw near my Son, and by thy Father
stand,
And, as a Suppliant, hold thou in thy
hand
My Tress, this Woman's, and thy own
bright Hair,
So pay rich Offerings with an humble
prayer.

So does *Orestes* at the Tomb of *Agamemnon*, in *Euripides's Electra*.

— ἀπὸ τῆς κομῆς πατρὸς
ἀναρῶν τ' ἑλθὼν, καὶ κομὴν ἀναρῶμεν.

I at my Father's Tomb tears shedding
stayd,
And him the first-fruits of my Tresses
payd.

You knew him, Sir, whom never I beheld;
Whom few for speed and Martiall feats excell'd.

Then said the King; More like some rev'rend Sage
Thou speak'st, then one of unexperienc'd Age:
Like thy accomplish'd Sire th' art eloquent,
We soon find persons out of high Descent,
On whom great *Jove*, Wealth in abundance powrs,
And sends his Birth and Nuptials happy hours.
All which he *Nestor* gave, and that he should
Have Sons renown'd, and in his Court grow Old.
But let us dry our Tears, and Sorrow wave,
Water and fresh supplies of Dishes have;
I and *Telemachus* to morrow shall
Early, more private on his Bus'ness fall.

This said, with speed obeying his commands,
Asphalio Water powrs upon their Hands,
They Viands taste, which warm, the Table fraught;
Jove's Daughter *Helen*, then her self bethought,
Streight sending for a Cordial to compound,
Would Rage and Grief both in Oblivion dround;
Whoere drinks this commix'd with Wine, though dead
He saw his Parents, not one Tear would shed
In a whole day, nor him, his Brother more,
Or Son would trouble, weltring in their Gore.
On her this Med'cine, to appease all woe,
Did *Polydamna*,⁽ⁱ⁾ *Tbonus* Wife, bestow,
Rich *Egyptus* product: many Simples there
Make wond'rous Compounds, some that deadly are;
The Natives great Physicians prove, and all
From *Peon* boast their high Original.

Infusing this, she said; My dearest Lord,
And these young Princes, feasting at our Board,
Since *Jove* dispenceth, who best may and can,
What ere makes happy or unhappy Man:

H

There-

(i) From this King received its name the ancient City *Thonis*, not far distant from *Canopus*, as *Strabo* relates. *Eliau* says, that *Menelaus* travelling into the Southern parts of *Egypt*, left *Helen* with King *Tbon*, while Queen *Polydamna*, jealous lest she should be preferred before her, caused her to be sent into the Island *Pharus*, abounding with Serpents and Venemous Beasts; but withal, pitying her condition, instructed her in all sorts of Medicines, which might serve for her defence.

(k) On what design he thus enter'd Troy, Homer delivers not: whether to observe the height of the Walls, and the largeness of the Gate, for the better proportioning the Horse, immediately here mentioned: or to steal the Palladium, as Lycophron writes in his *Cassandra*: but in which action Virgil allows him *Diomedes* a companion, here he is alone.

— *impius ex quo*
Tydides, sed enim scelus invenit
Ulysses,
Fatale aggressi sacro avellere templo
Palladium, caesis summa custodibus arcis
Corripuere sacram effigiem.

Till impious *Diomed* with *Ulysses* went
(The best that ever mischief did invent)
And boldly from her sacred Fane convey'd
Fatal *Palladium*, and dire slaughter made.

(l) The History of the Trojan Horse is most incomparably deliver'd by Virgil in the 2. Book of his *Æneid*.

(m) Her Husband, after the death of *Paris*, according to some writers.

(n) This fiction of Homer's is receiv'd by none of the succeeding Poets: nor can it, for several reasons, be allowed of.

Therefore let us here Feasting take delight
In pleasant talk; and somewhat I'll recite,
(To reckon all, Arithmetick would pose)
Ulysses acted, when by pressing Foes
You streighten'd were: He like a^(k) Begger went,
Through hostile *Troy*, his Garments patch'd and rent.
Who had no equal at the Grecian Fleet,
Almes of the *Trojans* crav'd, from Street to Street.
I found the King, though thus disguis'd, who oft
Disarm'd my Questions, meeting Craft with Craft:
'Till him I Bath'd, Anoynted, and did Cloath,
And to conceal him, took the solemn Oath;
Then he to me discover'd all his Plot,
And Slaught'ring many, off in safety got,
Slighting the *Trojans* and their Guards debauch'd,
Loud *Trojan Ladies* mourn'd, whilst I rejoyc'd
Hopeing to see my native Soyle, I wept,
That *Venus*, who Transported me, had kept
From my dear Daughter, and my Lord so long,
And thee a Prince so worthy I should wrong.
Then said the King; Thy Character is true;
I far have travell'd, many Heroes knew:
But yet amongst them all, I nere beheld,
One with *Ulysses* to be Parallel'd:
Who such things acted, and so well could Plot,
When all our prime Commanders close were shut
In that stupendous^(l) Steed, pregnant with fate,
Big with destruction of the *Trojan State*.
Thither some God did thee, my Dearest, send,
(^m) *Deiphobus* inforcing to attend,
T' obstruct the *Trojan* fame: thrice didst thou walk,
About the Steed, and like⁽ⁿ⁾ their Wives didst talk;
Their voyces faining, our prime Leaders didst
Call by their names; I sitting in the midst:

Tydides

Tydidēs and *Ulysses* heard thee speak;
 We two would answer streight, or forth would break;
 But *Ithacus*, though we so earnest were,
 Disswaded us and others to forbear;
 Only *Anticlus* opens, streight his Chops
Ithacus starting up with both Hands stops:
 So by his strength and prudence saves us all,
 Till thee from thence *Minerva* pleas'd to call.

Then to the King *Telemachus* thus sayd;
 O thou who art most honour'd and obey'd,
 Yet cruell Death, his courage, strength, nor skill,
 Could keep off, nor his Breast, though solid Steel.
 Now, Sir, be pleas'd to grant me my repose,
 That gentle sleep, grown late, our Eys may close.

Helen, this sayd, streight bids them make a Bed,
 And Purple o're, and Royal Tap'stry spred;
 Forth went her Damsels with a lighted Torch,
 The Guests a Herald ushers to the Porch:
 O're the resounding Gates the Princes lay,
 Whom *Morpheus* Golden Fetters bound till day.
Atrides thence to Chambers further in
 Went, where fair *Helen* lay, her sexes Queen.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,
 With rosie Fingers days Portcullice drawn,
 But from his Bed up *Menelaus* springs,
 Puts on his Vest, athwart his Shoulders flings
 His well hatcht Faulchion, on his Sandals tyes,
 And forth, with a majestick presence, hies:
 Then sitting by *Telemachus* thus saies;

On what concern hast thou plow'd swelling Seas,
 To *Sparta*, publick is't, or private score?

The Prince replies; I from my native Shore,
 Set sail, of thee, *Atrides*, to inquire,
 If ought thou know'st of my long absent Sire.

My House stands thwack'd with Foes whome o'rpow'r,
 And my fair Flocks and stall-fed Beeves devour;
 Love their pretence, *Penelope* they woo,
 But their design us fairly to undo.
 On this account here I thy Supplyant am,
 If thou hast seen or heard by flying Fame,
 Ought of his Death, in pity of my Youth,
 Extenuate not, nor yet conceal, the truth.
 If ever he by Prowess or by Plot,
 Upon the *Trojans* Reputation got,
 When you at *Troy* were in your greatest straight,
 Remember that, and truly tell his Fate.

Base wretches then, *Atrides* sighing said,
 May tumble on an absent Heroes Bed:
 As in a Lyons Den: a Hinde her Fauns
 Securing, straiest ore Hills and fertile Lawns;
 Whilst he returning finds unbidden Guests,
 And their Bloodgussling, on their Entrails feasts:
 So they, when strong *Ulysses* comes, shall fare,
 Would *Pallas*, *Jove*, and *Phæbus*, as they were,
 Then be to him propitious and assist,
 As when at *Lesbos* entering the List,
 He threw ^(c) *Philomelides* on his Back,
 Loud Shouts resounding like a Thunder crack.
 To these Corrivalls he would prove so kind,
 They soon should sad and bitter Nuptials find.
 But I'll to answer your desires be plain,
 Nor shall I heighten ought, decline, or feign,
 What I from *Proteus*, the Sea-Prophet had,
 I shall recount indifferent, good or bad.
 Long angry Gods in *Egypt* are detain'd,
 Because with flighter Victims I profan'd
 Their Altars oft; we their commands should keep.

^(c) *Pharus* an Isle amid't the swelling Deep,

Gainst

(c) King of the Island *Lesbos*, who, according to his custome, challeng'd the chief of the *Grecians* to wrestle with him.

(p) It is now part of the Continent of *Egypt*, which in *Homer's* time was an Isle: the reason wherof is, because the River *Nile*, by its continual evomition of dirt has constantly gain'd upon the Sea. Of the same nature is the River *Pyramus*, which swept along with it so much dirt and sand out of *Cataonia*, and the fields of *Cilicia*, that an Oracle declar'd, that in future Ages it should run into the Island of *Cyprus*.

Eoslas inopuavos ira Illegu lupodlyne
Hidra mpejany iglad eis Kumpoy Ixslai.

Swift *Pyramus* the circulating Sun
 Shall, carrying Sand, see into *Cyprus*
 run.

To this place of *Homer*, *Lucan* alludes
 in his tenth Book, thus,

Tunc claustrum pelagi cepit Pharon,
insula quondam
In medio stetit illa Mari, sub tempore
vatis
Proteos, at nunc est Pelais proxima
muris.

Then he took *Pharos*, circ'd with the
 Main,
 When Prophet *Proteus* of old did
 Reign,
 But now to *Alexandria* conjoyn'd.

'Gainst *Ægypt* lies, from whence a nimble Ship
 May Sail, 'twixt Sun and Sun, with Sails a-trip.
 There twenty Daies the Gods my Navy ^(g) kept,
 Nor the least Breeze up silver Billows swept,
 That might conduct us thence, with Sails unfurl'd,
 O'r moving Mountains, through the watery World;
 Our Victuals spent, us, in a heavy case,
 The Nymph *Idothea* pity'd, *Proteus* race;
 Her I implor'd, she finding me alone,
 My famish'd people all a Fishing gon,

Thus drawing near me, said; Art thou a Fool,
 Or to bear Sorrows mak'st this place thy School,
 And tarriest here, no neerer thy design,
 Whil'st all thy Friends with want and Famine pine?

Who e'r thou art, blest'd Goddess, I reply'd,
 That in this Sea-wall'd Prison, I abide
 A gainst my will: But I some God perhaps,
 Who dwells on steep *Olympus* Spiry tops,
 Offended have: Say, since thou all things know'st,
 What Pow'r thus keeps me from my native Coast,
 And here so long impedes? She thus replies;
 The best I may, Stranger, I'll thee advise.

Here ^(r) *Proteus*, *Neptune's* Minister of State,
 The founder of the Ocean, keeps his seat,
 Th' *Ægyptian* Bard, who me they say begot;
 Him could'st thou seize by some ingenious Plot,
 He would discover, how with Sails unfurl'd,
 Thou shoul'dst return, plowing the watery World;
 And, if th' art curious, shew thee by his skill,
 What chance to thy Domesticks, good or ill,
 Hath in thy absence happen'd. Then said I,

But how shall we secure a Deity,
 Who will foresee what e'r we shall contrive?
 Hard 'tis for Mortals, with a God to strive.

(g) It is a strange mistake of the latter Commentators, who say, The Ships stay'd in the Port, till the water they had received were pump'd out. We have followed the Ancients, amongst those *Strabo*, in our Translation.

(r) He was the Son of *Oceanus* and *Tethys*, who is therefore feign'd to be Pastour of Sea-Calves or Horses, because his Dominions were upon the Maritim Coasts.

I'll

(s) *Virgil* feigns him carried in his Chariot by these Sea-Horses,

*Est in Carpathio Neptuni gurgite rates
Ceruleus Proteus magnum quis piscibus
aquor
Et juncto bipedum currum melior equo-
rum*

Green *Proteus* there in the *Carpathian* Main,
Th' *Egyptian* Prophet, through broad Seas he glides;
And in his Chariot with Sea-Horses rides.

Where observe *Virgil* calls them *bipedes*, *Homer* *ἵπποδες*.

(t) Nothing is more familiar among the ancient Poets, than his Transformation of *Proteus*. *Virgil*, from this place of *Homer*, thus describes it in his *Georgick*,

*Fit enim subito Sns horridus, atraque
Tigris,
Squamosusque draco, & fulva cervice
Leena,
Aut acrem flamma senitum dabit, atque
ita vincit.
Excidit, aut in aquas tenues delapsus
abit.*

A salvage Boar he'll be; a Tigre, Snake,
And a huge Lion with a shaggy neck;
Or to escape, shall thunder like a flame,
Or glide from thee in a swift Crystal stream.

The Moral of which fiction, some refer to the Diadems of the *Egyptian* Kings, which according to their fashion were various, and bore sometimes a Bull, a Lion, a Flame, and the like. See *Diodorus Siculus* lib. 2. Many other Mythologies are reckon'd up by *Natalis Comes*.

I'll shew thee, said she, by what means thou shalt.
When *Titan* bends from arch'd Heavens highest Vault,
Then the old Prophet riseth from the Flouds,
Cloath'd with grosse Vapours and a Cloak of Clouds,
And his Cave ent'ring sleeps, (u) Sea-Monsters snore
Round him, supinely slumbring on the Shore,
Breathing fowle Scents, deriv'd from briney Seas;
Early I'll place thee in his dark recesses,
But choose to help thee three prime Persons more,
And I'll acquaint thee with his flights before;
First he will counting, view his Scaly fry,
Then down amid'st his quarter'd Life-guard ly,
As Shepherds use amid'st their Fleecy Sheep;
As soon as thou shalt spy the God a-sleep,
Then seize on him, before he not escapes:
(v) He'll straight Transform himself in several shapes,
To creeping Monsters, Beasts or wild or tame,
A swelling River, or devouring Flame:
Then grapple harder, and him faster keep.
But when he questions, as when fall'n a-sleep,
His former Shape resuming, then desist,
Free the old Heroe, and ask what you list.
What angry God thee from thy home detains,
Permitting not to plow the Azure Plains.
This said, she dives' mongst foamy Waves, and I
Went museing where my Ships lay on the dry;
Where taking some repast, when Night arose,
On th' Oceans sandy Margents we repose:
No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,
With rosie Fingers Daies Port-cullice drawn;
But I, the Gods imploring, chose out three,
Valiant and Strong, whil'st four Sea-Calves Skins she
Brought newly stript, her Father so to catch,
And us expecting bedded on the Beach,

Soon

Soon as we came, she placing us within,
 Threw over each of us a Fishes Skin;
 But much offensive prov'd our Ambuscade;
 The slimy Husks a smell so loathsome made:
 T' embrace a rank Sea-Monster who'll endure?
 But she streight thought upon a present cure;
Ambrosia she, which Aromatick shuts
 Foul odours forth, into our Nostrils puts:
 Till Noon we patient there expecting lay,
 When shoals of Water-monsters leave the Sea
 To ^(u) sleep ashore; old *Proteus* last comes up,
 And us Four reckons 'mongst his scaly Troop:
 Then down he lyes suspecting no deceit,
 We clamouring charge and seize upon him streight;
 He skilfull such Conspirators' evade,
 Himself at first a shaggy Lyon made,
 A Serpents form, a Pard's, a Sow's receives,
 A crystal Stream a Tree with shady leaves;
 Yet we with patience arm'd, him faster grasp;
 But when with struggling he begun to gasp,
 Thus me he question'd; *Atræus* Son declare
 What God thee thus advis'd me to ensnare,
 Your business speak: Then I reply'd; Thou know'st,
 Then why thus ask'st, thou? on this farall coast
 Long I'm detain'd, no hope of favouring Gales
 To bear me off, my strength and courage fails:
 Say, since thou all things know'st, what angry God
 Obstructs my passage through the briny Flood.
 Thou must, sayd he, before thou art dismiss,
 Great *Jove* implore, and the supernall List;
 Nor shalt thou see thy Friends and native Soil,
 Untill thou offer'st on the Banks of ^(x) Nile,
 To them a Hecatomb; with Sails unfurl,
 Then homewards may'st thou plow the watery World.
 This

(u) That Sea-Calves are sleepy
 Animals, is observ'd by the Authors of
 Natural History. *Martial* in his Epi-
 grams,

*Dormitis nimium glires, Vitulique
 marini.*

Whence among the *Egyptians* they
 were the Hieroglyphicks of drowly
 persons, saies *Pierius*. *Eliau* also notes
 that they take the Noon-day for their
 time of rest on the Shore.

(x) It is observable that *Homer* ne-
 ver calls the famous River of *Egypt*
 by the name of Nile, but *Egypt*: as

Παρθένος δ' Αἴγυπτος ἐν ῥέεθρῳ ἰσχυρᾷ.

And

Στῆμα δ' ἐν Αἴγυπτι πρὸς ἑλίκην ἔσται.

From whence its conjectured, not im-
 probably, that the Country received
 its name.

This wrack'd my Soul to think that I must back,
And such a long and dangerous Voyage take.

Then I reply'd; We shall perform the task;
But I must yet another Question ask;
Are all our Friends arriv'd in safety Home,
Which I and Nestor left at Ilium?
By Sea who perish'd? who scap'd raging Waves,
At home by Friends attended to their Graves?

Then he; No farther ask, I'll not reveal
Things not for thee to know, or me to tell:
Should I, thou wouldst not long from tears refrain:
Many are dead, many alive remain:
Two Princes onely of that numerous Hoast,
Who sail'd from Troy, in their return were lost:
One in a Sea-girt Isle his Fates detain,

(2) Ajax the son of Oileus, for there was another Grecian Prince of that name, the Son of Telamon.

(a) Ajax's Shipwrack Silius Italicus thus describes,

Qualis Oileides, fulmen iaculante Minerva,
Surgentes domnis fluitans ardentibus undis.

As Ajax, struck with Pallas thunder,
Storms
The rising Billows with his flaming Arms.

Pliny in his Natural History relates, that the Story of Ajax struck with a Thunder-bolt, was most exquisitely Painted by Apollodorus the Athenian; and in his time shown at Pergamus for a Master-piece of that Art.

(b) Rocks neer unto Mycenae, one of the Cyclades, so call'd from the roundness of them,

(c) Father of Aegisthus.

But (2) Ajax he was swallow'd in (4) the Main,
Whom Neptune drove on (6) Gyra, and had sav'd
On jutting Rocks, although Minerva rav'd;
But that the Impious said, those raging Floods
He would escape, in spite of all the Gods.
Neptune, straight hearing the blasphemous Wretch,
With his huge Hand did up his Trident snatch,
And the Gyrean Rock he cleft in twain,
Half stood, the other half drop'd in the Main,
On which he sitting, under Billows sunk,
And perish'd, after he Salt-water drunk.
Thy Brother then escap'd by Juno's aid;
But when the Malean Mountain he had made,
Him much lamenting, a rough Tempest tost
To th' utmost confines of the Agrian Coast,
Where once (c) Thyestes, then Aegisthus dwelt:
But then the Gods with him more kindly delt,
Changing the Wind, straight home his course he stands,
His Native Soyle then kissing as he Lands,

With

(d) For *Helena* was Daughter of *Jupiter*, and *Leda*, whom he begot in the form of a Swan.

(e) It was customary among the antient, both *Greeks* and *Romans*, to erect honorarie Tombs to their deceas'd friends, when they were absent: where were exhibited the same Solemnities that were usual at the real Funerals. *Andromache*, lead Captive into *Epirus*, in *Virgil*,

*Solennes tum forte dapes & tristia dona
Ante urbem in luco, falsi Simoentis ad
undam,
Libabat cineri Andromache, manesque
vocabat
Hectoreum ad tumulum, viridi quem
cespite inani,
Et geminas, causam lacrimis, sacra ve-
rat aras.*

By chance sad gifts and annual Rites
that day
Andromache pay'd his ashes, and im-
plores
At *Hector's* Tomb near feign'd *Simois*
Shores,
Before the Town in Consecrated
Woods,
She rais'd his empty Monument of Sods.

When *Drusus* died in *Italy*, in his re-
turn to the Forces he led against the
Germans, and his body was lent back
to *Rome*, *exercitus honorarium ei tumu-
lum excitavit, circa quem deinceps stato
die quotannis miles decurreret, Gallia-
rumque civitates publice supplicarent*:
Sueton, in the life of *Claudius Caesar*.
The like mentions *Lampridius* in the
life of *Alexander Severus*, *Cenotaphi-
um in Gallia, Romæ amplissimum Se-
pulcrum meruit, He obtain'd a large
Sepulchre at Rome, and an Honorary
in France.*

(f) This place *Horace* relates to in
his Epistles, l. i. Ep. 6.

*Haud male Telemachus proles patien-
tis Ulyssis,
Non est aptus equis Ithacæ locus; ut
neque planus
Porrectus spatii, neque multa prodigus
herba.
At: idem magis apta tibi sua dona relin-
quam,*

Telemachus well reply'd, that no fit
place
Was *Ithaca* for Horses, wanting grasse:
Therefore your Presents spare, for me
unfit.

Where comes no Winter, Snow, nor Winds, nor Rain,
But constant Breezes, rising from the Main,
With cooling breath still fainting spirits revive,
Thou *Helen* hast, and dost from ^(d) *Jove* derive.

This said, the God beneath the Waves descends,
I to our Fleet went musing with my Friends,
There taking some repast, when Night arose,
On th' *Oceans* flowry margents we repose.
No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
With rosie Fingers days Portcullis drawn,
But up our Masts we rear, our Sails unfurl'd,
And launch our Vessel to the watery World.
The Sailors settle on acquainted Banks,
And sweep the briny Foam in triple ranks:
Thence plowing Waves unto the Banks of *Nile*,
There Hecatombs on blazing Altars pile.

The Gods appeas'd, next rear'd my Brothers ^(e) Tomb
To keep his Fame, my course thence steering Home;
Celestials sent fair Winds which never fail'd
To court our Canvas, till we *Sparta* sail'd.
But stay with me till twice six days are spent,
Then thee a Chariot I'll, and Steeds present,
A Golden Cup, that thou mayst mindful be,
(If thou surviv'st great Sir) of mine and me.

Then said the Prince; Great Sir, it much may wrong
Me and my business here to stay so long;
I could a year your sweet discourse admire,
My House forgetting, and my absent Sire;
But if thou stayst me longer, 'twill afflict
My Friends in *Pyle*, who me ere this expect:
Your Presents, Sir, I thankfully accept,
But Steeds for ^(f) *Ithaca* none ever ship;
Let in this large Campaign thy gen'rous breed,
Wantoning on, on delicacies feed,

Where

Where *Lotus* springs and *Cyperon* unset,
 Store of white Barley, Spelt, and purest Wheat.
 We have no Chariot-course, our Meadow feeds
 Scarce shaggy Goats, not ranck enough for Steeds.
 Our Sea-guirt Isles, with barrenness accurst,
 Are bad for Horse, and *Ithaca* the worst.

Then smiling, by the hand the Prince he takes,

And said; These words noble thy extract speaks,
 Thou shalt some other have, I well am stor'd,
 What ere my House or Treasuries afford,
 What's fairest, richest, or of most esteem:

A Silver Goblet with a Golden brim
 I'll thee present, by *Vulcan* rarely wrought,
 Which the ^(g) *Sidonian* King, that Heroe, brought
 Me, when he feasted in his Royal Court.

(g) *Sidon* was a City in *Phœnicia*, famous for curiosity in all sorts of workmanship. The name of the Prince, which the Poet mentions not, some Historians deliver to be *Sobalus*, others *Serbio*.

Whil'st thus they held discourse, a great resort
 Came to the Palace, Sheep and Wine they brought,
 And their fair ^(h) Wives the Boards with Manchet
 And they provided high and plenteous Fare. (fraught,

(h) The Servants of *Penelope*, whom they familiarly used as their Wives.

But at *Ulysses* Gates, the Suitors were
 At Coyts delighted, or else casting Darts,
 Acting with no mean insolence their parts;
Antinous, and *Eurymachus*, the best
 Of all the Suitors, sate there 'mong the rest,
 To whom came *Noëman*, Old *Phronius* Son,
 And questioning *Antinous*, thus begun;

When, Sirs, *Telemachus* at home will be,
 Knows any here? A Ship he had from me,
 To Sail for *Pyle*, the Vessel now I need,
 That I at *Elis*, where I have a breed
 Of Mares and Mules, may break one for the Plow.
 All were amaz'd, they never heard till now
 He launch'd to Sea, but him suppos'd withdrawn,
 To see his Flocks, or to *Sabalus* gon.

Be pleas'd, *Antinous* said, to tell me true,
 When went the Prince, and to attend him who,
 Were they choise Young men, of their own accord,
 Or Mercenaries, whom he took aboard?
 That he should venture from his native Shore:
 And not to trouble you one question more;
 Hath he your Ship against your will impress'd,
 Or else consign'd him on his own request?

I parted freely with her, he replies;
 Me how would you or any else advise?
 When such a person hath an earnest Suit,
 A shrugg's uncivill, or the least dispute.
 His company, are Youths of great esteem,
Mentor their Chief, or else some God like him!
 But I admire, their Captain yester-day
 Early I saw, who long since launch'd to Sea.

This said he left them, At the strange report
 The Suitors gather, and forsake their Sport,
 Whilst Grief and Anger swells *Antinous* Breast,
 His Eyes like fire, thus he his mind exprest;

This may prove dangerous, no idle toy;
 Could we believe a Child, a sawcy Boy,
 Would hence without our joynt commission slip,
 And Youths of better ranck to man his Ship?
 Let him plot mischief, and let *Jove* destroy
 His machinations, ere they us annoy.
 Straight Rigg me forth, with twenty Men, a Bark,
 And I'll his motion in returning mark;
 Him in our Bay conceal'd, mongst ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Samian* Greeks
 We'll intercept, whilst he his Father seeks.

This said, the Plot approving, all consent,
 And rising, straight into the Palace went.
 This *Medon* to *Penelope* convey'd,
 Who over-heard, when their Design they laid.

(i) *Samos* was the name of the Island, afterwards call'd *Cephalonia*, and also the name of a City in the same Island: near adjoyning to *Ithaca*.

Hast to the Queen her careful Herald makes,
 To whom as soon as enter'd, thus she speaks;
 Why have they sent thee? must our Maids, aside
 All bus'ness lay, and Supper straight provide?
 Ah! would they quit my House, and that this might,
 Their farewell Banquet be, and last good-night:
 Who thus at meetings wast my Sons Estate;
 Did nere to you your Sires renumerate
 Ulysses parts? Mildly with all he dealt,
 Nor any ere his pond'rous Scepter felt:
 In publick none he prais'd, nor loud would rate,
 Like Kings accustom'd, this to love, that hate;
 But your demeanour cleers your Character,
 Who for his kinder use so thankless are.

Then Medon thus reply'd; Ah would, best Queen,
 Ingratitude thet greatest Crime had been!
 They to the height of Villany proceed,
 Your Son to murder (which great Jove forbid!)
 Returning home, who went to Pyle to inquire,
 And Sparta, after his long absent Sire.

Trembling, this said, and silent long she stood,
 Her bright Eys clouded with a briny Flood;

At last she said; Why from us did he slip,
 What forc't my Son to ascend a nimble Ship,
 That Horse that scowrs through waves from Coast to
 Would he his Name should be for ever lost? (Coast?

Then Medon said; I know not if some God,
 Or his own Genius through the swelling Flood,
 Fore't him to Pyle, expecting there to hear,
 If Dead or Living his dear Father were.

This said he left her; but th' afflicted Queen,
 As if with Grief she had distracted been,
 No longer in her Chair her self contains,
 But on the Threshold sitting, loud complains:

Her

(k) Spondanus supposes that he left Penelope and went to the Palace of Ulysses, and therefore makes two distinct Palaces. But that conjecture is refuted by the Verses immediately following, where Iphitime is sent to Penelope to comfort her

Πέμπε δ' μιν ἄρδς δάματ' Ὀδυσσεὺς θείοιο,
 "Εἴπω: Πηνελόπειαν ἐδουρμένον γόωντα
 Πάυσεν κλαυθμῶϊ γόωντι δακρυόεντι.

The phrase in this place, which he mistook, ἀποκαίεντι καὶ δάματ', is not to go to, but to descend down the house.

Her Women young and old about her ran
With dismal shrieks: thus weeping she began;
The Gods on me no common Grievs impose,
Besides our Birth-right born to suffer woes:
First I a Wife and Valiant Husband lost,
His Fame divulg'd through all the Grecian Coast:
Now they will kill my Son, and wretches you
Nere cal'd me, though you his departure knew,
But had I known when he his Anchor weigh'd,
For all his haste, he should a while have staid,
Or dead he should have left me in the Hall:
But one of you should streight Old *Dolius* call,
Whom me my Sire when I came hither gave,
Who keeps my Orchard, now no more my Slave,
That he might straight to Old *Laertes* go,
And this their dire designment let him know;
He would the People with their project fill,
How they conspire, *Ulysses* Son to kill.

Then *Euryclea*; Cast me off, or kill,
All this, I dearest Madam, knew, and will
No longer hide: I Wine and Manchet both
Supply'd him with, and took a solemn Oath,
Not in twelve daies to make his absence known,
Unless you ask'd, or heard the Prince was gon;
Least you with weeping, should your Beauty wrong;
But Bathe and dress your self, then take along
With you your Maids, and when you are withdrawn,
Implore *Minerva* to preserve your Son,
Nor Old *Laertes* with this news afflict,
The Gods his Progeny not disrespect,
But one shall still survive his Realm to bless,
Who shall this Court and fertil Fields possess;
These words her grief asswag'd, her Tears suppress,
And Bathing straight, her self she neatly drest.

Then

Then with her Train, hast to her Chamber made,
And thus to *Pallas*, Sacrificing, Pray'd ;
Jove's Daughter hear, if ere my Lord, the Thighs
Of Beeves and Sheep to thee did sacrifice,
Remember him ; ah ! save his Son and mine,
Turning on these conspirers their Design.

Thus begs she weeping, and the Goddess grants.
Mean while the Suitors deaf the Walls with rants :

When one thus said ; The Queen will now elect
'Mongst us her Spouse, yet not our Plot detect
Upon her Son. Then said *Antinous* ; Fie,
Make no such idle brags, lest any nigh
Ore-hear and tell within ; no time protract,
But rising let's what we agreed on act.
This said, He twenty men selects, and strait
Looks out a Vessell of the second Rate,
And hires one in the Harbour, yare and stanch,
Her Masts and Sails brought up, from shore they lanch,
Then fit their plyant Oars, their Sails unfurl,
In readiness to plow the watery World ;
And last the Comp'ny went aboard, where they
Refresh themselves, and for the Evening stay.

Mean while *Penelope* her Chamber keeps,
And musing takes no sustenance, nor sleeps,
'Twixt hopes and fears, how that her guiltless Son,
Th' impious may kill, or he the danger shun :
A Lyon so suspects the Hunters guile,
Whom hedging in they drive upon the Toyl.
Such wandring Fancies her from slumber kept,
At last, wearied with burthening cares, she slept.

The thoughtfull Queen then gentle *Morpheus* bound,
And fretting cares in mild Oblivion drown'd ;

Whilst *Pallas* fashion'd out an empty shade,
And like her Sister fair *Iphthima* made :

At

(1) King of *Phere* a City in *Thessaly*; the Son of *Admetus* and *Alceſtis*.

At *Phere* her ⁽¹⁾ *Eumelus* did Espouse.

This ſtraight ſhe ſent into *Ulyſſes* Houſe,
Charging to free the Queen from tort'ring fears,
From eating grief, and inundating Tears;
Entring her Chamber, through the narrow Lock,
Drawn near her Bed, theſe words of Comfort ſpoke;
Doſt thou *Penelope* afflicted ſleep?

Thou muſt no longer penſive be, nor weep.
Thy Son, who little hath diſpleas'd the Gods,
From Foes ſhall ſafe return, and ſwallowing Floods:
Then ſweetly ſlumb'ring in ſleeps pleaſant Port,

Thus ſpake the Queen; Dear Siſter, to our Court
Why com'ſt thou, who before wert never here,
Dwelling remote? would'ſt thou that I ſhould fear
And grief ſhake off, which me ſo much moleſt,
Muſtring freſh parties in my troubled Breſt,
Who ſuch a Lord and ſo accompliſh'd loſt,
Through ample *Greece* admir'd and honour'd moſt?
And now my Son adventur'd to the Seas,
Not us'd to Traffick nor hard Voyages,
For whom far greater cares my Breſt invade,
Then for his Father, leſt he be betray'd
By Land or Sea, of life him to deprive
Many conſpire ere he at home arrive.

When thus the Shadow ſaid; In me confide,
Laying all fears and jealousies aſide;
So great a Goddeſs looks upon thy Son,
Pallas, who pitying thee ſent me alone,
This to acquaint thee with, and to perſwade
From fruitleſs Tears. To whom the Queen thus ſaid;

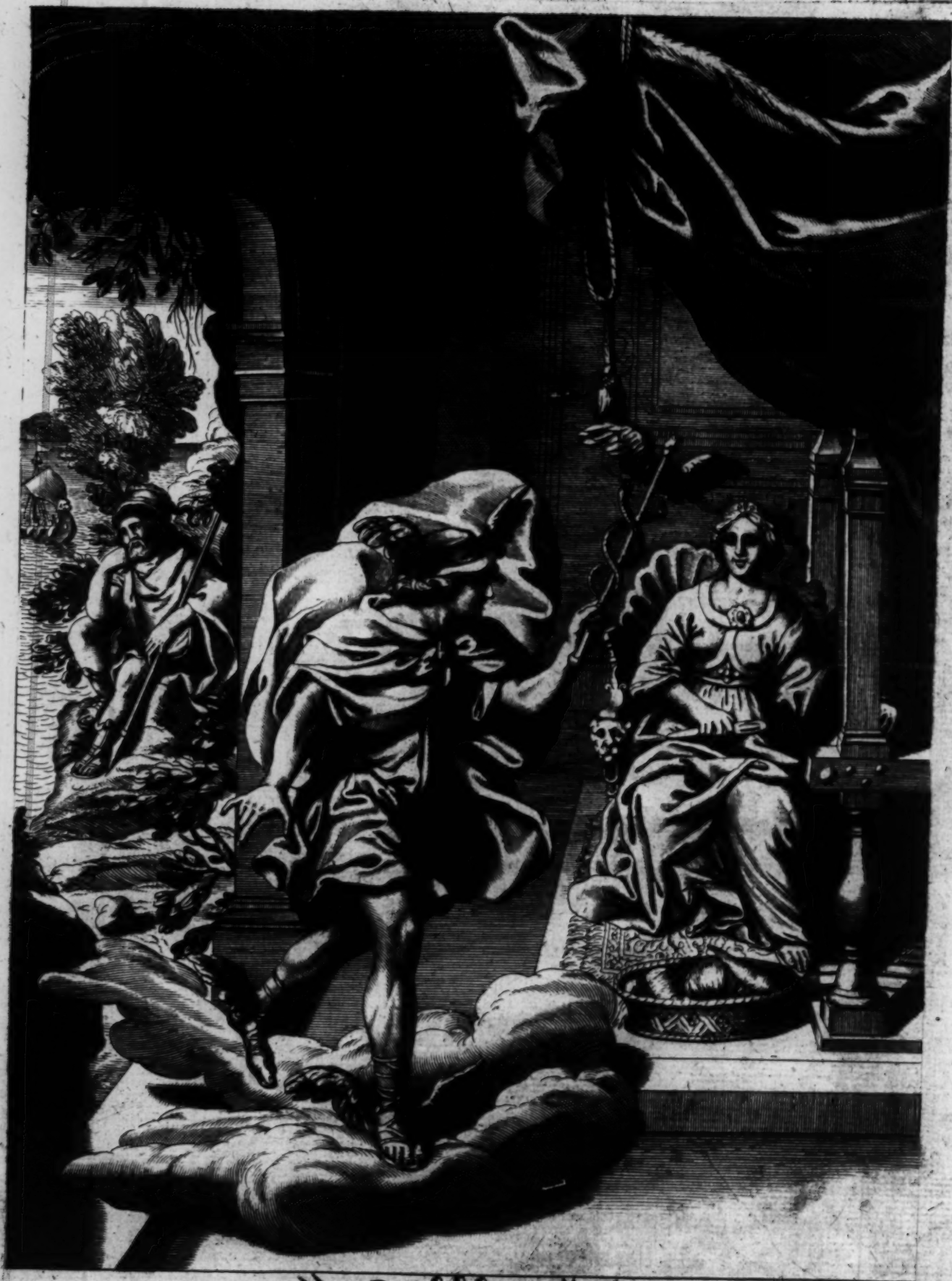
If thou a Goddeſs haſt a Goddeſs hear'd;
Say if *Ulyſſes* live or be interr'd,
His Soul defend'd to th' Infernal ſhade?
Then to the Queen the Airie Fantom ſaid;

Be

Be he alive or dead, I must not yet
Declare, nor answer questions now unfit.

This said, it vanish'd, stealing through the Lock,
She shakes off drowsie sleep, and comfort took :
And whil'st the Vision fled ; with Sails unfurl'd,
The plotting Suitors plow the waterie World,
To kill *Telemachus*. A Rockie Isle,
'Twixt *Ithaca* and *Samus*, which they stile
Small ^(m) *Aster*, lies, for Ambush fitting, they
Enter this Port, and him expecting lay.

(m) A small Island betwixt *Cephalonia* and *Ithaca*, it retains no name in the *Italian* Charts, though *Apollonius* saies, that in his time there was a Port there, and a small City call'd *Alacona*.



Domino Do: Rich^o
 Vice-Comiti Tullogh
 Tabulam hanc



Comiti de Arran
 Baroni de Cloghgreman
 L.M.D.D.D.I.O. Lib.



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE FIFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Hermes, Calypso bids Ulysses free :
Who makes himself a Bark, then puts to Sea.
A Storm by Neptune rais'd his Vessel splits :
To Land he by a Sea Nymph's favour gets :
Naked and tir'd he to a Covert creeps,
And hid in Leaves all Night securely sleeps.



Aurora leaving ^(a) Tithon's golden
Bed,
Ore Heaven and Earth Daies
glorious lustre spread,
When Jove and all the Gods as-
sembled sate

(a) The Fable of *Tithonus*, Brother to *Priam*, being Married to *Aurora*, according to the Mythologists, signifies no more then that he took a Wife out of the East: to which that History agrees, which delivers him Founder of the City *Susa*, not far from the river *Chaspe*, the Seat afterwards of the *Perſian* Emperour. There is no Fable more familiar among the Poets then this. *Virgil*, in the 4. of his *Æneids*,

*Et jam prima novo spargebat lumine
terram,
Tithoni croceum linquens Aurora cubile*

Aurora now had early Dawning
spread,
And weary left Old *Tithon's* golden
Bed.

In Consultation ; when much troubled at
Ulysses danger in the Nymphs aboads,
The Court thus *Pallas* mov'd ; *Jove*, and you Gods,
No more let Kings be pious, mild, or just,
But let their Will be Law, their Rage and Lust,

K 2

Since

Since his own People not *Ulysses* mind,
 Who Parent-like was to his Subjects kind :
 He suff'ring in a Sea-guirt Isle remains,
 Whom fair *Calypso* in her Cave detains,
 Despairing to review his Native Coast,
 That neither can of Friends, nor Vessel, boast
 Home to Transport him through the foamie Brine ;
 And now his Son to murder they design
 In his return, who fail'd to *Pylet* inquire,
 And *Sparta*, after his long absent Sire.

How scap'd these words thy Teeth, their Ivory guard,
 Said *Jove*? Who here thy business would detard?
 Hast not thou lay'd the Plot, *Ulysses* shall
 Returning be reveng'd upon them all?

Fetch back his Son with speed (for well you may)
 And him in safety to his home convey ;
 So, frivolous the Suitors Voyage make.
 This said, thus *Jove* to his Son *Hermes* spake ;

Go thou that art the Gods Ambassador,
 And this our order to *Calypso* bear.
Ulysses, say, must reach his own aboads
 Thout man's assistance, or immortal Gods,
 Him a new Vessel must, the twentieth day,
 To ^(b) *Scheria* and *Pheacian* Tow'rs convey :
 Where Silver, Brass, and Vests, they'll him present,
 More worth then all his *Trojan* Divident.

He must his Wife, and Friends, (thus Fates decree)
 His Palace, and his Native Country, see.

His Father straight obeying, *Hermes* goes,
 And buckles on with speed his golden Shooes,
 With which the Aire he cuts ore Sea and Land,
 As born ^(c) on th' Winds ; then takes his Charming
 That Mortals lulls asleep, and sleeping wakes. (Wand

^(d) *Pieria* reach'd, a stoop from Heaven he makes,
 Like

(b) It is agreed on by most of the Antients, that the Island *Scheria* is that which was after call'd *Corcyra*, from *Corcyra* the daughter of *Asopos* : which lies in the *Venetian* Gulf, not far distant from *Ithaca*, now nam'd *Corfu*. But *Apollodorus* takes the name of the Isle, as well as the rest of the story, to be a meer figment of the Poets.

(c) This whole relation of *Mercurius* passage, is Translated by *Virgil* in the fourth Book of his *Æneid*, which we have here transcribed to the end we may observe his translation of one phrase in *Homer*.

— Ille patris magni parere parabat Imperio, & primum pedibus talaria nectit
 Aurea, quæ sublimem alis, sive aquora supra,
 Sive terram, rapido pariter cum flamine portant.
 — hinc toto præcepit se corpore ad undas Misit : avi similis quæ circum litora, circum
 Piscos scopulos humilis volat aquora juxta.

Here *Æta* *πτερόεντος* *ἀνέμου*, he translates rapido pariter cum flamine, as if it had been *Æta* *πτερόεντος* *ἀνέμου*, in which sense the word *Æta* is usually taken in *Homer*, as, *Æta* *πτερόεντος* *ἀνέμου* *αὐρὰ* *ἀνέμου*. But in this place I take it in a different sense and meaning : *Æta* for *ἀνέμος*, perinde ac si ventis veheretur, that is, his winged Shooes carried him as swift as the wind. This interpretation of ours is confirm'd not only by the sense of the place, but by the authority too of *Enstatius*, who expounds it *ἰσχυρὸς ἀνέμος*.

(d) A high Mountain in *Macedonia*, the seat of the *Muses*, so called from a certain Heroe of that name.

Like a Sea Fowle, whose fanning Pinions sweep
The furrow'd Visage of the frowning Deep.
The God there lighting, leaves the purple Floods,
Thence walking, finds her in her own Abodes,
Burning sweet Incense in a heap'd-up pile,
Which spread a sweet perfume through all the Isle:
Whil'ft she sung rarely, through her curious frame
Her Golden shuttle nimbly went and came.
A pleasant Grove her shady Mansion round,
With Poplar, Alder, and tall Cypress crown'd,
Upon whose Boughs, Birds various built and bred,
Hawks, Owles, and Choughs, who on Sea margents fed;
A circling Vine which purpling clusters lade,
Whose verdant Branches her low Palace shade:
Four stately Founts in comely order plac'd,
With disemboqueing Spouts each other fac'd,
Inviron'd with delightful Meads, which round
Soft Violets, and pleasant Smallage crown'd:
Which if a God, wandring by chance, had seen,
He had admir'd and much delighted been.
There *Hermes* wondring stops: when he his eye
Had surfeited with strange variety,
Straight to her cool Apartment *Hermes* goes,
Calypso him sooner then enquir'd knows:
Immortal Pow'rs who here converse, although
They far from either dwell, each other know:
But not the Nymph he with *Ulysses* found,
He sitting on the shore deep sighing, drown'd
His Cheeks with Tears, his Breast with sorrow swell'd,
And restless Seas as restless there beheld.
But when *Calypso* in her Golden Throne
Had *Hermes* plac'd, the Goddess thus begun;
Why, my dear *Hermes*, mak'st thou this address
To me, that nere did'st visit my recess?

Lay

Lay your commands, your pleasure I'll obey
If in my pow'r, if possible I may;
But first take some repast. This said, the Board
She with brisk *Nectar* and *Ambrosia* stor'd.
When he had tasted her Celestial fare;

Ask you, he said, why hither I repair?
Know beauteous Nymph, *Joves* pleasure I fulfill,
He sent me hither much against my will;
Who ore such vast and swelling Flouds would fly?
No City neer, nor sacred Temple nigh,
Where pious Mortals on our Altars lay
Whole Hecatombs: but *Jove* we must obey.

One of those hapless Chiefs, Nine years imploy'd
Beleag'ring *Troy*, which they the Tenth destroy'd,
Whom in return offended *Palla's* hurl'd
With raging Tempests through the watry World
His Friends destroy'd; him with rough Billows drove
Upon your Coasts, you must dismiss, saies *Jove*:
'Tis not his Fate to perish in Exile,
He must his Court review, and Native Soyle.

She troubled said; You envious Gods delight,
In nothing more, then this to wreak your spight:
Who not allow a Goddess in her house,
To treat a Mortal, though she him Espouse.

So when *Aurora* with ^(e) *Orion* mach'd,
Their private meetings you still prying watch'd;
Untill her golden Bow ^(f) *Diana* drew,
And with her Shafts him in this Island flew:
And so when *Ceres* did to passion yield,
Injoying ^(f) *Jasion* in a thrice Plow'd Field,
Jove, soon inform'd, adjudg'd the fact a fault,
And slew him with a blazing Thunder-bolt.
So I a Mortal Spousing shall be serv'd,
On's turnd-up Keel him riding I preserv'd,

When

(e) The Moral of this Fable of *Orion* being taken away by *Aurora*, is onely this, That he dying an immature death, before he came to ripeness of age, was buryed presently upon break of day, they not thinking it fit that the Sun should behold so grievous an evil. *Eustath.*

(*) *Homer* delivers not the reason why *Orion* was slain by *Diana*; but the latter Poets say that he attempted her Chastity, *Horace*,

— et integra
Tentator *Orion* *Diana*,
Virginea domitus sagitta.

Orion chast *Diana* strove t' obtain,
When by the Virgins Arrow he was slain.

Euphorion gives the same reason of his being slain, but different means; for he says that he was stung on the Ankle by a Scorpion, produc'd to that purpose by *Diana*, of which he dyed.

(f) *Jasion* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Electra*: he was a Husband-man, and therefore feign'd to be beloved of *Ceres*: of whom he begat *Plutus*. He liv'd in his Generation of the Gods,

Διμήτρης μὲν Πλάτωνος ἱγέραιος δία θύων,
'Ιάσιον ἦσαν μύγῃσι' ἐκείνῃ φιλότητι.

Ceres the Goddess with the golden haire,
Impregnated by *Jasion*, *Plutus* bare.

The Thunder-bolt with which he is slain, signifies, according to *Eustathius*, the extremity of heat and drought in the Summer, by which the hopes of Husband-men are frustrated. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis* acknowledgeth not his death, but makes *Ceres* complain of his old Age;

— queritur veteres *Pallantias* annos
Conjugis esse sui, queritur canescere
mixtum
Jasiona *Ceres*.

Aurora moans her Husbands age, and
fair
Ceres her *Jasions* silver hair.

When *Jove* with Lightning, midst the raging Sound,
 His Vessel sunk, and his Associates, dround;
 Drove on this Coast, by Wind and Billows rage,
 I lov'd and cherish'd; promis'd him from Age
 And Death to free. In vain our selves w' afflict,
 Great *Jove*, or any God, to contradict.
 To quit this Isle, the Ruler of the Skie
 May him command, but I shall nere, not I,
 Since we a well-man'd Vessel want, which may
 Him safe, through th' Oceans broad-back'd Waves,
 But I'll advise, and best to his avail, (convey;
 How he to's Country may in safety Sail.

Hermes reply'd; Keep touch, *Jove's* anger shun,
 Nor farther into his displeasure run.

This said, the God departs: she not delaies,
 But straight *Ulysses* seeking, *Jove* obeys;
 Whom finding on the Beech disconsolate,
 With Floods of Tears lamenting his sad Fate,
 No hope of getting thence, seven years expir'd,
 Now with a Goddesses embraces tyr'd,
 Inforc'd each night within her shady Grot,
 To warm her Side, will he, or will he not;
 Yet all the day plac'd on the Rocky Shores,
 Viewing the restless Billows, he deplores
 Himself with Sighs, would rend a Heart in twain:

The Nymph thus said; Fie, Sir, no more complain,
 Save precious time, my int'rest I'll resign,
 And set thee free; Go, fell some lofty Pine,
 And make thy self a Vessel, tight and staunch,
 In which thou may'st to Sea in safety launch:
 I Bread, Wine, Water will, and Garments find,
 Thee to supply, and send a prosp'rous Wind.
 That, if the Gods so please, thou in short time
 Shalt steer in safety to thy Native Cline.

Some

Some new and quaint device, then he reply'd,
Not my dismiss, or would'st I should confide
In a small Bark, where Vessells ablest built,
Knock at Hell gates, and at Heavens arches tilt,
When Tempests rage: against thy will I loth
Should be to Sail, unless thou take an Oath
Thou hast no Plot. Then said she, with a Smile;

For me, thou art too crafty to beguile;
I Swear by Heaven and Earth, and ^(g) Stygian Floods,
An Oath nere violated by the Gods;
I have no Plot against thee, no design,
But am as Cordial as thy cause were mine:

My Heart is soft, not Adamant, nor Steel,
So I on thy concern compassion feel.

The Nymph, this said, before him lightly trips,
He, following close, reprints *Calipso's* steps,
Into the Cave a Prince and Goddess goes,
Who seats him straight whence *Hermes* lately rose,
Filling his Board with various Humane fare,
Then ore against him fills her golden Chair:

Renown'd *Ulysses*, Thou, with no small care,
Do'st for thy home and Native Soyl prepare;
But thou would'st not rejoyce, if thou did'st know
What sufferings wait on thee, what woe on woe,
Ere thou at home arriv'st: Come! dwell with me,
Rule this my Palace, and immortal be.

Although thou hanker'st still after thy Wife,
And rather would'st enjoy her than thy life;
Her Beauty, Feature, nor her comely *Mein*,
Not ours eclipse, and if they did outshine,
Not with Immortals Mortals must compare,
Then thus *Ulysses* did himself declare.

Ah my dear Goddess! Tax, Ah tax not me!
My Wife that day must not be nam'd with thee,
So

(g) Swearing by Styx, an infernal Lake, was accounted the most solemn and most rever'd Oath: as *Homer* in his *Iliads* declares Il. 14.

Ἀποκρίσας δὲ θεῶν ἄλλων ἑταίρων Ὀδυσσεύς·
ὅτι τὴν ἐνὶ ᾧ καὶ χόβρα παύσσειν ἔμελλεν,
τὴν δ' ἐνὶ ᾧ καὶ παύσειν ἔμελλεν.

Swear by th' inviolable Stygian Lake,
Taking in one hand Earth, in th' other
Seat,
And the fix'd Land with floating water
raise.

Which whosoever of the Celestial Gods violated, was interdicted not only the Table but all society and company of the rest, for the space of ten years. *Hesiod* in his *Theogonia*,

Ὅς κεν τις θεῶν ἀπαμειβόμενος προσέειπεν
Ἀθανάτων, ἐν ἧσιν ἔσθῃ ἐνὶ οὐρανῷ,
Κοῖταιν ἄνωγε μὲν τῷ λαῷ ἀνθρώπων, οἷς ἐσθαι δέον,
οὐδὲ πῶς ἀμείβεσθαι καὶ τιλάειν· ἔσθῃαι
ἄνωγε, ἀνδρὶ τὴν κοῖταν ἀνθρώπων· καὶ
ἐσθαι δέον τῷ λαῷ, καὶ τιλάειν.

What God so ere swears by the Stygian Lake,
That dwells on steep Olympus crown,
and breaks
His sacred vow, lies breathless one
whole year,
Nor comes to Nectar and Ambrosia
near.
Silent he lies upon an ill-made bed,
A dozing Lethargie all ore him spread.
After twelve months he this bath undergon,
Follows the heavier affliction:
In nine years more the Gods not him admit
With them in Counsel, nor at Feasts, to sit.

So far beneath in Beauty and desert :
 She is but Mortal, thou Immortal art.
 And if some angry God should rage at Sea,
 I must with patience bear it as I may.
 I much have suffer'd, much have undergon
 In Camps and Seas, and this too may be done.

This said, the Sun descending, Darkness hurl'd
 His Sable mantle over all the World :
 They to her Caves recess together went,
 And tedious night in sweet embraces spent.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,
 With rosy Fingers Daies Port-cullice drawn,
 But up he starting puts his Garments on ;
 She her bright Stole, her Veil and golden Zone,
 Then forth the Nymph thus dress'd in royal Wends,
 To hasten her Ulysses bus'ness speeds :
 First in his Hand a Steel edg'd Axe she put,
 The Pollish'd Hest from smooth-rin'd Olive cut,
 A sharp Wedg next to him she down convey'd,
 Where a tall Forrest cast a spreading shade,
 Whose Poplar, Firr, and Alder, scale the Sky,
 Which plow Waves lightly, season'd well and dry ;
 When she had shew'd him where the largest grew,
 The Goddess to her mansion thence withdrew :
 Whilst he fells Poplar, Fir, and lofty Pine,
 Twenty fair Trees, then squares by Plumb and Line,
 When fair Calypso him a Wimble brought,
 On which he hard to joyn the But-ends wrought,
 And starting Planchers peggd ; a Rudder last,
 The Helm to answer makes with joyntings fast ;
 What ere materials would a Ship-Write ask,
 To build a Ship, and well perform his task,
 Of such and such a Mold his Catch he made ;
 And close his Decks and well clinch'd Planchers laid ;

Close lay the jutting Ribbs, the Plancks at length
 Next shapes a Mast with Yards of fitting strength
 A Helm next smooths, for steerage, which he round
 With Sallow Twiggs 'gainst angry Billows bound;
 Canvas for spreading Sails Calypso brought,
 With great and smaller Cordage strongly wrought.
 So the fourth day his Vessel tight and staunch,
 He from the Stocks by Rowers free'd did Launch;
 The fifth, the Nymph him from the Isle dismiss,
 And Bathing kindly, in sweet Garments dress,
 Next purest Wine, and Water puts aboard,
 And him with Cates and good provision stor'd,
 And sends to wait on him a gentle Gale:
 Joyful Ulysses straight unfurls his Sail,
 And sitting at the Helm, through swelling Deeps
 A steady course Steers on, and never sleeps,
 But gazing, contemplates Heav'n's ample Sphear,
 The Pleiades, Orion, and the Bear,
 And watching still Orion, Charles his Wain,
 Whose Wheels nere dip beneath the swelling Main.
 Calypso strictly him advis'd to stand,
 Through briny Billows to the Lar-board hand:
 Thus seventeen days and nights he onward steer'd,
 The eighteenth morn Pheacian Hills appear'd,
 Whose haizy crown not far off he beheld,
 From the dark Ocean rising like a Shield:
 When Neptune, him from ^(b) Solym's lofty side,
 Return'd from Æthiop plowing Waves espy'd,
 Shaking his Tresses, thus th' enraged said;
 The Court of Gods have other Orders made,
 I absent, yonder Sails Ulysses free,
 And soon will reach that Land, where Fates decree
 His Woes must end, which straight I'll contradict,
 And him before much more then ere afflict.

(b) The Geographers finding no such Mountains in Æthiopia, or the Southern parts of the World, suppose them feign'd by Homer in similitude and correspondence to the Mountains so called in Pisidia, which were the most conspicuous and eminent Southerly to those that sail'd in the Ægean Sea; as these must be supposed to be, in respect of Ulysses now sailing in the Ocean. Strabo in the first Book of his Geography.

This said, his Trident taking, he alarms,
 And from all quarters musters new rais'd storms,
 Lifting swoln Billows, Seas, high Heaven, and Earth,
 Muffles in Clouds, at once all Winds burst forth;
Eurus and *Notus*, *Zephyre*, *Boreas* raves,
 Tumbling in thwart-plow'd Furrows hideous Waves.

Trembling and pale, *Ulysses* then complains;

What miseries for hapless me remains!

The Nymph, I fear, spake true, who said, before
 I should in safety touch my Native Shore,
 I much should suffer; Ah! what Winds inrage
 These swelling Waves, and my sad Death preface!

(i) Thrice happy you, who on the *Trojan* Plain
 Dy'd bravely, in *Atrides* quarrel slain:

Would I had perish'd there, and breath'd my last,

When shows of Spears at me the *Trojans* cast,

As off ^(k) *Achilles* Corps I guarding came;

Then they had kept my Obits, and my Fame

Divulg'd through all the World: But ah, now I

Must here obscure, and unlamented die!

Against his Boat, this said, a Billow dash'd,
 And him ore-board from Helm and Steerage wash'd:

Which seconded with a resounding blast,

The Yard flies from the Sayl, and spends his Mast:

Nor he his Head could 'bove the Water get,

Prest down with surging Waves, and Garments wet.

Long struggled he, but up he boy'd at last,

And Briny draughts his Stomach easing cast:

Yet he his Boat reminds, though out of breath,

And in he gets, avoyding sudden Death;

Him in the middle plac'd, vast Billows bear,

Rais'd by uncertain Gusts, now here, now there;

As when th' Autumnal storm through Champaign
 Light Thistle-down, which yet in clusters keeps, (sweeps

L 2

So

(i) *Plutarch* tells a story of *Memmius*, the Roman General, that after he had sack'd the City of *Corinth*, and had made Slaves of all that surviv'd the ruin of their Country, he commanded one of the Youth to write a Verse, who presently writ this Verse of *Homer*, with which the General was so surpris'd, that he fell a weeping, and set at liberty the Child with all that had any relation to him.

(k) *Homer* no where relates the Story of *Achilles*'s death, only hints at it here: but *Dares Phrygius* delivers it at large thus,

Huc Hecuba in facinus andax inivit
Achillem,
Conjugis factura fidem: venit ille, sed
arma,
Sed comites nulli, solum sibi Nestore
natum
Iungit, vix gladio cingi memor: omnia
linquit,
Dum miser optatos properat visurus a-
mores.

Hecuba's fraud *Achilles* hither led,
 Him promising he should her Daugh-
 ter wed.

He came unarm'd, scarce takes his
 Sword, by none
 Accompanied but old *Nestor*'s Son;
 Leaves all behind, no danger fears, nor
 Life,
 Hastning to see his so desired Wife.

Where before the Altar of *Apollo*, he
 was slain by *Paris*, and an Ambuscade
 of armed *Trojans*.

(1) She was the Wife of *Athamas* King of *Thebes*, who in his madness slew *Learchus*, the Son which he had by her. Whereupon she, out of impatience, taking her other Child in her Arms, cast her self into the Sea. But upon the intreaty of *Venus* was made a Goddess of the Sea by *Neptune*, as *Ovid* writes in the 4. of his *Metamorphosis*.

*At Venus immerita neptis miserata labores,
Sic patris blandita suo est; O nomen aquarum,
Proxima cui calo cessit, Neptune, potestas,
Magna quidem posco, sed tu misereve meorum
Festari quos cernis in Ionio immenso,
Et Diis addere tuis* —

Then *Venus*, grieving at her Niece's Fate,
Her Uncle thus intreats: O thou,
whose State
Is next to *Joves*; great Ruler of the
Flood;
My fate is bold, yet pity thou my
Blood,
Now tossed in the deep *Ionian Seas*:
And joyn them to thy watry Deities.

Whence all that were sav'd from Ship-
wrack paid their Vows to her with the
rest of the Guardians of the Sea, as
Lucian in one of his Epigrams testifies,

*Γλαύκῳ καὶ Νηρῶνι, καὶ Ἰνῶ, καὶ Μελίρκερτι,
καὶ Βούβηι Κροιάδῃ, καὶ Σαμῶθρακιαι τοῖσι,
τοῖσι δὲ πᾶσι τοῖσι θεοῖσι καὶ δαίμονι
τῶν ὕδατος ἐν κατὰ ἅλυσιν ὁδὸν ἔχουσιν.*

To *Glaucus*, *Nereus*, *Ino* and *Melicer-
tes*,
Neptune and *Samothracian Deities*,
Lucillus I., scap'd Ship-wrack, conse-
crate
My haire, all that is left of my estate.

So went she tost about 'mong billows rough,
Now *Boreas* her, now *Eurus*, *Zephyre* cuff,
Bandyng his crazy Boat from side to side:

(1) *Leucothoe*, *Cadmus* Daughter, him espide,
Who had a Mortall been, but now the Gods
Allotted her the honour of the Floods;
Pittyng *Ulysses* in so sad a plight,
She, rising like a Sea-fowl, straight did light
Upon his Boat, and said; Unhappy Prince,

Why *Neptune* didst thou so, so much incense,
That thus he prosecutes thee, yet he shall
Not be thy ruine, should he burst his Gall:
Take my advice, thou seem'st discreet, thy Coat
Put off, and to the Winds bequeath thy Boat,
And thy course, swimming, to *Pheacia* shape,
Those Confines Fate decrees for thy escape;
This Ribband ty'd about thy Bosome bear,
Then Death it self, nor any danger fear;
But soon as thou shalt longd-for Land obtain,
Unloose the Charm, and throw into the Main.

The Goddess him, this said, her Fillet gave,
Then diving hides beneath a foamy Wave.

At this *Ulysses* troubled and dismay'd,
A deep sigh fetching, to himself thus sayd;
Alas! what God contrives this subtle Plot
'Gainst me, perswading to desert my Boat,
I'll not obey, since Land I yonder see,
Where the Nymph told me should my refuge be,
Whilst she together holds, here I'll remain,
And all the brunt of Winds and Waves sustain;
But when she splits I'll swim, and Death evade.

Whilst thus consulting to himself he said,
From deep Seas *Neptune* a huge Billow drew,
And charg'd his Vessell, which in splinters flew:

As

As Chaff dispers'd by blust'ring Tempests born;
 So his rip'd Pinck divides, in pieces torn :
 When on a Plancher getting up he strides;
 Himself then stripping (as on Horse-back) rides,
 Then wound about him, ties the Ribband fast,
 And in himself, his hands extended, cast :
 When Neptune, in this Posture him survey'd,
 His curled Tresses shaking, thus he said ;

So swim for life, by ore-grown Billows drove,
 Till thou arriv'st 'mong People dear to Jove :
 Yet all thou hast not scap'd. This said, the God
 Drove on to ^(m) *Aege*, where his Palace stood ;
 But here her Favourite *Minerva* minds,
 Stopping the passages of Thundering Winds,
 Commanding, in their Caverns, all to sleep,
Boreas must only smoothe the furrow'd deep,
 Till to *Pheacian* Shores *Ulysses* came.

(m) A City in *Eubœa*, not that of *Achaia*, as *Strabo* observes (where notwithstanding there was a Temple of *Neptunes*) which gave the name to the *Aegean* Sea.

Two Daies and Nights on bounding Waves he swam,
 Expecting Death : when the third Morn appear'd,
 The Winds all hush'd, the Skie from Vapours clear'd,
 Mounted upon a swelling Billow, he
 The trending Shore, not distant far could see :
 So to kind Children their Sires health appears,
 Who Bed-rid lay, Consumptive many years,
 By sad Diseases, and their *Demon* charg'd,
 At last from all by milder Gods enlarg'd.
 So to *Ulysses* shew'd the Grove and Land,
 But Swimming, that he might the Shore ascend
 Upon his Feet, he hear'd loud Billows roar
 Amongst the Rocks, and thunder 'gainst the Shore,
 A great Surf rising with a briny Spry
 From broken Clifts, retorted, brush'd the Sky.
 For there no Harbour was, no Port, nor Bay,
 But Rocks and Stones, guarding the Confines, lay.

Much

Much troubled then he fighting, thus complain'd;
 By *Jove's* assistance Land I have obtain'd,
 Through boyst'rous Waves, yet now no Harbour see
 Where I may scape from farther danger free.
 Each where Waves storm the Coasts with thundring
 Which hanging Cliffs surround, and slipp'ry Rocks,
 And the deep Ocean neer, not any gap
 Where I may footing find, and so escape:
 Me the swoln Surge, Land striving to obtain,
 Will bruise 'gainst Stones, and I shall strive in vain:
 But I will farther Swim, perhaps I may
 Find smoother Shores, and some protecting Bay:
 Mean while I fear a sudden gust again,
 May drive me fighting back into the Main:
 Or *Neptune*, whom I have offended much,
 May send a huge Sea-Monster; many such
 The Ocean breeds. Whil'st thus the Prince discours'd,
 Him on rough Shores a swelling Billow forc'd,
 There had his Flesh been rent, fractur'd his Bones,
 'Mongst rowling Pebbles and sharp pointed Stones;
 Had *Pallas* this not put into his mind:
 Fast a firm Rock with both Hands he intwin'd,
 And fighting stuck about her Marble waft,
 Till over him the swelling Billow past;
 Which re-advancing charged once again,
 And swept him sinking back into the Main.
 Upon the rough-skin'd *Polypus* so thick,
 Drawn from his Lodging, brittle Pebbles stick,
 As in his Palmes, when the retiring shock
 Of a huge Wave divorc'd him from the Rock,
 There had, despite of Fate, *Ulysses* dy'd,
 Had not *Minerva* from th' orewhelming tyde,
 Her Favorite rais'd, and on a Billow bore,
 Where he could see a Beech, and smoother shore,

At

At last a pleasant Rivers mouth he finds,
Free from rough Cliffs, safe from disturbing Winds,
Then swimming in, thus to the Stream he Pray'd;

Who ere thou art great King, thy suppliant aid,
And me escap'd, from Neptune's rage defend:

The Gods do still poor Wanderers defend.

Ah, to thy Votaries petition list!

And him who much hath suffer'd now assist.

This said, the River levells all his Waves,

And in his quiet Bosom him receives;

Who scrambling up, on feeble Knees and Hands,

At last much swoln with soaking Billow, lands,

Drawing short Breath, much Water from his Nose

And Mouth distilling down, himself he throws;

But when his Soul dislodg'd was repossess'd,

And he recover'd with a little rest,

From's Bosom he the Goddess Riband took,

And threw into the Sea-descending Brook,

Which a swoln Billow carrying to the Main,

Straight to the Nymphs fair Hands convey'd again.

Leaving the Stream, shelter 'mongst Reeds he took,

And kissing th' Earth with a deep sigh thus spoke;

Ah me what shall I do! what next remains,

If I ly here till day; night's cold serenes,

Or from the Stream the chiller morning Dew,

My weary Body will pinch through and through,

If up to yonder shady Grove I creep,

I warm at ease 'mongst leavy-shrubs might sleep,

But if surpriz'd by gentle Somnus may

Some Serpents be, or Salvage Monsters prey;

On this he pitch'd. The Grove then enters straight,

And found a place fitted for his receipt,

Two twin-born Olives neer the River stood,

In prospect skirting the adjacent Wood;

(*) Rivers were counted Sacred among the Ancients, under the protection of some peculiar God: so was Eridanus the God of a River so nam'd, described thus by Claudian,

— ille caput placidis sublimis fluentis
Extulit & totis lucem spargentia ripis,
Aurea roranti micaverunt cornua vul-
tu, &c.

Raising his head above his watry banks
His golden Horns, reflecting, tip'd the
banks
With sprinkled light; drops trickling
from his Face,
He his moist Hair veil'd not with Ozi-
ers base,
And vulgar Reeds: fresh Poplars
shade his Brows,
And Amber from his curled Tresses
flows:
A Robe his Shoulder hides; Phaethon's
wrought there,
His blew vest burning in his Fathers
Chair.

And Tyberis acknowledged for a God
by Virgil, *Ætid.* 8.

Hinc Deus ipse loci fluvio Tyberinus a-
mano,
Populeos inter senior se attollere frondes,
Visus, &c.

The Genius of the place old Tyber
here,
Amongst the Poplar Branches did ap-
pear.

Not

Not into this, Sun, Rain, nor piercing Wind,
 The Twigs so closely Wove could passage find;
 Here straight *Ulysses* entring makes his Bed,
 And store of leaves above and under spread;
 There two or three might warm in Winter ly,
 Safe from fowl weather and a raging Sky:
 This Receptacle, the glad Prince receives,
 Who lying down himself heaps ore with Leaves,
 As under Ashes One a Brand conceals,
 Who, far from Neighbours, in the Country dwells,
 That Fire on all occasions he may keep;
 So cover'd lay *Ulysses*, whom asleep
Minerva casts, closing his weary eyes,
 Freeing at once from toyle and miseries.

HOMERS



*Illustrissimae Dominae
de Arvan Fabulam*



*D. Mariae Comitissae
haric EMDDDIO. lib. 6*



HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE SIXTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Nauficaa's Dream; (he to the Fountain speeds,
They wash, and spread on drying Plots their Weeds.
Loofing their Ball at Play they raise a cry,
Which wakes Ulysses; he appears, they fly:
Only the Princess stays, his suit receives,
And him supply'd with Food, and Rayment leaves.*



O. slept Ulysses free from Toyl
and Cares,
Whilst Pallas to Pheacian Tow'rs
repairs,
Who neer the Cyclops in ^(a) Hype-
ria dwelt,

And oft their rage by Plund'ring In-roads felt,
Which Colonie *Naufibous* commands,
In *Scberia*, planted far from Peopled-Lands,
Their ^(b) Citie Fortifies with Butwarks round,
Builds Houses, Temples, and divides the ground.

M

But

(a) Some Grammarians take it to be an Island neer unto the Country of the *Cyclops*: but that agrees not with the mind of the Poet: for how could Islanders be endamaged by the *Cyclops's*, who, according to *Homer*, us'd no Shipping. Others conjecture it to be a City of *Sicily*, afterwards call'd *Camerina*, which is more probable.

(b) The Poet has briefly here in two Verses comprehended the whole affaire of settling a Colony. The first part, that is, the fortifying the City, and building Houses for the inhabitants, contains their security and commodity, the other speaks their Religion and Justice.

But he descending to the Stygian shade,
 Renown'd *Alcinous* the Scepter swai'd:
 Her steps *Minerva* to his Court directs,
 Nor ought to haste *Ulysses* home neglects:
 And straight a stately Chamber enters, where
 A Virgin slept, as the Immortals, fair,
Alcinous Daughter, bright *Nausicaa*;
 Two Damsels, like the Graces, neer her lay;
 The twy-leav'd Doors on Jaums opposing shin'd,
 Through which the Goddess, lighter than the Wind,
 Silently stole up to the Princess Couch,
 Resembling *Dymas* Daughter, whom she much
 Accompanying, in estimation had,
 Her tardyness thus seeming to upbraid;

Why bore thy Mother such a fluggard? why
 Thy richest Garments foul neglected by?
 Thy Nuptials neer, when thou should'st all transcend
 In gorgeous dress, and those who thee attend,
 For femal arts thy fame spread, far and neer,
 Which thy Indulgent Parents joy to hear.
 Let's to the Fountain with the rising Sun,
 I'll help, that we the sooner may have done:
 You'll be no Virgin long, a great resort
 Of Prime *Pheacians* thee prepare to court.
 Thy Fathers Chariot ask, in which we may
 Your Stoles, and Veils, and richest Garments lay:
 Nor stands it with your Dignity nor Port
 To walk on Foot, so far off from the Court.

This said, *Minerva* scales^(c) *Olympick* Tow'rs,
 The blessed seat of Gods, with bliter Show'rs
 Never infested, where no Tempests blow,
 Nere cloath'd with crufted Frosts nor fleecy Snow;
 A cloudless Sky still crowns those blest'd Abodes,
 Of ever young and never Dying Gods:

The

(c) *Olympus* is a high Mountain in the borders of *Thessaly* whose top was antiently believed to be above the Region of the Clouds, and therefore feign'd to be the seat of the Gods: which *Lucretius* thus describes out of this place of *Homer*,

Apparet Divini numen, sedesque quiesca
Quas neque concussus ventis, nec umbra
La nimbus
Aspergunt, neque nix aevi concipit
pruna
Cana cadens violat, semperque innubilis
aether
Integit, & large diffuso lumine reddit.

The Dawn now blooming with a tender beam,
 The Princess wakes, much wondring at her Dream;
 And thence streight goes to acquaint the King & Queen
 With her intents, and finds them both within;
 Her with her Maids spinning rich Wool about
 A stately Fire, her Father going out
 To a great Council, where the Princes met,
 When thus she on her Royall Parent set;

Your Chariot order Sir, that streight I may
 Your Royall Vests down to the stream convey,
 That there they may be wash'd, 'tis much unfit,
 You in soyl'd Robes should 'mongst our Princes sit.
 Five Sons dwell in your Court; for two your care
 Provided hath, three yet unmarried are;
 They should be neat and clean to dance at Balls,
 To look to this under my duty falls.

Thus said she, not once hinting hopes to wed,
 But her Design he further sounding said;

Ask what thou wilt, 'tis thine; within, who wait?
 Harness my Mules, bring my best Chariot straight:
 His word's a Law, the Servants all obey'd,
 And what the King commanded ready made.
 The Princess from her Chamber brings a Vest,
 And puts in her Carroch, the Queen a Chest,
 With severall Cates and Wine in a *Borach*,
 And to her mounting did a Violl reach
 Of perfum'd Oyl to use when she had wash'd.
 Taking the Reins her Mules *Nausicaa* lash'd,
 They stretch away, not bearing Vests alone,
 But all the Damsels her attended on.
 When to the pleasant Fountain they drew near,
 Where they might wash all seasons of the year;
 Where cleansing streams like purest Crystal spout;
 There they alight, and sweating Mules take out,

And on the Margents of the purling Flood,
Drove to sweet Grass, their Chariot next unload,
And foul Weeds throw into the Crystal Spring,
Which in full Troughs they trample in a ring;
Each the Buck plying with a tab'ring Foot;
All clear from spots, discolouring stains and smut,
They their white Regiments in Files and Ranks
On polish'd Pebbles spread, on Sea-wash'd banks,
Themselves then Bath'd, Perfum'd, and neatly deck'd
To Dinner went, where sitting they expect,
Untill the Sun whiten their Weeds and dry:
When Feasted well, they lay their Chaplets by
To play at Ball: amidst her Virgin-train,
The Princess first warbled a pleasant strain.
So walks *Diana* ore the Mountain tops,

(d) A Mountain in *Peloponnesus*, small in compass, but high and steep; part of which being violently thrown down by an Earth-quake, almost ruin'd the whole City of *Sparta*, as *Pliny* in the 2. Book of his *Natural History*. From hence was *Diana* call'd *Taygetea*.

(e) A Mountain in *Arcadia*, in which there were divers Groves abounding with wild Beasts, as *Ovid* writes in the 2. of his *Metamorphosis*,

*Dumque feras sequitur, dum saltus
eligit aptos,
Nexilibusque plagis Sylvas Eryman-
thidos ambit,
Incidit in matrem* —

Whilst he hunts Beasts, and shady
Groves besets,
Erymanthian Woods beleaguering with
Nets
He on his Mother lights —

And therefore properly feign'd by the
Poet the place of *Diana's* recreation.

Through ^(d) *Tayget* or the ^(e) *Erimanthian* Cops,
'Mongst Goats and Deer delighted to resort,
The rural Nymphs about the Goddess sport,
Whilst joy invades *Latona's* silent Breast,
She by the shoulders taller then the rest.

Now ready to return, just when they should
Their Mules conjoyn, and up their Garments fold;
Minerva then contriv'd a handsom flight
Ulysses to awake, that so he might
The Virgin see must him from thence convey;
Who the Ball serving, earnest at her play
Unto another, something miss'd her aime;
Which she not catching, fell into the Stream:

At this they shriek, the cry *Ulysses* wakes,
Who to himself, then sitting up, thus speaks;

Ah me, who here reside? a Race unjust!
Rusticks not rul'd by reason, but their Lust,
Or those who, civiliz'd, Celestials fear:
That thus a cry of Nymphs invades my ear,

Dwelling

Dwelling in Mountains, or more blest abroads,
 'Mongst Flow'ry Meads, water'd with Crystal Floods:
 Or are they Men? I'll see. This said, he steals
 From sheltring shrubs, and with a Branch conceals
 His modest parts; then up he runs amain;
 Like a huge Lyon beat with Wind and Rain,
 Who forc'd by want, his eyes like Beacons, falls
 On Sheep, Beevs, Deer, breaks Houses, storms high
 So to the Virgins drawing neer he shows, (Walls;
 Horrid with scurffing Brine and parched Owse.
 To shelter all disperfed fly, except
 Alcinous Daughter; she her station kept,
 By Pallas Instigation bolder made.
 Ulysses here a while consid'ring staid,
 Should he draw neer, fall humbly at her Knee,
 Or at some distance move, she pleas'd would be
 Him to the City to direct, and cloath.
 The last advice, he first approves on, loth
 By drawing neer her modesty t' invade.
 Then thus the King implores the royal Maid;
 If thou art Mortal or Celestial Blood,
 Pity great Queen, but if sprung from a God
 Who plants the Sky, Diana th' art, Joves race,
 Such thy majestick Person, Mien, and Face:
 But if that thee some Earthly Princess bare,
 Ah! then thrice happy thy relations are;
 When thee 'mongst meaner Stars they see advance,
 Crowning each Figure in a Courtly Dance:
 But he's most happy who shall thee Espouse,
 And conquerer lead triumphing to his House;
 Since I nere Beauty saw like thine before,
 Which I the more I view, admire the more:
 But late at Delos I a^(f) Palm beheld,
 Next Phœbus^(g) Altar, which like thee, excell'd

With

(f) There is frequent mention of this Palm, neer the Altar of Apollo in the Island Delos, so admirable for its height and beauty. Callimachus in his Hymne upon Apollo, speaking of his return upon his anniversary festivals at Delos,

Καὶ δὴ τὰ δὴ ποτὶ καλὸν ποδὶ φεῖλος
 ἄρ' αὖτις.

Οὐχ ὁρῶν; ἐμὴν οὖν δὲ Δάμ' αὖτις
 φεῖλος.

Ἐξάμην, ὃ δὲ κύν' ἐν ἡμέτ' ἐλάον ἀνδρῶν.
 Phœbus the door strikes with his beau-

tious Foot,
 The Delian Palm tree nods, perceive

you not?

Mark how the Swan sings sweetly in

the Aire.

And Cicero saies, that in his time there

was there to be seen a fair Palm, which

the Natives believ'd to be that here

commended by Ulysses. Aut quod

Homerici Ulysses Deli se proceram &

teneram Palmam vidisse dicit, hodie

monstrant eandem. At this Palm La-

tona brought forth Apollo, as Homer in

one of his Hymns delivers it,

Χαῖρε μάκαρ ὦ Λητοῖ ἐνὶ τῷ αὐτῷ
 τῷ αὐτῷ.

Ἀπὸ Λητοῦ δ' ἀνὰ τὴν, ὃ δὲ Ἀρτεμὶν ἐν χάρῃ
 τῷ αὐτῷ ἐν Ὀφύρῃ, ὃ δὲ ἐκ τῆς ἐν Δελῷ
 Κικλίου ἀπὸς μακρῶν δὲ; ὃ δὲ Κικλίου
 ὃ χθον.

Ἀρχὸν τὸν φεῖλον ἐν ἰσότητι τοῖς ποσὶ.
 Rejoice O blest Latona that didst bear

King Phœbus, and the beauteous For-

rester.

Her in Ortygia, in rough Delos him,

Leaning 'gainst Cynthus Mountain

neer the stream

Of Inopus, under a spreading Palm.

Which is signified too by Ovid in his

Metamorphosis,

Illic inclinans cum Palladis arbore

Palma,

Edidit invita Geminos Latona novorca

(g) This Altar of Apollo was built

of the Horns of Goats which Diana

flew in Cynthus a Mountain in the

Island of Delos, according to Calli-

macchus,

Ἀρτεμὶς ἀρχαῖονα κατέσκηπε στυγερὰς αἰγῶν
 Κικλίου δὲ ποταμῶν, ὃ δὲ Ἰσθμὸς βοῶν
 Ἀπὸ Λητοῦ
 Δαίμων δὲ κατέσκηπε ἐν Δελῷ, πρὸς δὲ βοῶν
 ἢ κατέσκηπε, κατέσκηπε δὲ πρὸς ἐν Ἰσθμῷ
 πρὸς.

Horns of the Cynthian Goats Diana

brought

From hunting, Phœbus th' Altar built

and wrought:

With Horns the basis, and did Horns

provide

Fastning the Altars joyns on every side.

Whom Ovid follows in his Epistle of

Cydippe's, and admires no less the

Structure of the Altar, then the Palm

adjoining,

Misor & innumeris structam de corni-

bus aram,

Et de qua pariens arbore nixa Dea

est.

The Altar built with Horns my won-

der bred,

And Tree on which she lean'd when

brought to Bed.

(b) As he went to *Troy*: for *Lycophron* mentions the arrival of the *Grecian* Fleet there, in their passage thither, not at their return.

With a fair Train ^(b) I thither came, and such
 Our dangerous Voyage prov'd, I suffer'd much,
 Such and so great a maze curdl'd my Blood,
 Viewing that Plant, the glory of the Wood;
 As now the strange Astonishment I meet,
 Fearing my self to prostrate at thy Feet;
 Last Night I landed here, twenty Days toft
 With Winds on Waves, from the *Ogygian* Coast.
 And now some God inforc'd me on this Shore,
 Perhaps to make my miseries the more:
 To see of woes a period I despair,
 Though great and many my past suff'rings are.
 Pity me, Madam, pity most accurst,
 One that hath felt of Fortunes spight the worst,
 Since first I thee implore: I know not one
 That tills these fields, or dwells within yon Town.
 Shew me the way, and if so well y' are stor'd,
 A Vest, though torn, to cover me afford,
 Which Heaven repay thee in a loving Spouse,
 Obedient Servants, and well order'd House;
 Which will displease thy enemies to hear,
 But Musick to thy Friends and Kindreds ear.

She thus reply'd; I should be, Stranger, loath
 To tax thy Folly, Cowardize, or Sloath;
 Fove where he pleaseth good or ill bestows,
 And now perhaps accumulates thy woes,
 Which will with patience thee become to bear:
 But since thou in this plight art landed here,
 A Vest thou shalt not, nor what ere else want,
 That may beseech a woful Supplyant:
 And I'll conduct thee to our Walls, and tell
 Who plant these Coasts; here the *Phœnicians* dwell,
Alcinous Daughter I, He who now raiges
 Absolute Monarch ore these fertile Plains.

This

This saying, thus she calls her Damfels! Stay,
 Why fly you frighted from a Man away?
 Suppose you him a Foe, no Mortal shall
 In hostile manner on these Confines fall:
 Us far from all commerce the Gods maintain,
 Guarded with thundring Waves, amidst the Main.
 This a poor stranger, him it would behove
 To comfort; such beloved are of ⁽ⁱ⁾ Jove.
 Small gifts to them seem great, bring him some Food,
 And Bathe him shelter'd in the Crystal Flood.

Stop'd with these summons, they each other call,
 Then plac'd him warm against a sunney Wall,
 A Shirt, a Vest, and Coat, *Ulysses* brought,
 And with rich Oyl a golden Vyal fraught:
 Next, to the pleasant River him conduct;
 When his attendants thus did he instruct;

So favour me to walk aside a while,
 Till wash'd and sweet I am, with perfum'd ^(k) Oyl;
 Me to be naked 'mong so many Maids,
 Bathing my self, my modesty dissuades.

Advised thus, they all withdraw abash'd;
 Whilst he his Neck and ample Shoulders wash'd
 From froathy Brine, which like dry Scurf lay spread:
 Cleansing from clotted Owse, his Hair and Head:
 When he had 'noynted with the rich Unguent,
 Put on those Garments fair *Nausicaa* sent,
Minerva renders him more tall and fair,
 Curling in rings like Daffadills his Hair:
 So shews, bout Silver a gilt border, wrought
 By one whom *Vulcan* and *Minerva* taught:
 With so much beauty did the Goddess grace
 His spreading Shoulders and majestick Face.
 Who walking thence in comely Weeds arraid,
 The Queen admiring, to her Damfels said;

This

(i) Whence *Jupiter* had the Epithet of *Zimē* and *Hospitalis*, as being the revenger of all wrongs done to strangers, and the protectour of their safety. *Virgil* *Æneid*. 1.

*Jupiter, hospitibus nam te dare jura loquuntur,
 Hunc latum Tyriusque diem Trojaque profectis
 Esse velis, nostrosque huius meminisse minores.*

O *Jove* (for thou protect'st all Guests they say)
 Make to both Nations this a happy day,
 Which alwaies let posterity Record.

Cicero in his Oration for *Deiotarus*, *Si veneno te interemisset, Jovis quidem illius HOSPITALIS numen nunquam celare potuisset, homines fortasse celavisset: Had he Poisoned thee, he might perchance have conceal'd it from men, but he could never have hid it from the deity of Jupiter HOSPITALIS.*

(k) *Plutarch* in his *Symposiacal discourses* makes this question, why the Poet, who gives peculiar Epithites to all other moist bodies, should particularly give that to Oyl which is common to all the rest; to wit, moist or liquid. To which is replied, That as that is most properly called white, which least partakes of any other Colour, so that is most properly called liquid or moist which doth least partake of any dry parts; which is the property of Oyl; as he there proves at large, *lib*. 6. c. 9.

This worthy Person sure at our aboads
 Had nere arriv'd, contemn'd of all the Gods.
 Mean seem'd he first when he himself addrest,
 Resembling now one of the ever blest.
 I well could be content to be his Bride,
 If pleas'd he in our Palace would reside :
 Some Food for him prepare. This said, they set
 Before *Ulysses* Wine and sav'ry Meat :
 And he who long had Fasted, highly Feasts,
 Whilst they their Garments folding up, and Vests
 Laid in their Chariot, and their ⁽¹⁾ Mules put in
 Thus mounting, to *Ulysses* spake the Queen ;
 Now, Sir, be pleas'd to rise, nor time neglect,
 And thee I'll to my Father's Court direct ;
 Where the *Pheacian* Princes thou shalt see :
 And since thou prudent art, advised be ;
 Follow the tractings of my Chariot Wheels,
 Till we have past these cultivated Fields ;
 And thou wilt soon unto the City reach,
 With strong Tow'rs flankerd, and a double Beach ;
 Where narrow entrances on either side
 Within enlarge, where Vessells Land-lock'd ride :
 The *Forum* neer, and *Neptunes* Temple, all
 Of Polish'd Stone, inviron'd with a Wall.
 There hath our Arcenal in several stores,
 Magazind, Cordage, Canvase, Masts and Oars.
 We Bows and Quivers mind not, but stout Ships,
 Trusting in them, we plow the swelling Deeps.
 So shun aspersion and the carping Croud,
 They commonly uncivil are, and proud,
 Who thus their Verdicts spending us would taunt ;
 What Stranger's this, *Nausicaa's* Ga-llant ?
 Where found she him ? Sure from another World
 By Fate this Stranger on our Confines hurl'd,
 The

(1) Amongst the antient *Grecians*
 and *Latines* there seem to have been a
 different use of Horses and Mules ; the
 former were used in Chariots of War,
 as appears through the whole *Iliads* ;
 and in publick Races, as in the *Olym-*
pick and *Nemean* games : the latter
 in Chariots for private use and Jour-
 neys. *Aeschines* in his Oration a-
 gainst *Ctesiphon* *ἀνδράων ἀλλότ' ἔχον*
ζεύγῃ ἵππων he let out to them three
 Chariots of Mules : and *Symon* in
 his third Epistle, *καὶ τὸ ζεύγος ἀνὰ*
βασιλίστην τὸ ἵππων, ascending the Cha-
 riot led by Mules.

She means to Wed, none us inhabits nigh ;
 Or else some God descended from the Sky,
 And will at her request a Mortal Wed,
 None but a Foreiner must enjoy her Bed ;
 She to our Primer Youth, and Nobles shy,
 Returns for Love some scornful reperty.
 Thus would they at my reputation strike ;
 And I should spend my censure much alike
 On any, Parents not consenting, dare
 Be seen 'mongst Men, before they Wedded are :
 Do thus, and soon my Father shall transport
 Thee to thy long-wish'd home, and Native Port.
 A Path to *Pallas* Grove and Fountain leads.
 Close by the Road, guirt in with Flowry Meads,
 My Father's Ground and Orchards there, so neer
 The Town, that thence you may one hollowing hear :
 There stay untill thou think'st we are at home,
 Then with all speed up to the City come ;
 And for the Royal Palace then enquire,
 Whose Walls not like *Pheacian* Tow'rs aspire,
 And the left Child will shew thee ; then walk in,
 First making thy addresses to the Queen :
 Leaning against a Column, by the Fire
 She sits, and Purple spins, Attendants by her :
 My Fathers Throne and hers almost conjoyn,
 Who God-like feasting, drink delicious Wine :
 There her Petition ; if she condescends,
 Thou soon shalt see thy Native Soyl and Friends.

This said, she lash'd her Mules, and guids the Reins,
 They Print with Iron-shood Hoofs the dusty Plains,
 They soon *Ulysses* and her Maids out-strip,
 She not till Night indulgent to the Whip :
 When *Pallas* Fane they reach'd, *Ulysses* stay'd,
 And thus devoutly to the Goddess Pray'd ;

N

Hear

Hear me *Jove's* Daughter, to my Prayer ah ! list,
 Who me so late 'gainst *Neptune* didst assist,
 And brought alive to the *Pheacian* Shore.

The Goddess heard her Suppliant implore,
 But yet for him not publicly appear'd,
 Because her Uncle's anger much she fear'd,
 Who raging would not be appeas'd, before
Ulysses landed on his Native shore.

HOMERS



Honoratissimo Domino. D^r Johanni Boteler
 Tabulam hanc. I. MDD. D. I. O. Lib. 7



HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE SEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Alcinous Garden, Palace, where unseen
Ulysses makes addresses to the Queen:
The Cloud dispersing, he appeareth; all
Are struck with admiration through the Hall:
The pitting King barks to his request:
All promise fair; Arete knows his Vest.*



Hus to his Patroness *Ulysses*
pray'd,
Whilst to the Palace came the
royal Maid.
Entring, her Brothers round a-
bout her prest,

Took out her Mules, and carried in the Vest.
She to her Chamber went, where her old Maid
A fire, *Eurymedusa*, kindled had,
Whom in her prime they from ^(a) *Apira* sent,
And did t' *Alcinous* a choyce Guift present,

N 2

Born

(a) Though the Poet makes the Island of the *Phaicians* a kind of *Utopia*, yet from this place *Eustathius* observes that the true position of it might be ghes'd at, *Apirus* here being the proper name of the Country afterward call'd *Epirus*.

Born in a Vessel through the boyf'rous Main,
Where, worship'd as a God, the King did Reign :
She bred his daughter ; who her Chamber air'd,
Nor to keep neat and handsom labour spar'd.

Whil'st on *Ulysses* going, *Pallas* shrouds
Her Minion in a Cloak of Sable Clouds,
Lest the affronting ^(b) Rout should on him set,
Roughly examine, and as evilly treat.

No sooner he into the City gets,
But him *Minerva* like a Virgin meets,
Bearing a Pitcher ; when *Ulysses* said ;

Direct me to the Palace, pretty Mayd,
Where Reigns *Alcinous*, who these Realms commands ;
I a poor Stranger come from forein Lands,
Know none who in this Town or Country dwell.

Then said *Minerva* ; Sir, that can I well,
My Father lives close by, but I desire
For your own good, of none else to inquire ;
Since we to Travellers that come from far,
Uncivil and Inhospitable are :

For we boast Ships plow Brine, as Birds the Skies
On Wings divide, or nimbler Fancie flies.

This said, away before she nimbly trips,
He, following close, reprints the Goddess steps,
And through the City went, unseen of proud
Pheacians, hid with an obscuring Cloud :
Where he their Port and stately Ships admires,
Their Forum, Bull-warks crown'd with lofty spires.
But when they to the Royal Palace came,

This is the Court said the Celestial Dame,
And thou shalt find our Princes Feasting there,
Venture amongst them boldly, and not fear :
Courage all bus'ness aids. When thou art in,
Thou shalt behold *Arete* first, our Queen.

She

(b) The vulgar sort of People are prone to use opprobrious and contumelious words against strangers, as having no Commerce or society with them : King *Danans* tells his daughters, who fled with him out of *Egypt* into *Greece*, among the rest of his instructions, *Æschylus Supplic.*

Πᾶσι δ' ἐν ὤντιον γλῶσσῃσι δ' ὅσον ἐβόη
Κακῶς, ὅτι, τ' ἐν ὤντιον δ' ὀπίσθ' ἐμὸν σῶμα πόνος.

All men are ready Strangers to abuse :
And easy we opprobrious language use.

Wherefore *Venus* shrouds the *Trojans*
in a Cloud, as *Minerva* her *Ulysses*,
when they were to pass through *Carthage*, *Virgil.*

At *Venus* obscuro gradientes aere sepit ;
Et multo nebula circum Dea fudit
amictu :

Cernere ne quis eos, neu quis contingere
posset,
Molirive moram, aut veniendi poscere
causas.

But *Venus* with black Mists them walk-
ing shrouds,
And covers with a Cloak of fable
Clouds,
Lest any should or touch them, or dis-
cern,
And by delays their cause of coming
learn.

She and the King of one extraction are,
 To Neptune, *Pereus Naufishous* bare,
Eurymedon's youngest Child, who *Gyants* swal'd;
 But he his People and himself destroy'd;
Rhexenor and *Alcinous* he begot;
Rhexenor, only Son, *Apollo* shot,
 Who left one Daughter in his royal House,
 (c) *Arete*, whom her Uncle made his Spouse:
 They both Admirers of each other are,
 Nere such a loving, nere a happier, pair.
 Her Children with her are, and People took,
 And on the Queen, as if some Goddess, look.
 Who when she through the City drives her Coach,
 With joyful acclamations all approach,
 And their affections with loud shouts proclaim,
 Nor are her Virtues gloss'd by flatt'ring Fame;
 She hears debates, their Causes too disputes,
 Chides the Litigious cuts of tedious suits.
 If her thou please, and once she condescends,
 Thou soon shalt see thy Country and thy Friends.

This said, the bright-ey'd Virgin thence departs,
 And fertile *Scheria*, crossing Seas, deserts,
 Flying to (d) *Marathon's Athenian* Port,
 There entring (e) *Eretheus* royal Court.
 But on he going, stop'd with some Dispute,
 Ere he on Brazen Pavements set his Foot:
 For all the House shon like the radiant Moon,
 Or glorious lustre of the Sun at Noon.
 The inward Court conducting to the Hall,
 Inviron'd with a high and Brazen Wall,
 A Sapphire Turret crown'd the Golden Doors,
 Which hung on Silver Jaumes o're Brazen Floors;
 The Silver Threshold had a Golden edge,
 On each side Dogs, which *Vulcan* from the Wedge
 Had

(c) Out of this Genealogie it appears that *Arete*, was both the Wife and Niece of *Alcinous*: Which *Spondanus* would have observ'd, he having no where else found mention of Marriages in those Relations. But whosoever shall peruse the Orations of *Demosthenes*, and the rest of the Greek Orators, shall find such Marriages to have been frequently practis'd by the Grecians.

(d) A Town in the district of *Athens*, celebrated for the famous Victory the *Athenians* obtain'd there over the *Medes* and *Persians*.

(e) The King of *Athens*.

Had Anvil'd out of Silver, mixt with Gold,
 Immortal Guards, and never to be Old;
 Seats round the Walls were Canopi'd in state,
 Where all the Year their Princes Feasting fate,
 Where Golden Boys each held a blazing Torch,
 Lighting them to the Altars through the Porch :
 Fifty fair Damsels bak'd, or busy at
 Their Looms, with Shuttles nimbly running, fate,
 Like unto Poplar, leaves ; the Oyl distills,
 And liquor'd work grows moist on shining quills :
 So much as the *Pheacians* all out-strip,
 In steering through the watery World a Ship ;
 As much their Women at the Web excell,
 And had in *Pallas* Arts no Parallel.
 Close to the Gates, well hedg'd on either side,
 A stately Orchard was, four Acres wide :
 There pregnant Trees to Heav'n high fore-head shoot
 Loaden with Pears, and store of blushing Fruit,
 Olives and Figs, green, budding, ripe appear,
 Cherish'd with Western Breizes all the Year,
 Peach succeeds Peach, Pears, Apples, bloom'd and big,
 Grapes, after Grapes, a green and mellow Figg ;
 Whilst here, Vines ripen, there, ripe clusters load
 The yielding Branches, ready to be trod.
 Amongst these were two Silver Fountains ; one
 Through all the Alleys of the Orchard run,
 The other through his Palace gliding down,
 First serves his House, and after serv'd the Town :
 Such was *Alcinous* Court. With gazing tyr'd,
 When he enough these wonders had admir'd,
 He ventures in, and found them turning up
 To^(f) watchful *Hermes* a Libation Cup,
 Which, when they go to rest, they him present
 Through all the Palace. On *Ulysses* went
 Veil'd

(f) *Athenas* in his first Book notes
 that the antients at the end of their en-
 tertainments, when they went to their
 rest, used to sacrifice to *Mercury*, as
 being the President of Sleep : which
 custom was afterwards altered, *Jupiter*
Telus (the God of Marriage) succeed-
 ing in his room.

Veil'd in a Cloud; untill he came unseen,
 Where sat *Alcinous* and his beauteous Queen:
 Then kneeling, on her knee his hand he laid,
 When straight dissolv'd the circumfus'd Shade,
 All silent, wonder'd, with amazement struck,
 Beholding him, who thus imploring spoke;
 Thou who renown'd *Rhexenor's* Daughter art,
 I, who have acted long a woful part,
 To thee and royal Spouse a Suppliant come,
 And all these Princes Feasted in this Room:
 Long may you live and Bless'd, and may your Race,
 When dead, injoy your Honours, Wealth, and Place:
 But me with speed send to my Native Soyl,
 Who, far from Friends, indur'd much wo and toyl.

This said, down on the Ashes neer the Fire
 He sat, whilst the Spectators all admire:
 At last *Echenius*, an antient Lord,
 Of all the eldest, sitting at the Board,
 For Eloquence, and much experience, fam'd,
 The silent Princes thus discreetly blam'd;
 Uncomely 'tis, *Alcinous*, and unfit,

On th' un-swept (g) Hearth, a Stranger thus should sit:
 At your commands, Attendants ready are,
 To place him better, in a studded Chair:
 Bid Heralds powr out Wine, that so we may,
 Afresh to fove our due Libations pay,
 Who such poor Pilgrims oft accompanies;
 And let the Board be stor'd with fresh supplies,
Alcinous rais'd him by the Hand, this said,
 And to a Silver-studded Chair convey'd,
 And from his place *Laodamus* remov'd,
 His Son, who next him sat, and most belov'd.
 Water a Virgin, King *Alcinous* Sewer,
 Pow'rs in a Basen from a Silver Ewer;

(g) Because that was in the protection of *Vesta*, a Goddess highly reverenc'd and worship'd by the Antients. Tully lib. 2. De nat. Deorum, *Vestæ nomen sumptum est a Græcis: ea est enim qua illis 'Egia' dicitur, visque ejus ad aras & focos pertinet.* The name *Vesta* is borrowed from the Greeks, which they call 'Egia, whose protection is over Altars and Fires. And that this was the custom of Supplyants, is testified by *Apollonius* in his *Argonauticks*,

Τὸ δ' ἄνω ἄνωδον ἵπ' ἐν ὠκεῖσιν
 ἵστατο· ἅττι δὲ καὶ λυγροῖς ἱκάντα τιμῶσιν.

About the fire they plac'd themselves all
 mute:
 Such postures best with humble supply-
 ants sute.

So when *Themistocles*, jointly persecuted by the Athenians and Lacedæmonians, was forc'd to render himself to the mercy of *Admetus* King of the *Molossi*, whom he had formerly offended, in token of subjection and begging his pardon and protection, he call'd himself down before his Fire. *Plutarch*.

Next

Next she sets Manchet, having spread the Board,
Which she with store of various Dishes stor'd :
Whilst Wine and Cates hunger and thirst allai'd,
Fill Bowls *Pentonous*, *Alcinous* said,
That we to *Jove* may glad Libations pay,
Who oft assists poor Pilgrims in their way :

This said, the Tables he with Wine supplies.
When all had drank as much as might suffice,
Alcinous said, You Princes, I'll impart
The intimating dictates of my Heart ;
Since it grows late, and we well Feasted are,
Each to repose in his own House repair,
And we to morrow shall with more resort,
Treat civilly this Stranger in our Court,
And to the Gods larger Libations pay :
Then We'll consult how we this Pilgrim may,
Driven by cross Fortune on our happy Isle,
Send home in safety to his Native Soyl :

Then let the *Parcae* do, when we have done,
What, when his Mother brought him forth, they Spun.
Most sure the Gods design some bus'ness here,
For still before they accustom'd to appear,
When Hecatombs we offer'd, as a Guest,
They would with us sit down and freely Feast ;
And if one met them Travelling alone,
To him they alwaies would themselves make known,
Because to them we are suppos'd as neer,
As the proud *Cyclops* to the Gyants were.
Then to the King *Ulysses* thus reply'd ;

Such cares *Alcinous*, please to lay aside.
I am no God descended from the Sky,
But such as you, a woful Mortal I :
Only of Sorrows I much more have shar'd,
All which the Gods for hapless me prepar'd.

And

And at convenient time I shall relate,
 But now, though grieving, suffer me to eat;
 Nature's repair, the Bellies int'rest will
 Nere acquiesce, but calls and clamours still.
 Though now my Soul with sorrows is transpierc'd,
 Yet I must hunger satisfy, and thirst,
 And former Mis'ries in Oblivion drown'd.
 But would you please at leisure to propound,
 A means that me through Billows may transport,
 To my own Country and my Native Court,
 Where my dear friends my Dying Eyes might close,
 You make me blest'd after so many Woes.

His speech by them approved; off they lay
 Farther inquiries till the ensuing Day:
 When all with Wine well satisfied were,
 Each to repose in his own House repair;
 And leave *Ulysses* in *Alcinous* Court,
 By the King sitting, and his dear Consort:
 Whil'st the Attendants thence the Boards convey'd,
 And routed Dishes, thus *Arete* said;
 Knowing the Vest and Garment he had on,
 By her, and her fair Damsels Wove and Spun;

Be pleas'd to satisfy me, noble Guest,
 From whence you came, and where you had that Vest;
 You said that you were driven on our Coast.

Then he reply'd; Impossible almost,
 Great Queen, it is my sufferings to relate,
 So many were impos'd on me by Fate.
 Though my Soul shrink at what my Tongue must say,
 And flies the sad remembrance, I obey.

T' *Ogygia*, where no God nor Mortal else
 But *Atlas* Daughter, fair *Calypso*, dwells,
 My Fortune drove me, that scarce ere indulg'd,
 When *Jove* my Ship with dreadful Thunder bulg'd:

O

Where

Where my relations perish'd in the Floud,
Nine daies upon my turn'd-up Keel I row'd,
And on the Tenth the Gods so kindly dealt,
They drove me on those Confines where she dwelt,
Who treated me, and promis'd that she would
Make me Immortal, never to grow Old:
But her Allurements little did perswade,
Yet seven long Years with her confin'd I stay'd,
Moyst'ning my Garments with a briny Flood,
Which the Immortal Nymph on me bestow'd:
But in the eighth she came and me injoyn'd,
By *Jove* commanded, or her changing mind,
Home to repair; and in a Boat dismiss'd,
And did with all things needful me assist,
And a fair Wind that serv'd me seventeen daies,
Th' eighteenth I did *Pheacian* Mountains raise,
Which me orejoy'd expecting there relief,
Who had a second part to act of Grief,
Which *Neptune* gave me: he the Winds enrag'd,
And briny Mountains 'gainst my course engag'd,
Nor me lamenting would rough Waves afford
Place in my Boat, but wash'd me over-board:
Piece-meal my Vessel, Winds and Billows tore,
On Waves I floated, till I reach'd your Shore:
There Landing, charg'd ith' Rear with watery Ranks,
By Rocks bruis'd and inhospitable Bancks,
Thence back I Swam, where I a Creek did find,
Free from rough stones, fenc'd both 'gainst Waves and
Night drawing neer, up to a Grove I crept, (Wind,
And, cover'd ore with Leaves, there soundly slept
All Night till Noon: But when the Sun began
His Western stage from the Meridian,
Your Daughters Damsels sporting, me did wake,
And I address to her did humbly make;

A Princess who for Beauty, Shape, and Mein,
Might challenge *Venus*, or the Forest's Queen:
Nor could I hop'd more favour in my Flow'r,
When Youth and Feature boast their conquering pow'r;
She Treated, Bath'd me in the Crystal Flood,
And these rich Garments, which thou seest, bestow'd:

She did not what she ought, reply'd the King,
That did not thee up in her Chariot bring.

Then said *Ulysses*; Sir, not reprehend
The guiltless Virgin, fearing to offend,
Advising me to follow, nor would I,
Lest so it might create a jealousy
In thee: full of suspicion Mortals are.

When thus *Alcinous* did himself declare;

I am not scandaliz'd at trifles, who
Ambitious am, what's handsom still to do.
Ah that the Gods would such a Son afford
To me! and my dear Daughter such a Lord.
And would'st thou here remain, I with thy Spouse
Would riches grant thee, and a stately House:
But none shall thee detain in our Abodes
Against thy Will, and pleasure of the Gods,
But send thee home: To-morrow thou shalt know;
Taking repose, suspens'd from Toyl and Wo,
If so thou please, plowing the briny Deep,
Thou shalt thy Native Country reach in Sleep,
Were it as far as the *Eubæan* Shore,
The farthest Land, they say, that they explore,
Who see those Lands where *Radamanthus* reigns,
Where Earth-born ^(b) *Tityus* tortured complains,
They the same day, and without labour, reach
Those Coasts, and enter with full Sails our Beach.
Judg then what Ships and Seamen here we boast,
That swift as Swallows fly from Coast to Coast.

O 2

When

(b) *Tityus* was the Son of *Jupiter* and *Elara*, the Daughter of *Orchomenus*, whom *Jupiter*, fearing the jealousy of *Juno*, hid in the bowels of the Earth, until the time of her delivery, whence he was supposed to be *Terra filius*. *Apollonius* in his *Argonauticks*,

Ἐν δὲ Ἀπὸλλωνοῦ θεῷ ὅς τις ἐξ ἑνὸς ἐκτελέσῃ,
Βάπτει ὑπὸ πλάτῃ, ἢ ὑπὸ γαστρὶ καλὴν ἔχουσαν
Μήνην Δαρδανίαν Τίτυν μύρον, ὅς ῥ' ἔστι
καὶ γὰρ
Διὶ Ἑλάρῃ, θύει δὲ καὶ ἑλὲν ἱεροῦ καὶ
ταῖα.

There *Phœbus* shooting *Tityus* as he
strove
To force his Mother to lascivious love,
Divine *Elara* gave the Monster birth,
But he was nurs'd by the all-fostering
Earth.

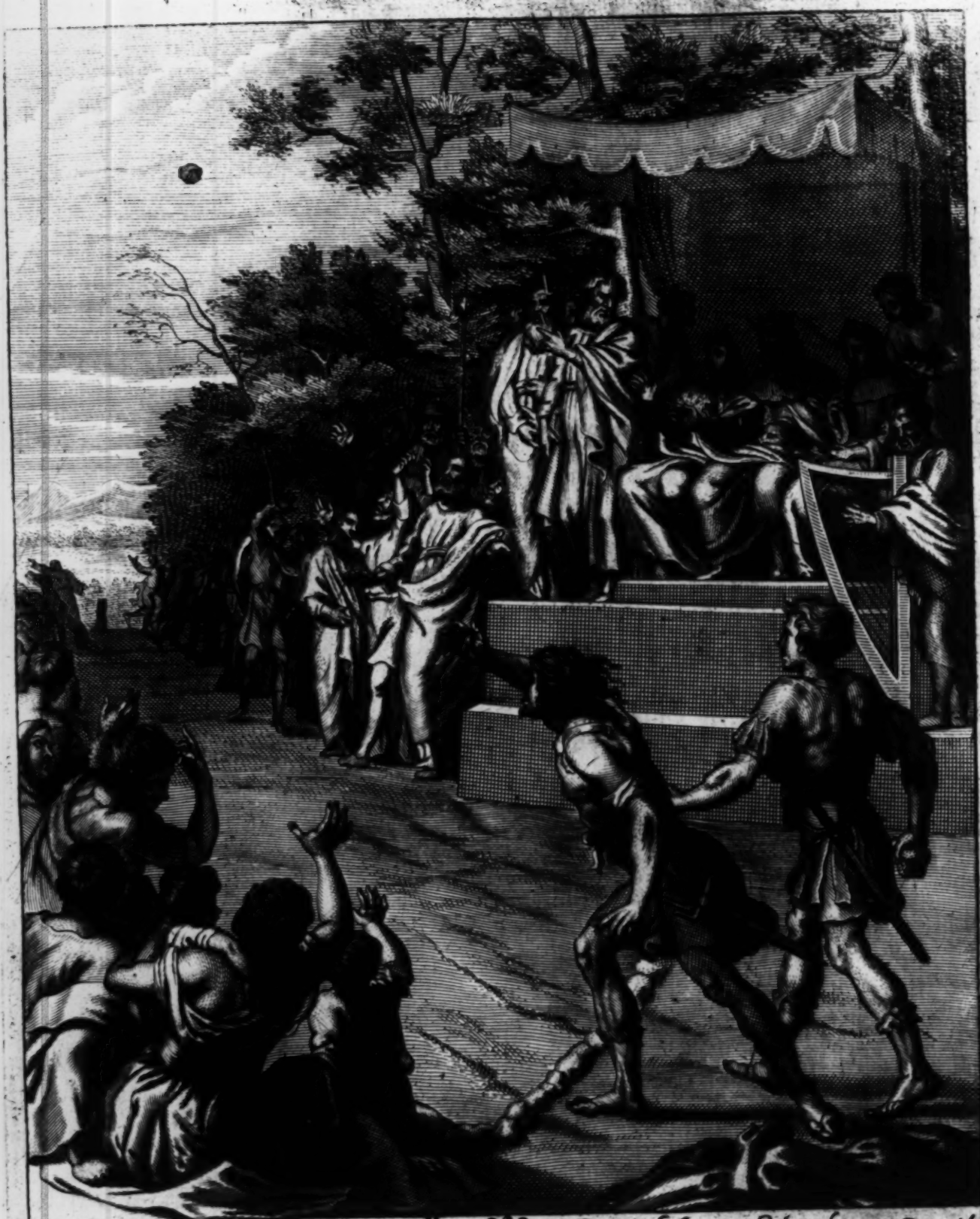
Homer writes him here to live in *Eubæa*, but the rest of the Antients agree that he lived in the Country of *Phocis*, for there he had his Temple and was worship'd; there also was a Den call'd *Ελάριον* from his Mother *Elara*, as *Strabo* relates. There too was his Sepulchre, according to *Pausanias*.

When thus *Ulysses* pray'd; *fove*, grant the King
His good Design may to perfection bring,
Alcinous grant immortal Fame, and me
My dear Relations and my Home to see.

Arete then commands them make a Bed,
And Purple ore and Royal Tap'stry spread.
Damsels, with Tapers lighted, straight withdrew,
And in the outward Porch her Bidding do:

Returning they then to *Ulysses* said;
Sir, You may go to Rest, your Bed is made.
He much desiring sleep gladly arose,
And in resounding Portals took repose.
Alcinous lay in Lodgings farther in,
On a soft Couch prepared by his Queen.

HOMERS



Nobilissimo Domino D^{no}
 de Chesterfeild Baroni
 Tabulam hanc



Philippo Stanhop Comiti
 Stanhop de Shelford
 LMDDIO. 1488



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE EIGHTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Counsel call'd, Alcinous moves the Court,
That they the Stranger should safe home Transport.
They Feast, then Sport, Ulysses all out slang.
Their Bard the scapes of Mars and Venus Sung:
The Grecian Steed. Ulysses Weeps: His name
Then they desire to know, and whence he came.*



O sooner had the Daughter of
the Dawn,
With Rosie Fingers, Days Port-
cullice drawn,
But up *Alcinous* and *Ulysses*
rose:

Preceding all in state, *Alcinous* goes
Then to the Guild, which rang'd before the Fleet;
The Concourse there on polish'd Marble sit.
Like the Kings Herald *Pallas* walks the Streets,
And all concern'd, thus summons as she meers;

You

You Chiefs and Princes who these people sway,
 Haste to the Hall, to hear what he will say,
 Who to *Alcinous* Court so lately came,
 And like a God through swelling Billows swam.

Thus expectation heighten'd, Young and Old
 Filling their seats, with wonder him behold;
 Whilst on his head and shoulders *Pallas* sheds
 Celestial Raies; his ample Bosom spreads,
 Taller he grows, his Limbs more Brawny seem,
 A reverential awe and high esteem
 So to obtain, and better that he might
 Perform those Sports, to which they'd him invite.
 When all well settled and attentive were,

Thus said the King; You Chiefs and Princes here
 Assembled, thus on this occasion, list
 To softer dictates of my yielding breast;
 This Stranger here, who now your aid implores,
 If from the East he came, or Western Shores
 I'm not inform'd, but grant a Vessel may
 Him to his Native Soyl with speed convey:
 None, whoseere my Court shall entertain,
 Shall long, for Transport waiting, here remain.
 Let straight a well Rigg'd Galley tight and staunch,
 Fifty two Youths, all primer Seamen, Launch,
 Oars, Sails prepare, strong Tackle and a Mast;
 Then at my Palace let them break their Fast:
 This for the Youth: But you our Princes shall
 Receive this Stranger in our royal Hall,
 Not any must refuse, and bring along
Demodocus, whom with Celestial Song
 Some God inspir'd, who gains from all the Bays,
 For well-set Notes, and best composed Laies.
 This said, he rising, forth the Princes leads,
 And for *Demodocus* the Herald speeds.

Twice

Twice twenty five, as he commanded, went
 To Margents of the barren Element :
 Soon as they were aboard they launch their Ship,
 Erect their Mast, and hoyle their Yard a-trip ;
 They thong their supple Oars, their Sails expand,
 Afloat their Vessel leaving, straight they Land,
 And to the Palace with great Concourse throng,
 The Gates and Waies were fill'd with old and young,
 For whom *Alcinous*, well-fed Bullocks two,
 Eight brawny Swine, and twelve fat Wethers, slew,
 Which neatly dress'd, a royal Treatment made :
 To Court *Demodocus* the Herald lead,
 On whom a Muse bestow'd both good and ill ;
 Depriv'd of ^(a) Sight, but much improv'd his Skill.
 Him 'midst the Hall he 'gainst a Column plac'd,
 In a rich Chair with Silver Studds inchac'd ;
 Hung ore his head, his Golden Harp well strung,
 Upon a Pin, and shew'd him where it hung :
 Neer on a Table plac'd of antique Mould
 A brimming Bowl, to Drink when ere he would.
 Then all fell on, and plentifully fare :
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
 The Bard inspir'd, the acts of Heroes Sung,
 At whose resounding Fame Heav'n's Arches rung,
Ulysses and *Achilles* ^(b) strife, when at
 A treatment of the Gods, they Feasting sate ;
 But glad was *Agamemnon*, when he heard,
 How thus the Valiant'st of their Princes jar'd ;
Phœbus to him predicted so before,
 In *Pythia* vent'ring on his marble Floor,
 When two such Chiefs should at a Feast contend,
 Their tedious War and Miseries should end.
 This Story the inspired Poet Sung,
 But ore his Face, concern'd *Ulysses* hung

(a) The antient Grammarians believe that the Poet doth describe himself here under the name of *Demodocus*, as *Didymus* and *Eustathius* observe. For that himself was blind is generally deliver'd by Historians, particularly by *Herodotus* in his life of *Homer*. The Acts of Heroes which *Demodocus* sung, they refer to *Homer's Iliads*.

(b) *Homer* doth in this Poem interweave several passages of the *Trojan War* which he omitted in his *Iliads*, whereof this is one, neither does he here tell us the subject of this strife between *Achilles* and *Ulysses*, which *Didymus* thus relates ; At Table the question was started in what manner the City of *Troy* was to be taken ; *Achilles* counsell'd to take it by storm ; *Ulysses* by stratagem : This was the contention. But in *Quintus Smyrnaeus* this contest is betwixt *Ulysses* and *Neoptolemus*, after the death of *Achilles* : in whom *Neoptolemus* to the proposition of *Ulysses*,

ὦ χάλχευ, δίσσιν καὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀλλήλων ἀνδρῶν
 μάχῃσιν ὁ πόλεος δ' ἐκείνης ἀνδρῶν ἀνδρῶν
 πύργῳ
 Ὀυδίστῃ καὶ νεοπτόλεμῳ, ὅπως ἑρῶν δαίμων
 χαλκήϊα, &c.

O *Chalcas*, valiant men fight hand to hand,
 But who the Foe far from the Walls withstand,
 Subdu'd with fear, we justly may condemn ;
 Let us not think of Plot or Stratagem,
 Foremost let us with *Javelins* try it out,
 They are the best in Battel are most stout.

His

His Purple Vest, veiling his honour'd Head,
 Lest they should spy those briny Tears he shed.
 When the learn'd Bard clos'd with concluding Chords
 Harmonious Notes set to Heroick words,
 His face he shews, drying those trickling Floods,
 And powrs a franck Libation to the Gods.
 But when the Chiefs desir'd, that he once more
 Would Sing, what them delighted so before,
 Again his manly Brow *Ulysses* veil'd,
 And with his Mantle trickling Tears conceal'd :
 Which straight *Alcinous* found, and sitting neer,
 Thus said, whil'st he his deep-fetch'd Sighs could hear ;
 Renown'd *Pheacians*, who with Sails unfurl'd
 Plow Azure Mountains through the watery World,
 Since we are satisfi'd with plenteous fare,
 And Musick crowning Feasts, let us repair
 Now to the Cirque, where all who boast, their Skill
 And Strength may shew, that our brave Guest may tell
 His Friends at home, none dare with us contest
 At Running, Dauncing, Wrestling, and the ^(c) Cest :
 The King, this said, leads through the yielding throng
 The Princes, whil'st the Harp *Pantonous* hung
 Upon a Pin, then guides the learned Bard
 Forth to the *Forum*, where they all repair'd,
 And sitting down, appointed places fill,
 Whence many rose to shew their Strength and Skill,
Acronius, *Ocyall*, and *Elatrus* first ;
Nautus, and *Prymneus*, from the Concourse burst ;
Anchialus, *Eretmus*, *Ponteus* joyn,
Proteus, bold *Tboon*, and *Anabafine* ;
Amphialus, *Euryalus*, *Naubolides* the fair,
 Whose Shape did with *Laodame's* compare :
Alcinous Sons rose last to purchase Fame,
Halius, *Clytonius*, and *Laodame*.

(c) The Cest is a piece of Brass tied
 about the hands of the Combatants
 with Leather thongs when they went
 to Cuffs. Several forms of them are to
 be seen in ancient Statues.

These

These run a Race; they Start, and swift they fly,
Whilst Clouds of dusty Atomes dim the Sky:

And straight *Clytonius* got us far before,
As Mules will Oxen, plowing up twelve-score:

Like winged Lightning he out-strip the Wind,
And soon left all Competitors behind.

Others their skill in Wrestling put to test,

Mongst whom *Euryalus* obtain'd the best.

Amphialus at Leaping none out-goes:

The ponderous Quoit farthest *Elatrus* throws.

Not any could with *Laodame* compare

Wielding a Cestus. When they heated were,

Trying their Strength and Skill, the Prince thus said;

Let us this noble Stranger, Sirs, persuade

To shew his Art, he hath been Courtly bred:

His Thighs are brawny, well his Shoulders spread,

His Person well compact, and strongly Buik:

But he who hath so many Sorrows felt,

May find impairs: not Sickness, Want, nor Age,

Impeach us more then Seas and Tempests rage;

When they Dispute, the stoutest are convinc'd,

Then spake *Euryalus*, Brother well thou hint'st,

Try if thou can'st him to our Sports persuade.

Laodamas then to *Ulysses* said;

Come, Sir, be pleas'd to give a Taste of what

You in these Pastimes are most Skilful at;

To have such parts a Traveller behoves;

What more the growth of spreading Fame improves,

Then Natures bounties polished with Art;

Come shake off eating Sorrows from your Heart:

Not long will be your stay; Launch'd is your Ship,

Ready your Men, and your furl'd Sails a-trip.

Why ask'st thou me, *Ulysses* then retorts,

Who more inur'd to Sorrow am then Sports?

not

P

Much

Much I have suffer'd, and must more endure,
But I, an humble Supplyant, would procure,
To Waft me home, the King and People's aid.
To whom *Euryalus* then roughly said;

Thou hast no Courtly qualities to spare,
Nor gentile parts, though they so numerous are,
But look'st like one who us'd to Travel, hast
Preferment got, and rul'st before the Mast,
Mak'st their accounts, and covetous keepest short
Their Meat and Pay; sure thou no Horseman art.
Whom frowning on, *Ulysses* thus did cool;

What ere I am, thou bablest like a Fool,
And do'st uncivilly a Stranger use:

Jove not on all men equal Gifts bestows,
That not so much we praise for outward parts,

As for his ^(d) Eloquence and nobler Arts;
Whom for his modest speaking, Rich and Poor,
Love and admire, and as a God adore:

The other, though his form Celestial seem,
Prates like a Dunce, and looseth all esteem:

So thou may'st Heaven for thy fair outside thank,
Who art a scribl'd Volumn, or a Blanck:

But since my Patience th' hast provok'd, and spake
What ill beseems thee, and I worser take:

I not so ill-bred am as now thou say'st,
But stood amongst the primer Heroes plac'd,
Whil'st in my Flow'r; but Craz'd I'm now grown stiff,
My Spirits with accumulated grief,
And toyl, much wasted, where I oft engag'd;
Whil'st bloody *Mars* or cruel *Neptune* rag'd;
And since thou hast provok'd me thus, I will
Make tryal of my long neglected Skill.

Not casting off his Vest, this said, a Stone
He snatcheth up, a far more ponderous one;
Then

(d) That is, his deformity is recompenc'd by his Eloquence and Grace in Speaking. So saith *Sappho* of her self in *Ovid*,

*Si mihi difficilis formam Natura negavit,
Ingenio forma damna rependo mea.*

If Nature hath deni'd me beauty, yet
That want I shall supply with ready Wit.

Then the *Pheacians* use: The heavy Flint
 With violence went, as *Pluto* had been in't,
 And flying ore their Heads, They stoop, it goes,
 Then breaks new Ground beynd all former throws:
 When in a Humane shape th' illustrious Maid,
 Fixing a mark, thus to the Concourse said;

A blind Man may discern how much thou hast
 Out-gon the rest, none here shall mend this Cast.

These words boy'd up *Ulysses* sinking Heart,
 Glad he had found a Friend would take his part:

And thus he mildly said; My Masters throw,
 This I not question but I can out-go,
 And since I am provok'd, I dare the best

To Wastle, Run, or poise the ponderous Cest,
 Except *Laodamas* my dearest friend,

I challenge all who will with such contend;

None but a fool, and such they are abuse,

And thus uncivilly a Stranger use.

At any of your Exercises I

Here challenge forth the proudest, and defie;

With skill and strength I draw an able Bow,

To reach at randome the advancing Foe:

When we at wary distance held dispute,

Me onely ^(e) *Philoctetes* could out-shoot,

And *Trojans* Gall; let none with me compare,

Who now tread Earth, and breath Etherial Aire.

I'll not with ancient Heroes have to do,

Such as *Alcides*, and ^(f) *Eurytus*; who

With Deities in shooting would contend:

Eurytus so met his untimely end,

And never in his Palace aged grew;

Him emulating next *Apollo* slew.

As far as you can shoot I'll cast a Spear;

At running I may worsted be I fear;

P 2

But

(e) Of *Philoctetes*'s skill in Archery, as also of his Army, the Poet makes mention in his *Iliad*,

Τὸν δὲ Φιλοκτήτης ἄρχειν πέζων συνέδριε,
 Ἐπὶ δὲ πῶν ἰστῶν δ' ἐπὶ ἰσάων περὶ πύκνῳ
 Ἐπὶ δὲ πῶν ἰστῶν δ' ἐπὶ ἰσάων περὶ πύκνῳ.

These *Philoctetes*, skilful at his Bow,
 Lead in seven Ships; each fifty Men
 did row:

These were good Archers, cunning,
 stout and strong.

When he was deserted by the *Grecians* in the Isle of *Lemnos*, by his Bow he found himself provision according to *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, lib. 13.

Et nunc ille, eadem nobis juratus in
 arma,

(Hec pars una Ducum) quo succedere
 sagitta

Herculis nititur, fractus morboque
 fameque,

Vinatursque aliturque avibus, volucres-
 que petendo,

Debita Trojanis exerceat spicula satis,

Now *Philoctetes* who in the same War Engag'd with us (oh his unhappy Star!) Who us'd *Alcides* Bow, poor hungry soul

With sickness broken, lives by hunting fowl.

To kill small Birds those Darts doth now employ,

Which have been the destruction of *Troy*.

(f) King of *Oechalia*, in the Island of *Euboea*, who profer'd his beautiful Daughter *Iole* to any who could match him in the skill of Archery; wherein being overcome by *Hercules*, and denying to stand to his proffer, was slain by him, the City raz'd, and his Daughter carried away Captive. This is the History of *Eurytus* according to the rest of the *Greek* Writers: but which differs something from this relation of *Homers*.

But still at Sea and alwaies under Sail,
My limbs grow stiff, my Knees and Anckles fail:

This said, admiring all, none silence brake,
When to *Ulysses* thus *Alcinous* spake;

Mov'd by that temper guards thy noble Breast
Well, though provok'd, thou hast thy self exprest,
That hast rude tearms with modest glancings check'd;
None on thy parts will cast a mean respect,
Who to good Breeding hath the least pretence.

Now, Sir, be pleas'd to give me Audience,
That thou to other Heroes may'st report,
When with thy Wife and Children, at thy Court
Feasting thou sitt'st, What mighty *Jove* imparts,
On us intailing Wealth and noble Arts.

We Wristle well, and strongly wield the Cest,
At Running are, and Navigation best,
We always Treat; love dances and the Lyre,
Soft Beds, warm Bathes, and change of rich Attire.

Our Dancers bid prepare, that he may tell
His Friends at home, how much we all excell:

Let one straight for *Demodocus* repair,
And bring his Harp, of which pray have a care.

This said, thence for the Lyre his Herald goes:
Nine Masters of the Revels then arose,
Who drove the People back, and more room made.

The Harp brought in, *Demodocus* not staid,
But went into the mid'st; prime Youth advance,
And plac'd in Figures, round about him Dance.

Ulysses much their Movings did admire,
Whil'st he sung sweetly to his charming Lyre
The scapes of ⁽²⁾ *Mars* and *Venus*, how he sped,
When first she brought him to her Husbands Bed:
How their stoln sports the Sun to him declar'd,
And how the news the Jealous chafing heard;

Who

(2) The Greek and Latin Poets do luxuriate in this Theme of the Adultery of *Mars* and *Venus*: we shall only take notice of *Ovid's* description of it in his 2. Book *De arte amandi*;

*Fabula narratur toto notissima Caelo,
Mulciberi casti Marique Venulque
dolus.*

*Mars pater infans Veneris turbatus amore,
De duce terribili factus amator erat,
&c.*

There is a Tale through all Heaven known well yet,

Vulcan took *Mars* and *Venus* in a Net;
Scorch'd with the Goddess flames, the God of War,

From a stout Leader, turns a soft Amour:

Nor she, then whom no Goddess is more kind,

Prov'd coy or ill-bred, but affection joyn'd.

How oft the giggling wanton merry made

At *Vulcan's* feet, and hands hard with his Trade?

To *Mars* walk'd limping in her Husbands pace,

Each Beauty mingled with a several Grace.

At first their sweet Embraces were conceal'd,

And bashful modesty their Love-tricks veil'd.

But by the Sun (who can deceive the Sun?)

His Wives escapes were to her Husband known:

When round their amorous Bed fly *Vulcan's* Nets,

Which no Eye could perceive, ingenious Nets;

To *Lemnos* then a Journey feigns: they met,

Both naked by infolded in the Net.

Vulcan the Gods then summons to the sport,

Venus was weeping ripe, as they report.

They could not hide their Faces, nor conceal

Parts with their hand, which Modesty would veil.

When *Hermes* smiling hid; Stout *Mars* on me

Thy Fetters lay, if burthensome to thee,

He scarce for thy sake, *Neptune*, them unties:

When *Mars* to *Crete*, *Venus* to *Paphos* flies.

Who at his Forge straight Anvil'd out a Chain,
 Whose Lincks not force nor cunning could constrain :
 Then raging to his Chamber went, and spread
 The artificial Gin about his Bed :
 The Cordage, like the threads that Spiders spin,
 Could not b' Immortals be, nor Mortals, seen.

Then feign'd to ^(b) *Lemnos* (which he most did love
 Of all his Seats) that streight he would remove.

Mars takes the hint, wounded by conquering Love,
 And went to *Venus*, new return'd from *Jove* :

Then by the fair Hand gently wringing, said ;

Dear, let's repose now on your royal Bed,
Vulcan's from home. She not resents, this said,

But *Mars* unto her Husbands Couch convey'd,

From whence they could not stir, nor rise again :

Soon they perceive all struggling prov'd in vain.

The Sun told *Vulcan* they were in the toyl,

Who never went unto the *Lemnian* Soyl :

He, stepping ore his Threshold, not contain'd

His grief and rage, but thus aloud complain'd,

That all the Gods his hideous Cry might hear ;

O *Jove*, and all you blessed pow'rs, draw neer

That you may see, how much I injur'd am,

Because I halt, thus indigent and lame,

By my lascivious Wife, who in my stead

With *Mars*, Ah me! contaminates my Bed,

Because his Limbs are streight : nor is't my fault,

But those begot me, that I thus do halt.

See how they dallying ly, devoyd of shame,

Of which wrong'd I, a sad spectator am :

But I believe these Lovers I shall keep,

Longer then they would willing be a sleep ;

My Art secures them in a Brazen Chain,

Till *Jove* repay me her vast Dow'r again ;

Which

(b) An Island neer unto *Thrace*,
 where *Vulcan* was received when he
 was thrown down from Heaven, ac-
 cording to our Poet in his *Iliads* ;

ἦ δὲ γὰρ με δὲ δῶκεν ἀλαζμονίᾳ μακάρεσσιν
 Πρὶς τοὺς ποταμούς, ἀπὸ οὐραίου οὐρανόθεν.
 Πᾶς δ' ἔμελλε φερέμεναι, ἄμα δ' ἠέλιος ἔστη-
 δ' αὖτε

Ἐρθε μὲν Ἀχιλλεύς ἀνδρῶν ἀφ' ὧν καμίστο
 πάντες.
 Ἐκείθεν δὲ Λέμνον (ὡς δὲ δὲ ἐν Σούμῳ
 ὠνεί)

He once did take me by the foot, when I
 Came to thy aid, and threw me from the
 Skie ;

All day I was a falling, and at night
 Did almost out of breath in Lemnos
 light ;

There the kind Sinitians pitying took me
 up.

Whence ever after it was held Sacred
 to him : but the Mythologists rather
 think it, because there were frequent
 eruptions of Subterraneous Fire in
 that Island, with many other Symp-
 tomes of heat ; amongst which is
 reckoned by the later Writers, that
 Earth vulgarly call'd *terra sigillata*
 fetch'd from thence, but which was not
 known in the time of our Poet.

Which I made over, taking to my House
His beauteous Daughter, my Lascivious Spouse.

This said, the Gods all to his Palace hast,
Phæbus and *Neptune*, *Hermes*; but the Chast
Goddeesses stir'd not: entering they all smil'd,
Beholding them by *Vulcan's* Art beguil'd,
When one thus said; Deceit not still succeeds,
For now lame *Vulcan* nimble *Mars* out-speeds;

The swiftest of the Gods, by one that halts,
Lies liable to be ⁽ⁱ⁾ Mulcted for his faults:

Thus talk'd they, when to *Hermes Phæbus* said;

Might we not *Mercurie*, thee with ease perswade,
Although thou wert in all those Fetters ty'd,
Thus to repose by *Cytherea's* side?

Then he; Should thrice as many me infold,
And all the Gods and Goddeesses behold,
I should not be asham'd, nor quit my place,
Thus resting in fair *Venus's* sweet embrace.

The Gods all smil'd, but *Neptune* did perswade
Mars to enlarge, and thus to *Vulcan* said;

For thy demands, unto my promise trust,
Free him, th' Immortal Gods are alwaies just.

Then he reply'd; Words, *Neptune*, are but Wind,
Bare promises for Pris'ners meanly bind.
How shall I make thee pay, if him I free?

Then *Neptune* said; Thy Action lay on me,
If he refuse I shall: *Vulcan* reply'd;

In such Security I will confide.

This said, he loos'd them: *Mars* enraged, bent
His course to ^(k) *Thrace*, *Venus* to ^(l) *Paphos* went,

Where she a Grove and perfume'd Altars hath,
Where her the Graces did Annoynt and Bath,
Suppling with Oyl, such as the Gods refresh'd,
And with rich Garments curiously dress'd.

Thus

(i) According to the law of *Athena*, to which the Poet seems to allude, the punishment of Adultery was death, as appears out of *Pausanias*, where he saies, that according to the institution of *Draco* the *Athenian* Law-giver, there was impunity granted to those that should any waies revenge themselves upon the deprehended Adulterer. The same was the Law of *Solon* afterwards, *ἄν τις μισθὸν λάβῃ, ἢ ἄν βλάβῃαι χρεῖται*, If any one seize on the adulterer of his Wife, let him use him as he please. Wherefore when *Eratothemis* beg'd his life of him whose Wife he had abused, he answered him, *ὅνα ἔγὼ οὐ ἀποκτείνω, ἀλλ' ἢ ἐπιδέω τιμῆς*, 'Tis not I that kill you, but the Law of your Country: But as it was lawful for the injur'd person to slay the offender, so was it in his power too, to suffer him to commute, (as we now speak) whence the same *Eratothemis*, in *Lyfias*, *ἔστι δὲ ἱστῶναι μὴ αὐτὸν ἀφαιῖναι, ἀλλ' ἀργύριον περὶ λαβεῖν*, Beg'd and entreated that he would not kill him, but exact a sum of Money from him. And this was the case of *Vulcan*: for since *Mars*, a God, could not be put to death, he requires a pecuniary Mulct, the price of his Adultery:

(k) *Thrace* was accounted the seat of *Mars*, because the People of that Country were a Warlike generation: *Enstathius*. I know not whence *Ovid*, when he Translates these Verses, names *Crete* for *Thrace*,

Vix precibus, Neptune, this captiva resolvit Corpora: Mars Creten occupat, illa Paphon

He scarce for thy sake, *Neptune*, them unties:
When *Mars* to *Crete*, *Venus* to *Paphos* flies.

(l) *Paphos* was a City in the Island of *Cyprus*, whence *Venus* was call'd *Paphia*.

τῇ Παφίᾳ ἀρῶντες, τῇ Παλλάδι ᾧ πλάσσειν, Ἀφροδίτῃ ζῶντι ἀνδρὶ καλλεῖον.

Whose Temple there remain'd in the time of *Strabo*, as he testifies in his Geography.

Thus Sung he, which *Ulysses* pleas'd and all
 The joyful throng. *Alcinous* then did call
 Forth *Halius*, and *Laodamas* to Dance:
 These in this Art most famous, straight advance,
 Soon as they had a purple Ball receiv'd,
 Which skillful *Polybus* had neatly Weav'd,
 This one throws up, the other, ere it fall,
 Takes Cap'ring ere he comes to ground the Ball;
 Then in a figur'd Dance they neatly mov'd,
 Whose Garb and Footing highly all approv'd,
 In murm'ring Humms, a loud applause they had;
 When thus *Ulysses* to *Alcinous* said;

Renowned Prince, you have made good your boast,
 That the best Dancers, this your happy Coast
 Breeds, in the World; whom I must needs approve,
 Since me amazement struck to see them move.

Then to the Princes thus *Alcinous* said;
 For this our worthy Guest, let me perswade,
 That we an hospitable Gift prepare,
 Twelve Kings here Reign, and we the thirteenth are;
 Let each a Golden Talent him present,
 A Vest and Robe, which all together sent,
 He may receive at once, so to our Feast
 Repair a joyful, and a welcom Guest;
Euryalus must satisfaction make,
 With Words and Gifts, because he rashly spake.

This said, the Princes his Advice commend,
 And straight their Heralds with rich Presents send.

Euryalus then; Sir, to your Guest I will
 Confess my fault, and your commands fulfill:
 And I'll this Faulchion give him richly Guilt,
 And Ivory sheath. This said, the Silver Hilt
 Him he presents: then thus, What words soere
 I fondly spake, hence let a Whirl-wind bear:

And

And may the Gods thee, harass'd with much toyl,
To thy dear Wife return and Native Soyl.

Ulysses then reply'd; May the same Gods
Grant thee all blessings in thy own Abroads;
And that this Sword no more thou shalt desire,
Which thou bestow'lt, thus reconciling Ire.

This said, the Sword he 'thwart his Shoulders flings,
And growing dark, rich presents from the Kings
Their Heralds carried to *Alcinous* House,
Which straight his Sons set by his beauteous Spouse:
He leading, all the Chiefs in order fate,
Then spake *Alcinous* to his Royal Mate;

Rise straight my Dear, and choose a handsom Chest,
In which first lay a Robe and curious Vest:
And bid them for this Stranger get a Bath,
Then let him all those costly Gifts he hath
Receiv'd from us, see carefully put up;
Then him we'll Feast, and I'll this golden Cup
Present, that me he may to memory call,
Jove and the Gods Libating in his Hall.

This said, *Arete* straight her Damfels did
Command, to set a Trefet on with speed;
On which the largest of her Caldrons fix,
Then put in Water, and put under Sticks,
Whilst from her chamber down she brought a Chest,
In which the Princes Gifts, the Bowl, and Vest,
Alcinous gave too, in the folding laid,
And her own Presents adding, thus then said; (Sleep

Now ^(*) Mail your Trunk, Sir, well, lest whilst you
Secure, transported through the swelling Deep,
Something be lost. *Ulysses* straight obey'd,
And up the Chest, as *Circe* taught him, made,
Then to a Bath chaf't Virgins him invite,
Which he straight enter'd with no small delight:

For

(*) He bids him bind the cover of the Chest: for Keys were not in use in the time of our Poet, but were invented afterwards by the *Lacedaemonians*.

For never since he left the *Ogygian* Queen,
 Who Bath'd him oft, had he warm Water seen.
 When he had wash'd and 'noynted, him they drest,
 Put on his under Garments and his Vest:
 Then went he to the Feast. *Nausicaa*, by

A Pillar standing, his approach did spy,
 Whom much admiring when she had survey'd,
 Hail noble Stranger, hail dear Sir, she said;
 When thou behold'st thy Friends and dearest Wife,
 Remember me who first preserv'd thy life.

Then smoothly he reply'd; Best Princess, may
 So *Jove* me to my Native Soyl convey,
 Where I shall thee there as a ^(u) Goddess serve,
 Whil'st Breath I draw, who did'st my Life preserve.

This said, he next *Alcinous* took his Seat,
 Whil'st they rich Wine commix'd, and serv'd in Meat,
 The Herald in *Demodocus* convey'd,
 And 'gainst a Column plac'd; *Ulysses* said
 Then to *Pontonous* (Carving from the *Chine*,
 A savoury Morfel of a well-fed Swine)

This to *Demodocus* be pleas'd to bear,
 And tell him, though unfortunate we are,
 Yet I a Poet honour, and admire
 Their Raptures, since the *Muses* them inspire.

This said, the Herald brought him what he sent,
 Which he receiv'd with no small content.
 Then all fell on, and plentifully fare:
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Ulysses, to *Demodocus*, thus says;

Sir, You I must beyond all Mortals praise,
 Since *Pallas* you, or *Phœbus* taught so well
 Those Miseries, which the *Greeks* at *Troy* befell,
 To sing as if th' hadst been Spectator there;
 Of *Epeus* Horse could I now something hear,

Q

Which

(u) So saith *Virgil*, in the form of
 a Shepherd, of *Augustus*:

—*Deus nobis hac otia fecit.*
Namque eris ille mihi semper Deus;
illius aram
Sape tener nostris ab ovilibus iminet
agnus.

This quiet, Shepherd, from a God we
 found:
 For he shall be my God: oft from the
 Dam

I'll bath his Altars with a tender Lamb.

Which he by *Pallas* aid so rarely wrought,
Which within Walls *Ulysses* cunning brought,
Pregnant with *Grecian* arms, and *Trojan* Fate:
If this thou truly could'st to me relate,
I, through the World, should trumpet thy Deserts,
Whom some kind power inspires with heavenly Arts.

This said, He sung, and in an *Epick* Strain,
Told how the *Greeks* launch'd to the boystrous Main,
Firing their Camp, and how they lurking hid,
Throng'd round *Ulysses* in the mighty Steed,
When that the *Trojans* had with all their pow'r,
Drawn the stupendious Monster to the Tow'r,
There they consulted if the hollow Oak
Should be rip'd up, or tumbled o're the Rock,
Or let him stand: on this they fix'd, since *Troy*
Fate had decreed the *Grecians* should destroy:
And how those Caverns leaving, down they came,
And plunder'd *Ilium* fix'd with hostile flame:
Whil'st *Menelaus* and *Ulysses* were
Where lay *Deiphobus*, with dire intent.
A dreadful conflict in his Court they had,
But soon were Conquerors by *Pallas* aid.

Thus sung the Poet, whil'st *Ulysses* sleeps
His Cheeks with tears, and as a Woman weeps,
Her dearest Lord embracing on the Plain,
For's Country fighting, and his Children slain,
Or seeing him in Deaths Convulsions lie,
Falls on him groaning with a doleful Cry,
But they strike on, and drag the Prisoner, where
If he survive, must feel more Toyl and Care:
So sad *Ulysses* briny tears distills,
Perceived by *Alcinous*, and none else,
Who sitting nearest heard him Sigh and Groan:
Then to the Princes thus their King began,

You

(c) *Deiphobus* had married *Helen* after the death of his Brother *Paris*, which exasperated *Menelaus* so far, that he seems to have design'd his slaughter beforehand: but that *Ulysses* accompanied him in this encounter, is not related by *Quintus Smyrnaeus*, who delivers it thus,

Καὶ τότε δὴ Μενέλαος ὡς ἔπειτα γυναικὶ
Ἀνδροκλῆος ἀνέστηρε γυναικὶ καὶ πατρὶ
Ἄμρ' ἑλόντος ἀνέστη δὲ δουλοπρεπὲς ἦ δ' ὡς
ἐνέειπε
καὶ δὲ δὴ μὲν ἔπειτα, ὅ δ' αὖ μὲν ὅδε γο-
νίζοντο
τὴν δὲ δὴ μὲν ὅδε γο-
νίζοντο

Deiphobus then *Menelaus* sped,
Who found him slumbering in fair *Helen's*
Bed,
Who frighted thence did in the Palace
hide,
But he rejoic'd to see his Faulchion dy'd.

You Peers and Princes now assembled here,
Give order that *Demodocus* forbear;
Perhaps his Notes not pleasing are to all
The joyful Feasters in our royal Hall.
Our Guest in sighs strikes Diapazons, such
Are his regrets, he answers every touch,
Lavishing Tears since he begun his Song;
The Laws of Hospitality not wrong;
And since this Banquet we for him prepar'd,
Our Supplyant as a Brother let's regard.

Now, Sir, be pleas'd you would your self declare,
Where you were born, and what your Parents are,
And your Aboads, that so we may instruct
Our Ship, you to your Country to conduct:
We use nor Helm, nor Helm's-men; our tall Ships
Have Souls, and plow with reason up the Deeps;
All Cities, Countries, know, and where they list,
Through Billows glide, veil'd in obscuring Mist:
Nor fear they Rocks, nor danger in the way;
But once I heard my Sire *Nausithous* say,
Neptune enrag'd, because we did transport
So many People safe, from Port to Port,
Returning he one Vessel sunk, which still
Shadows our City like a mighty Hill.
The Gods their pleasure do: But let me know,
From whence thou cam'st, and whither you would go;
If amongst Rusticks, Impious and Poor,
Or civil Nation who the Gods adore:
You wept hearing *Demodocus* relate,
In well-set Notes, the *Greeks* and *Trojan* Fate;
These are the Gods designs, and all must dy,
And make bold Tales for their Posterity:
But tell me, have you in the *Grecian* Hoast
At *Troy*, a Kinsman, Friend, or Brother lost?

Q 2

Though

Though oft a dear Companion's loss we more,
Then our own Blood or neer Allies, deplore.

HOMERS

At Troy's Kingman, Friend, or Brother lost,
But tell me have you in the Grecian Host
And make bold Tales for their Posterity:
These are the Gods designs, and all must dy
In well-set Notes, the Greek and Trojan Fate,
You wept hearing Demodocus relate,
Of civil Nation who the Gods adore:
It amongst Ricks, Impious and Poor,
From whence thou cam'st, and whither you would go:
The Gods their pleasure do: But let me know



A. Deyenbeck inv. D. Lagoni sculp.

Nobilissimæ Dominae D^æ
de Chesterfield Tabulam



Elizabethæ Comitissæ
hanc LMDDDIO. 1749.



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE NINTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*His tedious wandering, and his various Fates,
Ulysses to th' Assembled Peers relates;
Ciconians, Lotophagie, and how tost
By Storms, he fell on the Cyclopien Coast.
Huge Polyphemus eats six Men, he burns
His Eye out, scapes, and thence reveng'd returns.*



THE N said Ulysses; Most re-
nowned King,

To hear a Poet his own raptures
Sing,

With such a ravishing and Hea-
venly Voyce,

As would both Mortals and the Gods rejoyce,
Heightens your Entertainment, and our Souls
Cheers, more then laden Boards, or flowing Bowls.
But since you'd rather hear my woful Tale,
And me afresh past Miseries bewail,

Ah,

Ah, how shall I begin! what first relate!

How tost and harras'd by relentless Fate:

Laertes Of-spring I, *Ulysses* am,

My Person you preserv'd, the Stars my Fame;

My Kingdom *Ithaca*, *Neritos* Hill,

Checker'd with Groves, I Pasture on and Till.

Many rich Isles ly scatter'd there 'mong Floods,

(^a) *Dulichium*, (^b) *Samos*, (^c) *Zanthus*, crown'd with Woods,

Which Barren, yet breeds hardy Youth and bold,

Then which, no Land I rather would behold;

Though fair *Calypso* I, and *Circes* Bed

Enjoy'd, both Amorous, courting me to Wed:

Whose Wealth, nor Charms, nor flatt'ries wrought on

I long'd my Native Country more to see, (me;

My Parents and relations to behold,

Then Riches to enjoy, and Rooks though Gold.

But I shall now discourse what little joy

The Gods prepar'd for us, launch'd off from *Troy*.

First we *Ciconia* reach'd with prosperous Gales,

Where *Ismarus* took, we put to Sword the Males,

Our Prize their Riches, Wives, and Daughter made:

Then I bid hast aboard, they not obey'd,

But Sheep and Cattel slaughtering on the Shore,

Heighten'd with Wine their high distemper more.

Mean while the fleet *Ciconians* gave th' Alarm,

And suddenly the neighbouring Confines Arm,

Far more and better Souldiers; who put to't,

Would quit well mannag'd Steeds and fight on Foot:

Early on us they fall; nor could the Spring,

Must'ring her Leaves and Flow'rs, such numbers bring.

Then *Jove* declar'd, what he design'd before,

Who much had suffer'd, now must suffer more.

They March to us in Bodies deep and large,

And with sharp Spears, on th' Ocean's Mergents charge.

Whil'st

(a) One of the *Echinades*, afterwards call'd *Dolicha*, as we have already prov'd out of *Strabo*.

(b) A City in *Cephalenia*, under whose name the Poet here denotes the whole Island.

(c) A fruitful Island, now call'd *Zant*.

(d) A City of *Thrace*, inhabited by the *Ciconians*, who came to the assistance of the *Trojans*, as appears in the second of the *Iliads*, where among the rest of the *Trojan* Auxiliaries,

Εὐφῆμος δ' ἄγχι Κικόνων ἦν ἀρχαῖος,
Τὸν Τροίηνων δὴσσεύετο Κούδας.

Euphemus led the valiant *Cicons* on,
Grand-child to glorious *Ceas*, *Troizens* Son.

Whil'ft Morning grew, and facred Day arofe,
 So long we match'd our overpow'ring Foes :
 But when the Sun declin'd into the Weft,
 The desperate Enemy had much the beft ;
 And fix from every Veffel there were flain,
 The reft got off, and plow'd the boysterous Main.
 But ere we ply'd our Oars, or Canvafe spread,
 We thrice ^(c) invok'd the *Manes* of the Dead,
 When *Jove* a Tempeft rais'd, and in a trice,
 Muff'd with Clouds both Earth, the Sea, and Skies,
 And we dispers'd, off from our Courfe were born,
 Our Mafts were fhatte'r'd, Sails and Tackle torn,
 Our fripery up we hurl'd, and fearing Death,
 Draw near the Shore, there toyling out of Breath
 Two Nights and Days we lay ; th' enfuing Dawn
 Again we rais'd our Mafts, clapt Canvafe on,
 And then the profp'rous Winds our Fleet had bore,
 Perhaps in fafety to my native Shore,
 But doubling ^(f) *Maleas* poynt a Tempeft bare
 Us from ^(g) *Cythera* back : nine days we were
 Toft with cold Winds upon the raging Main,
 The tenth, the ^(h) *Lotophagian* Coasts we gain,
 Who feed on Flow'rs ; we din'd, and water'd there :
 When Thirft and Hunger fatisfied were,
 Two then, to make Difcovery, I fent,
 Of our prime Men, with them a Herald went ;
 Who found the *Lotophagi* plant'd there,
 They pleafant *Lotus* did for them prepare,
 Not meaning harm ; for they who *Lotus* eat
 Nere mind returning to their native Seat :
 Thefe, whil'ft they fbroek, acting diftracted Pranks,
 I forc'd aboard, and fatten'd to their Banks ;
 Then fhip't I all the reft, left they fhould eat
 Sweet *Lotus*, and their Native Soyl forget.

(c) It was the opinion of the ancient
 Grecians, that the Souls of thofe who
 were unburied, were not admitted into
 the common Receptacle, until the Fu-
 neral Rites were perform'd. We have an
 example of this, *Il.* 23. in *Patroclus*.
 Θάψ' μ' ἔρ' τε πύλας αἰδῶσ' πύργου
 Τῆλ' μ' ἄργυσιν ἔρχει, οἷδ' ἄλκι' ἀμείνων
 'Οὐδ' ἔμ' ποτ' ἐμὸν ἄνθρωπον ὀϊστοῖο ἔσται
 Me ab! inter, who am from Stygian

Coasts,
 And long'd for paffage driv'n by happier
 Ghosts. Virgil alfo *Æneid.* 6.

Hæc omnis quam cernis inops inhumata-
 que turba est. (sepulchris)
 Perisitor ille Charon, hī quos velit unda
 Nec ripæ datur horrendæ, nec rauda
 fluenta, (quiescunt)
 Transportare prius, quam sedibus ossa
 Centum errant annos, volitantque hæc
 littora circum.

Thofe woful Souls thou feest, are not
 Interr'd ; (pulch'rd ;
 That's Charon ; thofe he waits are se-
 None are transported ore thefe horrid
 Waves ; (Graves ;
 Until their bones find quiet in their
 A hundred years they on thefe Coasts
 remain,
 At laft a long expected paffage gain.

Wherefore, when any were flain in a
 foreign Country, when their Friends
 had not opportunity of performing the
 Funeral Solemnities, they call'd over the
 names of the Dead, inviting them, as
 it were, to return with them, where
 they had an honourary Monument, and
 all Rights perform'd as if the bodies of
 the Dead were there prefent. *Pindar.*
Pysb. Od. 4. — δύναμις δ' ἀνθρώπων

μᾶλλον χθονίων χιλιόσται γὰρ ἴαν
 ἔρχειν κομίζεσθαι φίλῃ & ἰα —
 δόξα πρὸς Αἴητα δαδάμεν. (Cods,
 Thou maist appease the wrath of fivere
 For *Pherixus* he commands to the abonds
 Of King *Aetas* to bring home his Soul.
 Where the Scholiast notes, that it was
 the Cuftom of the Grecians, though they
 procur'd not the bodies of the dead, yet by
 certain Ceremonies to recal their Souls,
 who dyed in a ftrange place, and to trans-
 port them into their own Country along
 with them. *Eustathius* alfo obferves
 upon this place, that the Athenians,
 whenever they loft any men at Sea,
 went prefently to the shore, call'd thrice
 the names of the flain, and rais'd a *Ceno-
 taphium*, where they made their *Parent-
 alia*.

(f) A Promontory in the *Morea*,
 where Navigation was fo dangerous,
 that it became a Proverb,

Μαλὶαν δ' κἀμ' ἄε, ἐπὶ λῆθι τῶν αἰετῶν.
 When you fail by *Malea*, forget your home

(g) The neareft Ifland to *Malea*, in
 which there was a fecure Port, and a
 City of the fame name with the Ifle.

(h) The Antients agree not in the feat
 of thefe *Lotophagi*. *Artemidorus* fays
 that they inhabited the Deferts of *A-
 frica*, South of *Mauritania*, from the
Atlantick Ocean even to *Cyrene*. O-
 thers fay, that it is the Ifland *Meninx*,
 which lies before the leffer *Syria*,
 which is here denoted : becaufe there
 is abundance of thofe *Lotus* trees in
 that Ifland, which bear a very pleafant
 fruit, and an Altar of *Ulyffes* is ftill
 remaining.

Who

(i) The Cyclops inhabited the Mountain of *Ætna*, and the Country of the *Leontini* in *Sicily*. So *Enripides* understood it, in whose *Cyclops* (speaking of the approach of *Ulysses*, and his Followers, to the Den of *Polyphemus*) *Silennus* thus complains,

Ὀ τολαίπυρος ἔβριος
Τίνας ποῖ σὺν ἐν ἰσχυρῇ διασέβου
Πολυφῆμον εἶσι βῆ, ἄζανον εἰργάνῃ
Τὴνδ' ἐμβυσσύντες, καὶ Κυκλωπῶν γνάθῳ
Τὴνδ' ἀνδροβροῦσα δυσχερῆ ἀπὸ γυμναίῃ.
Αἰὼν ἔστωρ γένεσθ' ἐν ἑσπερίῳ οὐρανῷ
Πόθεν πάρος τε καὶ ἀπὸ νῦν ἄσπετον πόρον.

Unhappy Strangers th' are who ever
came,
Not knowing what a Master's Poly-
pheme,
Arriving at th' inhospitable Cave,
Whose raging gorge must be the wretches
Grave.
But quiet be, that they may give account
From whence they came to the Sicilian
Mount.

They were so call'd, because they had
a round eye in the middle of their fore-
heads, according to *Hesiod*,

κυκλωπες δ' ὄντι· ὅταν ἐκπύρουσι ἔρην
ἄρα σφίσι
Κυκλωπες δὲ ὀφθαλμοὶ δι' ἐν μέσῳ μετώπῳ

The name of Cyclops was on them be-
flow'd,
From one round eye, which in their fore-
head stood.

Who settled, brush'd the briny deep with Oars :
At last, we sad reach the ⁽ⁱ⁾ Cyclopien Shores,
Who the Gods trusting neither Plant nor Sow,
Where all things without human Labour grow,
Wheat, Barly, Vines, whose Clusters fill the Press,
And timely Show'rs from *Jove* give large increase.
These by no supreme Pow'r, or Laws, are ty'd,
But in vast Caves on Mountain tops reside :
And their own Courts, and Wives, and Children sway,
Not minding Kings, nor Parlements obey.

An Isle, this lay distant amidst the Floods,
Stor'd with fat Goats, and Cloath'd with shady Woods
By Swains untrackt, and fierce Huntsmen, who
Through Forests, Hills, and Dales, their Game pursue.
This Ground no fleecy Flocks, nor Cattel feeds,
Nor Plow breaks up, but fattens wanton Kids ;
They build no Ships, who plow with sails unfurl'd
The briny Ocean round about the World :
Their own they keep, nor seek to people more,
Nor want they have, verging with Meads the Shore ;
So light the unforc'd Soyl, so fat the Ground,
It would with Vines, and purest Wheat, abound :
Land lock the Bay, where Ships might safely Ride,
Without an Anchor, or a Cable ty'd :

Just in the Harbours mouth a Fountain flows,
Shaded with *Alders* : ere the Moon arose,
Hither VVe came, some God did us assist,
Obscur'd with Night, and cover'd with a Mist,
Ere well aware by a swollen Billovv hurl'd
Upon the Shore, straight vve our Sails unfurl'd,
Then landing, on the Ocean's margents lay,
In sweet Repose, expecting blessed Day.
No sooner had the Daughters of the Dawn,
With rosie Fingers days Portallice drawn,
But

But we admiring walk along the Shore,
 Whilst kinder *Nymphes* put mountain Goats up store
 Us to refresh; for Bows, and Spears we sent,
 And in three Companies divided went:
 Venson we slew; Twelve Ships our Fleet, they Nine
 On each bestow'd, and Ten fat Goats on mine.
 Till Night we feasting fat, and rich Wine drank;
 And though our full Borachios were grown lanck,
 Some yet remain'd which we at *Ismar* had:
 Wee drawing nigh the *Cyclops* Isle survaid,
 Hearing their Goats, and Sheep, grown Night we lay
 Upon the Shore expecting blessed Day.

No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn
 With rosie fingers Days Portcullice drawn,
 When to the rest I said; Stay on this Shore
 Till with my Vessel, I yon Isle explore,
 If Rusticks dwell there, Cruel, and Unjust,
 Or Civil People who in Gods do trust.
 Aboard we go, and weigh, in order'd Ranks
 Brushing the briny Spry upon their Banks.
 Drawn neer the Shore, a Cavern we survaid,
 Which Laurel cover'd with a pleasant Shade,
 Where Sheep, and fat Goats lay: cut from the Rocks
 Appear'd a Court built high with Pines, and Oaks.
 Here a Huge Gyant dwelt, who kept alone
 His Flocks, a Monster that convers'd with None:
 Who a prodigious size shew'd when he stood,
 Like a tall Mountain crown'd with stately Wood.
 Then twelve stout Men along with me I took,
 The rest commanding to the Vessel look,
 And a Borachio full of mighty Wine,
 Which ^(k) *Maron* gave me who kept *Phæbus* Shrine;
 Who dwelt neer *Ismarus*; because his life
 We had preserv'd his Children and his Wife:

R

Fearing

(k) It seems that the City of *Maronea* in *Thrace*, near adjoyning to *Ismarus*, receiv'd its name from this *Maro*.

(1) *Pliny* in his *Natural History* observes (from *Mutianus* a Roman Consul, who had been at the place) that there was the same vigour, and strength, then in *Maronian* Wine, which is here mention'd by the Poet. He says, that it is black and odoriferous, and pinguifies with age.

Fearing the God he in a shady Wood
 Residing, many Gifts on me bestow'd;
 Seven golden Talents, and a Silver Cup,
 And twelve large Vessels fil'd with rich Wine up.
 None of his Servants, Man, nor Woman, knew
 This but Himself, his Wife, and She that drew.
 When this they drank, they Twenty ⁽¹⁾ times as much
 Water commix'd, then none ere tasted such,
 Or smelt the like; whose odorous Perfume
 So Charm'd, none could abstain from't in the Room.
 This and a Knap sack I with Viands took,
 And for the horrid Monster went to look.
 The Cave we found, but found not Him within,
 He fed his fleecy Flocks upon the Green.
 There we admir'd his Cheeses on the Shelves,
 His Lambs and Kids, each shut up by them selves;
 Here the new wean'd, and there the new year'd lay,
 The Pans, and Dishes, full of Milks, and Whey.
 Here they advis'd me straight from thence to slip
 With Kids, and Lambs, and Cheeses, to our Ship,
 Which I would not (but better it had been)
 Till Him I saw, whom would we ne'r had seen,
 Whose horrid Look, so much us all agast;
 We make a Fire, and bold his Cheeses tast;
 And there we sat expecting his Return,
 Who brought a Log that must at Supper burn,
 Which thunder'd as he threw it on the Ground:
 Amaz'd, we fly, and dark Recesses found,
 There his full udderd Ewes he milks, his Pails
 Frothing run ore, but first shuts out the Males,
 Then with a mighty Stone all Entrance barrs;
 Which two and twenty though all four-wheel'd Cars
 Could not remove: when all were milk'd, the Lambs
 And wanton Kids He lets forth to their Dams.

Half

Half of his milk makes Cheese, the other half
He puts in Vessels for his Supper safe.

All this with speed perform'd, a Fire he made :
And spying us where we stood trembling, said ;

Strangers, who are you ? from whence came you, say ?
Merchants are you, or have you lost your Way ?

Or Piccaroons, who wander through the Floods
To make a Prey of Honest Peoples Goods ?

At his huge Voice, and horrid Looks, dismay'd,
Trembling we stood : when thus to him I said ;

We Grecians are, return'd from *Ilium*,
With cross Winds tost on Billows, sayling Home

To sev'ral Shores (as *Jove* thought fit) we boast
Our selves to be of *Agamemnon's* Host,

Whose Fame surmounts the Skie, who overthrew
Proud *Troy*, and mighty Nations did subdue :

And We thy Hospitality request,
As is the Custom to a woful Guest :

Revere the Gods, and thy Assistance lend,
For favouring *Jove* poor Strangers doth befriend.

Then roughly He reply'd ; a Fool thou art,
Or Stranger, I not value Gods a—

We *Cyclops*, not ^(m) Goat-foster'd *Jove* regard,
We are for him, and all Heavens Court, too hard :

Not thee, nor thine, on *Jove's* account, I'll spare,
Unless I will, nor for his Anger care :

Where thou hast left thy Ship, inform me well,
Is she aboard the Shore, or nearer, tell.

Senting his Drift, I to evade, thus spoke ;
Stern *Neptune* bulg'd my Vessel 'gainst a Rock

That guards your Coast : Us winds and Billows bore
From imminent Danger, to this pitying Shore.

He raging, not reply'd, but at us flew,
And in his mighty Paw straight snatch'd up two

(m) *Jupiter's* Mother (that she might conceal him from *Saturn*, who devour'd all his Children as soon as they were born) expos'd him privately at *Olenus*, a City in *Boeotia*, where he was nurs'd by a Goat. So says *Aratus* ;

Ἀλλ' ἔτι τὸν μὲν λέγει Διὶ πατρὶ ἐτι-
χέναι
Ὀλυνθίῳ δὲ μὲν ὄρεα διδὲ καλῶς ἔτι-
εῖται.

The sacred Goat, that foster'd *Jove*, they call.

Th' *Olenian* Goat of *Jupiter* now call.

Whom *Ovid* follows *lib. 2. Fastorum*,

*Olenia surget fides pluviale Capella,
Quæ fuit in cunis officiosa Jovis.*

Then the moist Sign the Goat shal rise,
who love
Shew'd in his Cradle to Almighty
Jove.

Which Goat, after its death, was translated into a Sign of the Heavens, and *Jupiter* made his Shield of the Skin of it. But *Maro* the Poetess, saies, that he was nurs'd by Pigeons, for which they were made that Sign in the Heavens from them call'd *Pliades*.

Ζεὺς δ' ἄρ' ἐν Κρήτῃ τρέφετο μάλα, ὃ δ'
ἄρα τῇ νύ
ἤρδεν μαργάρων, ὃ δ' ἀέχεται νῦν μίλαται.
Τὸν μὲν ἄρα τρέφοντες ὦν' Ἰαδίῳ τρέφον
ἄλλῳ
Ἀμφιπόλῳ φρέσιντι ἀπ' ἀνατολῆς ἔσαν.

Jove bred up was in *Crete*, which no
God knew :

But he in comely Shape, and Stature
grew :

Him Pigeons fed, and to the blessed Grot
Divine Ambrosia from the Ocean
brought.

Of us like Whelps, and dash'd against the floor,
 Sprinkling the ground with reeking Brains, and Gore;
 And like a Lyon, them in piece-meal tears,
 And eating, nor their Bones, nor Bowels spares;
 Whil'st weeping, we the woful Sight beheld:
 Soon as the Monster had his Belly fill'd
 With human flesh, and stuff'd with Milk, and Whey,
 Amidst his Flocks, stretch'd on the floor he lay:
 I drawing near, resolv'd to act my part,
 Whip out my Sword to run him through the Heart:
 When I bethought, should we the Monster kill,
 We not the Stone, with all the strength, and skill,
 Which barr'd the Gate could stir; Sighing, we stay,
 Th' event expecting of the blessed Day.
 No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,
 With rosie fingers days Portcullice drawn,
 But straight he makes a fire, and milks the Dams,
 Next, turning loose to them their Kids, and Lambs;
 His work being finish'd, up he takes two (*) more
 Of us, and eats them, as he did before:
 Thus having Break-fast, out he drives his Flock,
 With ease removing from the pass, the Rock,
 Which close again with as small pain he puts,
 As one the cover of his Quiver shuts:
 And whistling, to the Mountain goes, and me
 Leaving unpinion'd: studying how to be
 Reveng'd, imploring *Pallas* to assist!
 'Mongst many Plots I laid, this seem'd the best;
 Close by his Stall, a Pole a drying laid,
 Which for the length, and size, when we survey'd,
 We to the main-mast of a stately Ship
 Compar'd, that plow'd with twenty Oars the Deep;
 From this I cut an Ell, which straight I gave
 My Friends to polish down, and neatly shave,

Whose

(*) There were six of *Ulysses*'s
 Companions devoured by *Polyphemus*,
 according to our Poet, yet *Enripides*,
 and *Virgil*, who have transcrib'd the
 Story out of him, mention but two;
 the one in his Satyr call'd *Cyclops*,

ὅς δ' ἦν ἱσχυρὰ πύλα τῷ Διότρυγι
 ἄδ' αὖ μὲν αἰὲρ, φῶς τε σὺν ἡμέρῃσιν
 ἔσπεδ' ἐταίρων τῶν ἑμῶν ἰδυμένων.

When all things ready were for *Pluto's*
 Cook,

Two of my men for slaughter up he took.

The other in the third of his *Entids*;

Vidi egomet duo de numero quum corpora
noſtro

Pressa manu magnâ medio resupinus in
antro

Frangeret ad saxum, sanieque aspersa
natarent

Limina: vidi atro quum membra flu-
entia tabo

Manderet, & tepidi tremerent sub den-
tibus artus.

I saw, when he two of our stoutest men
 Seiz'd in his mighty hand, and 'midst
 his Den

Laid on his back, against a Pillar
 brain'd,

And with foul goar, the sprinkl'd Pave-
 ment stain'd.

He would devour Mens bloody quar-
 ters raw,

I in his teeth the warm flesh trembling
 saw.

Whose Point I harden'd in the Fire, then thrust,
 Of which his Cave had store, amidst the dust,
 Then we drew Lots, who should with me draw nigh,
 And when he slept, with this to pierce his Eye;
 It fell to four, and I the fifth Man made;
 At Night, his Flocks he to his Cave convey'd,
 And put up all his Bleaters in the Coat,
 Either suspecting, or some heavenly Plot,
 Then shuts his Gates, and milks his Kids, and Lambs,
 Next, turns them loose to their unburthen'd Dams.
 His business done, resolv'd on them to sup,
 Two more of us he snatch'd; when with a Cup
 Of mighty Vine, towards him I drawing, said;

When you have fed, tast this; let me persuade,
 That you what drink we had aboard may know.

This I present, that you may pity show,
 And us dismiss: if thus you cruel prove,
 Who will address to you, or offer Love?

This said, the Bowl he takes, up all he Quaff,

And pleas'd, thus spake; Give me another Draught,
 Then let me know thy Name, that straight I may
 Thee with some Hospitable Gift repay.

Cherish'd with show'rs, we have rich vine, and pure;
 But this is Nectar, and Ambrosia sure.

Three times this said, I swell'd his empty Cup,
 As oft he turns th'exhausted Bottom up.

When I perceiv'd the Vine begin to take;
 And He grew mellow, thus I mildly spake;

Thou ask'dst my Name, which I shall let thee know,
 Keep Promise, and some Gift on me bestow:

My Name is *Nemo*, so my Parents all,
 My Kindred, me, and best Relations call,

Then He reply'd; Thee I shall kindly treat;
 Thou shalt good *Nemo*, be the last I'll eat.

Of

Of all thy Friends ; my Promise I will keep.
 This said, surpris'd with all-conquering Sleep,
 Bending his Neck, he lay upright, and cast
 Gobbets of Flesh and Wine ; then I made hast,
 And in the Fire the Stake sharp-poynted put ;
 My Friends then cheering, took it out Red hot,
 We drawing near, inspired by some God,
 With wondrous Courage round about him stood,
 They thrust it in his Eye, which deep I gor'd,
 And skrewing in, as with an Augre bor'd ;
 Like one that works upon a Naval Keel,
 And with a Thong, and Wimble, shews his Skill ;
 So in his Eye the blazing Bar we turn'd,
 Blood gushing out his singed Eye-brows burn'd,
 The Crystalline, that guards his Eye-balls, hift,
 Dark Smoke arose, and an unsavory Mist ;
 And as a Black-Smith in the Water slacks,
 Then takes out hissing his edge harden'd Ax ;
 So sung the Olive-stake fix'd in his Eye :
 He roars, the Cave resounds, we frighted fly ;
 He plucks it bloody out, and 'gainst the Walls
 Tormented throws, and Neighb'ring Cyclops calls ;
 Who neer in Caves, on Mountain tops did dwell,
 They gather straight, Alaram'd at the Yell ;
 And round about his Gates inquire what made
 Him roar so loud, who thus then troubled, said ;
 Why shriek'st thou *Polypbemos*, thus, in deep
 Of silent Night, and hindrest us from Sleep ?
 Hath any forc'd from thee thy Flocks, or laid
 To take thy Life some Plot, or Ambuscade ?
 Then He reply'd ; Ah ! *Nemo* me hath Slain.
 Then they ; if *Nemo* hurts thee ne'r complain.
 If *Jove* on Thee some heavy Sickness lay,
 The Burthen bear, and to great *Neptune* pray.

Thus

(e) His Father whom he begot on the Nymph *Thousa*, as we have already seen in the first of the *Odyssees*.

Αὐτὸς Παιὶς ἦν τοῦ Ποσειδῶνος καὶ τῆς Θούης

Thus they departing said ; and pleas'd smil'd
That the dull *Cyclops* thus my Name beguil'd,
But he with trembling Hands, and many a Grone
From the Caves entrance mov'd the ponderous Stone :
Then sate with palms extended midst the Gap,
Left any of us 'mongst his Sheep should scape.
He thought me shallow sure, whil'st I contriv'd
From Danger how my Friends might be repriv'd
Life at the Stake, our Danger great, and neer.
At last this quaint Designment seem'd most cleer.
He stately Rams had, large, well fed, and full,
Kings of the Flock, and clad in purple Wool :
These silently I bound with *Osfers* strip'd
(On which well twisted the dire Monster slep'd,)
Three in a breast, he in the mid'st bore one,
The other two on each side guard their Man,
The greatest of these Breeders forth I cull,
And at his Belly hanging grasp the Wool,
In this sad Posture we much fighting stay,
And holding fast, expect the blessed Day.
No sooner had the Daughter of the Dawn,
With rosie Fingers Days Portcullice drawn,
But to their Pastures forth he drove the Males,
Easing the Ews swoln Teats in frothy Pailles,
He all their Backs, though pain'd extreamly, felt,
But that we kept their Bellies warm, ne'r felt ;
When the last Ram, loaden with Me, and Wool,
March'd forth, stroking his Back ; why art so Dull,
Now to be last, he said : still us'd to lead,
With pace majestick, to the flow'ry Mead,
And far before selected tender Buds,
The Van conducting to the Crystal Floods ;
And always first repairing home at Night :
Now thou art Lag, would'st thou I had my Sight,
Which

Which *Nemo*, and his Complices put out
 When he with Wine surpriz'd me, who no doubt
 Shall ne'r escape; would thou could'st speak, and tell
 Where the Wretch skulks, and Him to me reveal:
 His Brains my Floor should sprinkle e're we part,
 Which would remove some Sorrow from my Heart:

This said; He let him pass; and I with speed
 Loosing my self, next my Associates free'd;
 And to the Ship our fleecy Prey we drive,
 Our Friends rejoyc'd that we return'd alive,
 Yet wept for those were lost: then I bid staunch
 Their tears, and with our Prize to th' Ocean launch:
 All go aboard, and sitting on their Banks,
 Sweep up the briny waves in order'd Ranks.
 When we were off so far as one might hear,
 A loud Voyce call, thus I begin to jeer;
Cyclops, not well thou did'st a Stranger treat,
 Who kindly made address, his Friends to eat,
 Thou that devour'd'st thy Guests, this falls on thee,
 On whom the Gods, and *Jove*, revenged be.
 Raging at this, He a torn Mountains top
 Threw at our Ship, and aim'd it at the Poop,
 The mighty Stone close by the Rudder fell,
 And Waves percuss'd in briny Billows swell,
 Which back to land our Vessel almost bore;
 With a long Pole I forc'd her off from Shore,
 Commanding them to Shove; no Toyl they spare,
 When to the *Offine* we were twice as far,
 I would have spoke, but mee m' Associates did
 Perswade with winning Language, and forbid,
 Vex him no more; if the great Stone had hit,
 Which forc'd us on the Shore, we had been split:
 If thou should'st speak again we ruin'd are,
 Such is his Strength, and he can throw so far,

Yet

Yet all their Rhetorick could not me dissuade,
But to him raging, thus I boldly said;
If how thou lost thy Eye th' art question'd, say
Ulysses did it, King of Ithaca.

Then thus he braid; ^(p) Telemus me foretold,
Who 'mongst the Cyclops prophes'd of Old,
By one Ulysses I should lose my Sight;
Him some Gygantic Prince of matchless Might
Then I suppos'd to be; but now I find,
An Elf, a Coward, Dwarf, hath made me Blind.
But land again Ulysses, that I may
To thee an hospitable Gift repay;
And I my Father Neptune will implore
To send thee safe unto thy Native Shore,
And heal my wounded Eye, which none else can
Of Heavenly Extract, or the seed of Man.

Then I reply'd, Would I Commission had
To send thy Soul to the Infernal Shade:
Then Neptune should not thy lost Eye restore.

This said, His Father thus did he implore;
Great Neptune hear thy Of-springs earnest Pray'r,
Let not Ulysses ever Home repair:
But if the Fates resolve his Country He,
His Court, and Friends, shall view, Late let it be:
Drownd his Companions first, then let him come
In a strange Vessel, to more Mischief Home.
Thus Cyclops pray'd, and Neptune heard his Pray'r:
Then up he takes a Stone, greater by far
Then first he threw, and whirling round, lets slip
With mighty Force, and aim'd it at the Ship,
Which like a Rock close by the Rudder fell,
And Waves percuft in briny Mountains swell,
Which from those Confines Us to th' Ocean beat:
But when we reach'd the Isle, where lay our Fleet,
S Where

(p) Telemus the son of Eurymus, according to Ovid, who mentions this Prophecie of our Poet. lib. 13. Metamorph.

Telemus interea Siculum delatus in a-
quor,
Telemus Eurymides, quem nulla fefel-
lerat ales
Terribilem Polyphemum adit, lumen-
que quod unum
Fronte geris media rapit tibi, dixit,
Ulysses.

Telemus sailing the Sicilian Sea,
Eurymus Son, well skill'd in Augury,
Told Polyphemus, one Ulysses should
Put out that eye which 'midst his fore-
head stood.

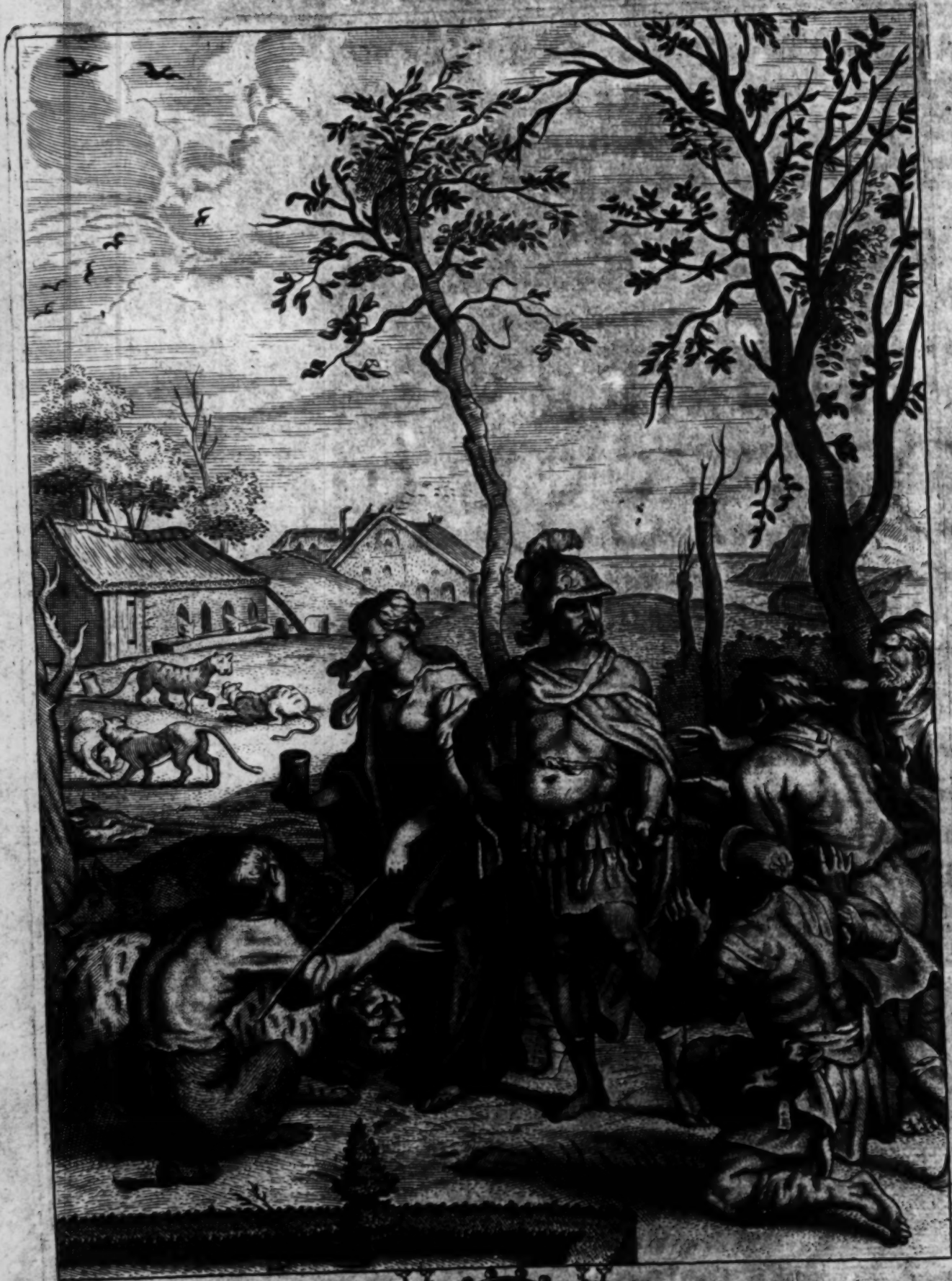
The same Prophecie is mention'd too
by Euripides, but he conceals the Au-
thor of it.

"Αἰὼν παλαιὸς χρησμὸς ἀπερρίνυσται"
Τυφλῷ γὰρ ὄψιν ἐκ σίδος χάσσειν μ' ἔρη
Τροίης ἀφ' ἑμυδάϊστο.

As th' ancient Prophecie, which said
that you
Coming from Troy should put my Eye
out's true.

Where sat our Friends expecting on the Strand,
We run our Vessel in, and joyful Land,
And *Polyphemus* Flock by Divident
The people shar'd; the Ram they me present,
Which I to *Jove*, who rules both Earth, and Skies,
Offer'd, but he contemn'd our Sacrifice;
Who then contriv'd how to destroy our Fleet,
And all my Friends: There sat we till Sun-set
Feasting, and drinking Wine; but when the Day
Nights Curtains clos'd, down on the Shore we lay
In sweet Repose: No sooner had the Dawn
With rosie Fingers Lights Portcullice drawn,
Then I commanded them without Delay,
To go aboard, they went, and Anchors weigh:
Then plac'd in order on their Bancks, they sweep
The briny Surface of the foamy Deep,
And with sad Hearts for our Companions lost
We take the *Offline*, and forsake the Coast.

HOMERS



Honoratissimo Domino D^{no}
Baroni Cauerdisch
Tabulam hanc



Guilielmo Cauerdisch
de Hardwick

LMDDDIOLik. 4. 177



HOMER'S ODYSSES.

THE TENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*A Fætion ; They unrip Ulysses Sack ;
Imprison'd Winds burst forth, and drive them back.
Læstrygon Gyants ; The Circean Shores
Ulysses spies, th' Inchantress turns to Boars.
He threats to kill her, Love the Quarrel ends,
Twelve days She Feasts him, then i' Elizium sends.*



AN D came to th' ^(a) *Æolian Isle*,
where *Æolus* dwelt,
A floating Isle guirt in a brazen
Belt,
With Walls environ'd of Sea-po-
lish'd Stones :

Twelve his fair Race ; ^(b) six Daughters, and six Sons,
He at his Court in Nuptial Rites conjoyn'd,
Who with their royal Parents sop'd, and din'd,
With various Dishes feasted to the height :
Their perfum'd Roofs all Day resound, at Night

S 2

Sleeping

(a) The Poet mentions one only of the *Æolian* Isles, the Seat of *Æolus*'s Empire, which were seven ; *Strongyle*, *Enonimus*, *Didyme*, *Phœnicodes*, *Eri-codes*, *Hiera*, and *Lipara*, as they are enumerated by *Diodorus Siculus* in his fifth Book, and *Pliny* in his third ; nei-ther doth he deliver the proper name of it (for they are mistaken, which from this place call it *Æolia*.) *Strabo* says it was *Strongyle*. *Ἡ δὲ Στρογγύλη καλεῖται μὲν ἀπὸ τοῦ σχήματος ὡς ἡ αὐτὴ διὰ τοῦ θ, ὅτι μὲν φερεῖται ἀπὸ τοῦ θ, τὸ δὲ εἶναι πλεονεξίαν ἐστὶν αὐτῇ τὸν Ἄϊον διὰ τὴν φωνήν, Strongyle is so called from the roundness of its figure. This, they say, was the Seat of *Æolus*. Him *Pliny* follows, lib. 3. *Tertia Strongyle à Lipara M. Pass. ad exortum Solis vergens, in qua regnavit Æolus*, *Strongyle* lies a mile East of *Lipara*, where *Æolus* reigned. It lies between *Sicily*, and *Italy*, in the Italian Carts call'd corruptly *Strombolo*.*

(b) *Diodorus Siculus* mentions not any Daughters of *Æolus*, but has re-corded the names of his Sons, here o-mitted, viz. *Astyochus*, *Xuthus*, *Androcles*, *Pheramion*, *Jocastes*, and *Agathyrnus*.

Sleeping on Tap'stry-Quilts, in Beds of Gold,
 Their Wives in sweet embraces they infold.
 We to the City, and the Court repaire,
 A Month with him we entertained were,
 Whil'ft he inquires of *Troy*, and our Retreat,
 Our tedious Siege, and Voyage, I relate :
 But when I beg'd his Licence to depart,
 He granting gave me, sow'd with wondrous Art,
 A stuff'd up ^(c) Bag, a nine years Oxes Hide,
 In which were Storms, and struggling Tempests ty'd.
 Impowr'd by *Jove*, the Winds King *Æolus* swaies,
 Provokes their Fury, or their Wrath allaies.
 This on our Deck he bound with silver Wire,
 So that no Breath could issue, nor respire ;
 And sent fair Gales to give our Vessel speed,
 But by our Folly we our selves undid :
 Our Voyage lost, nine Days, and Nights, we steer'd,
 When on the Tenth, our Native Coasts appear'd ;
 And we, drawn neer, beheld the smoke arise:
 There lulling sleep clos'd up my weary Eys,
 For still I steer'd, nor would the Helm forsake,
 That we the sooner might our Voyage make.

When thus one murmuring spake ; Silver, and Gold,
 This Bull-skin-Cloak-bag fardled up must hold :
 No meaner Present *Æolus* ever made.

'Gainst me another frowning, then inveigh'd ;
 Ah how our Cheife They prize ; of what Renown
 VWhere e're he comes, in Country, Court, or Town ;
 What Pillage fell at *Ilium* to his share,
 When we return as poor as e're we were ?

This *Æolus* gave in Friendship to conjoyn :
 Come let us search this Gold and Silver Mine.

Th' unhappy Counsel takes, and they accurst
 Unloose the Bag, and forth loud Tempests burst ;

A

(c) It was the saying of *Eratosthenes*, that we should then know where *Æolus* reign'd, when we found out the Coblers name that stich'd up this Bottle, in which the Winds were contain'd. It was his opinion, that the whole relation concerning the *Cyclops*, *Leſtrogons*, *Phaicians*, &c. and this of *Æolus*, was meerly a figment of the Poets : but they that have examin'd it more accurately, do find a real History, though obscurely, intimated in the Romance. *Diodorus Siculus* saies that *Æolus* married *Cyane* the Daughter of *Liparus*, whom he succeeded in his Dominion ; a Pious, Just, and Hospitable Prince ; he by observing the driving of the Smoak which ascended out of the fiery Caverns, with which the Island *Lipara* abounds, could foretell the motion of the Winds, according to *Strabo* and *Pliny* ; from whence he is feign'd by the Poet to have the dominion of them. Him *Virgil* follows, *Æneid*. 1.

—hic vestro Rex *Æolus* antro
 Laetantes ventos, tempestatesque sonoras
 Imperio premit, & vinculis ac carcere
 frangat.

— here King *Æolus* reigus,
 And the rebellious Winds in Prison
 chains.

And *Dionysius* in his *Periegesis*,

Ἄϊόλος δὲ δούκων μετ' ἀνδράσιν ἕλκεα καὶ
 κοίτας αἰνέων κλονέσθων θ' ἱερῶν ἀντρίων

Great was the Grant to *Æolus* assign'd,
 To rule the gentle, and the boisterous
 Wind.

A cross-wind plows the Main, and with strange force
 Them weeping drove from their intended Course;
 When I awak'd, alarm'd from my Dream,
 Considering whether I in this extream
 Should drown my self, or silent yet survive,
 Till Waves had swallow'd me with them alive:
 But patient I endur'd, and cover'd lay,
 Till we were driven to th' *Æolian* Bay.
 Whil'ft their loud Sighs out-voyc'd the mouthing wind:
 There landing, we a Crystal Fountain find,
 And straight repast they for themselves prepare:
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
 I with a Herald and one more addrest
 My self to *Æolus*, sitting at a Feast,
 Then with his Sons, and Daughters, and fair Queen:
 All were amaz'd beholding us come in,
 And stopping at the Door admiring, spake;
 What evil Spirit drove *Ulysses* back?
 Whence com'st thou? We dismiss thee with great Care,
 That thou might'st to thy dearest Home repaire.

Then sadly I reply'd; Back through the Deep,
 Wrong'd by my Friends, and overpowr'd by Sleep,
 I am inforc'd once more to beg your Aid:
 I in such melting Language did perswade.
 All silent were, when th' angry King thus spake;
 Be gon thou worst of Men, this Isle forsake,
 I must not aid, nor harbour, one whom Fate,
 And all the Court of Just Celestials hate:
 In an ill Hour thou hither cam'st, Depart.
 Thus he Dismist me with a broken Heart;
 And we from thence in sad Condition sail,
 No hopes of our Return, our Spirits fail.
 Six Days, and Nights, through briny Waves we steer,
 The seventh, to us King ^(d) *Lamus* Walls appear,

And

(d) King of *Formia*, a City of *Campania*, from whom the *Ælii*, a Senatorian Family in *Rome* were descended, and received the Sur-name of *Lamia*, as *Horace* testifies *Carth. lib. 1. Od. 17.*

*Æli vetusto nobilis ab Iamo,
 Quando & priores hinc Lamias ferunt
 Denominatos, et nepotum
 Per memores genus omne fastos.
 Autore ab illo ducis originem
 Qui Formiarum membra dicitur
 Princeps, et innantem Mariæ
 Littoribus tenuisse Lyrim;
 Latè tyrannus.*

Brave *Ælius* from *Lamus* King a Stem
 Our Annals say, thy house descends
 from him,
 From him deriv'd thou thy Originals,
 Who first built *Formia*, with such lofty
 Walls,
 And *Lyris* rul'd, that wash'd *Myrica*
 Strands
 With Silver Waves, who there had
 large Commands.

And *Lastrygonian* Ports, where Shepherds keep
 Their Flocks by turns, and he that doth not sleep,
 Watching by Night, they double his reward;
 This looks to Sheep, Another feeds the Heard.
 The Port we enter, guarded on each side
 With jetting Rocks, within the Harbour wide
 Th' opposing Shores extend, the Passage streight,
 Winds ne'r rowl here, Waves to unruly height:
 There in close order the whole Navy lay,
 And fill'd the Bosom of the winding Bay;
 I only road without, where fast I made
 My Vessel to a Clift, then round survaied
 Upon a Summit, but no Works I could
 Of Men, nor Beasts, or Pasturage behold,
 But rising Smoke: straight I a Herald sent,
 And two with him, along the Path they went.

Where from the Mountains they Materials drew:

Antiphates Daughter at the spring they view,
 King of the ^(f) *Lastrygonians*; to this Stream,
Artacia stil'd, the Town for Water came.

They drawing nigh inquire, who rul'd that Land,
 What King, or Potentate, there bore Command,
 She with them to her Fathers Pallace hies;

Where entring, they, of a prodigious size
 A Woman saw, Huge, like a Hill, they all
 Amazed stood, whilst she forsakes the Hall
 To fetch the King her Husband, whom She brought,
 Death threatening, and with dire Destruction fraught.
 Straight one he snatch'd, and for his Supper drest,
 Whilst to the Fleet, affrighted, fly the rest:

But He the Town alarms, the People heard,
 And *Lastrygonians* numberless appear'd;
 They, not resembling Men, but Gyants vast,
 Upon our Ships torn Rocks, and Mountains cast:

Straight

(e) Descended from *Lamus*, and King at this time of the *Lastrygonians*. *Ovid Metamor. lib. 14.*

Inde Lami veterem Lastrygonis, inquit, in urbem Venimus: Antiphates terra regnabat in illa.

From thence the antient City we attain'd
 Of *Lamus*, where *Antiphates* then reign'd.

(f) The Poet has omitted the names of the persons murder'd, but *Ovid* has preserv'd one of them, *Achamenides*; for thus he makes him speak;

Adissus ad hunc ego sum numero comitante duorum, Vixque fugam quaeta salus comitique mihi que: Tertius est nobis Lastrygonis impia iunxerat Ora cruce suo—

I, and two more to him were sent, but two,
 I and my Mate, escap'd with much ado,
 The third, the *Lastrygonians* gullet dy'd
 With his own gore.

He was afterwards left on land in the Country of the *Cyclops*, and saved by *Aeneas* who landed there, as *Virgil* writes at large in the third of his *Aeneid*.

Straight a sad Noyse flies ore the Harbors Banks
 Of dying Men, of shatter'd Decks, and Planks,
 Which they as Fishes flew to serve their board,
 Whil'st I, my Falchion drawing, cut the Cord:
 Their Oars I bid them ply their Lives to save,
 Death at their Heels: They brush the briny Wave,
 And soon our Ship the open Sea enjoy'd,
 But all the rest the *Læstrygons* destroy'd.
 Hence with sad Hearts we sail, so many lost,
 Till we at last reach'd the ^(c) *Ææan* Coast.
 There the bright Goddess dwelt, *Circe* the fair,
 Brother and Sister ^(b) *Æetas* and *Circe* were;
 Sprung from the Sun, *Perse* their Mother styl'd,
 Daughter *Oceanus*: some Stars more mild
 There put us in; there lay we to repose
 Two Days, and Nights, harras'd with Toyls, and Woes.
 But the third day, I with the breaking Dawn
 Took up my Spear, my good Sword guirded on;
 Then from a Summits top survaid each where,
 If Men had been, or if some now were there;
 Thus gaz'd I, and about me round did look,
 At last methought I saw a rising Smoak,
 Which was from *Circe's* Palace in a Wood.
 There long consulting with my self I stood,
 Considering what to do, what Course to take:
 My varying thoughts this Resolution make;
 My Ship first to revisit on the Shore,
 Refresh my Friends, then send some out to explore;
 On my Design thus walking to the Road,
 Pitying our sad Condition, some kind God
 Put from the Grove a Stag, whom *Phæbus* Beams
 Inforc'd to water at refreshing Streams;
 At him, thus stalking on, my Spear I threw,
 Quite through his Chine the well aim'd Javelin flew:

The

(c) An Island in the *Hætrurian* Sea, so called from *Ææa* a Town by the *Phasis*, 15 miles from the *Euxine* Sea, from whence *Circe* fled thither. *Apolonius* in his *Argonauticks*,

καρπαλίμως δ' ἐν δύνῃσι δὲ ἔξ αἰλῆς ἔειμα
 ἰόντο
 "Αυσονίης αἰλῆς Τυρσηῶνδ' αἰσχροῖσι
 ἔχον δ' Ἀΐαιος λιμένα κλυτὸν. ἐν δ' ἄρα
 νηὶς
 Πείσματ' ἐπ' ἠόντων χερσὶν βάλον. ἐν δὲ δὴ
 κίχλῳ
 "Εὐρον αἰλῆς νοστήσας ἔχρη ἐπὶ τῷ αὐτῷ νηὶ.

Stoutly from thence through breaking
 Waves they bore,
 And passing view'd th' Ausonian Tuf-
 can Shore;
 Then came unto the famous *Ææan* Bay,
 Where near the Shore they Anchors cast;
 here they
 Found *Circe* washing in the sea her head.

This Island was called from her *Circeus*. But *Pliny* observes, that that which in *Homer's* time was an Island far remote from *Italy*, and in *Theophrastus* age a mile distant, is now part of the Continent. *Strabo* says that in his time there remained the Temple of *Circe*, and a Goblet of *Ulysses's*, some dark remains of this relation.

(b) *Hesiod* follows the genealogy of our Poet in his *Theogonia*,

"Ἡελίῳ δ' ἀΐσμα γι τέκα κλυτὴν Ὀκεανίην
 Περσέϊς κίχλῳ τῇ δ' Αἰήτῳ βασιλῆϊ.

To the Sun *Perse*, th' *Oceanus* Daughter
 bare
 Etes, and *Circe* with the golden hair.

But *Diodorus Siculus* lib. 5. makes *Circe* the daughter of *Æetas*.

The struck Deer falling, grovels on the Ground,
 Whil'ft I my Lance draw from the deadly Wound ;
 The Quarry left, I Branches pluck'd, and hard
 With winding stretch'd to a sufficient Cord,
 Which on my Neck ty'd by the Feet I bore,
 Leaning upon my Spear, down to the shore ;
 Well on my shoulder him I could not get
 With th' other hand, the Monster was so great :
 Before the Ship my heavy load I laid,
 And my Associates comforting, thus said ;

To *Pluto's* Court, dear Friends, we shall not yet
 Be summon'd, nor to Nature pay our Debt,
 Let's now be merry, now lets eat, and drink,
 No more of Want, nor our Misfortune think :
 There needs small invitation to a Feast,
 They all appear, nor wanted I a Guest :
 Th' admire the Stag, so fat, and fair a prize.
 When they enough had banqueted their Eyes,
 They wash their Hands, and Dinner ready get,
 Then sat we feasting, till bright *Phabus* set,
 With richest Wine, with well-fed Venson store ;
 And growing dark, we quarter'd on the Shore.
 But when the rose-finger'd Morn arose,
 I to my Friends refresh'd, did thus propose ;

My fellow-sufferers, you who undergo
 With me, and bravely too, Wo heap'd on Wo ;
 Since we no certain ⁽¹⁾ North, nor South have found,
 Nor where th' inlightning Sun posts under Ground,
 Nor where his Rise ; yet our own Interest
 Let us with Care pursue, and Cast the best.

I saw, when I on yonder Prospect stood,
 A little Isle environ'd with a Wood,
 And through a shady Grove, ascending Smoke.
 This said, they tremble with fresh Terrour struck,

And

(1) The vulgar interpretation of this place, amongst the ancient Grammarians, supposed two parts of the heavens only to be here signified, the East, and West ; But *Strabo* has confus'd that opinion out of several places of our Poet, whom we have chose here to follow, *Iliad* 12. Ζέφ' or darkness is taken

Ἐὶ τ' ἴωι δὲ τ' ἴωι, περὶ δὲ τ' ἴωι
 Ἐὶ τ' ἴωι ἀριστερὰ πρὸς τὴν ἄρ' ἴωι

If they to th' Sun the right hand take
 their flight,
 Or to the left, the seat of lasting Night.

And to their minds the *Laestrygons* recall,
 And *Polypbemos* that huge Cannibal,
 Whilst down their Cheeks tears in a Deluge glide :
 Yet I in two my Company divide ;
Eurylochus had half, the rest I take ;
 And Lots we cast, the brazen Helmet shake :
Eurylochus the Country must explore
 With Twenty two, they weeping leave the Shore,
 And *Circe's* Palace found, where Lyons storm'd,
 And Wolves about the gates, from ^(k) Men transform'd :
 These Monsters set not on them though, but Tame,
 Wagging their Tails, on fauning gently came :
 Like vanting Hounds, who leap about their King,
 Who from a Feast doth them sweet Morsels bring :
 About them so huge Wolves, and Lyons leap'd :
 They frighted at the horrid Monsters, step'd
 Into the beauteous Goddess's Portal, where,
 Her at her Web they sweetly singing hear
 Notes so delicious, to a Thread so fine,
 That we may call both Song, and Web, divine.
Polytes ^(*) then, one whom I dearly lov'd,
 And most esteem'd, thus his Associates mov'd ;
 Some Goddess, Sirs, within, or Woman sings,
 Plying her Loom, how the arch'd Pavement rings !
 Let's make Address : this said, aloud they call,
 The Gates she opening, leads into the Hall ;
 They rashly following, on th' Inchantress wait,
Eurylochus staid, expecting some Deceit,
 Whilst she the Strangers sets in stately Chairs,
 And Cheese, Flowre, Hony mix'd with Wine prepares :
 Before them Bread steep'd with dire Drugs she set,
 That they their Native Country might forget :
 When well th' had fed, oft ebb'd the sparkling Cup,
 Whisking her Wand, in Stys she pens them up,
 T Transform'd

(k) In this story of *Circe* the Poet delivers the opinion of the antients concerning Witches, and Inchantments, viz. that they had power to transform the bodies of men into other Animals. *Herodotus* writes thus of the *Neuri*, or *Leiflanders*, These may be supposed to be Wizards : for the *Scythians*, and those *Grecians* that live in *Scythia*, report that once a year, for some few dayes, they are all transform'd into Wolves, and afterwards return to their own shape : They persuade not me to believe what they say ; nevertheless they do both affirm it and swear to it. So *Virgil* in his *Pharmacutria*,

*Hæc herbas atque hæc Ponto mihi læta
 venena
 Ipse dedit Mæris : nascuntur plurima
 Ponto.
 His ego sæpe lupum fieri, & se condere
 sylvis
 Mærin* —

For me these Herbs in *Pontus Mæris* chose,
 There every powerful Drug in plenty grows
 Transform'd t' a Wolf I often *Mæris*
 saw,
 Then into shady Woods himself with-
 draw.

Several modern examples of this nature are to be found in *Bodinus*, *Petrus Mamorus*, and *Henricus Colonius*. But *Pliny*, not unjustly, imputes it to the credulity of the *Greeks*, amongst whom there could no Lie be so impudent as to want a Witness.

(*) *Hæmex* mentions but one of them who were transform'd, *Polytes*, but *Ovid* has preserv'd the names of two more, in whose *Metamorphosis* *Achæmenides* thus speaks ;
*Sorte sumus læli, fors me fidemque
 Polyten
 Eurylochumque simul, nimisque Elpe-
 nora vini.
 Bisque metem socios Circeæ ad mania
 misit.*

To me *Polytes* and *Eurylochus* join,
 By Lot chose, and *Elpenor* giv'n to
 Wine,
 With eighteen more to *Circe's* Palace
 sent.

Transform'd to grunting Swine in bristly Hair,
Their Minds the same, so lay they weeping there,
Whil'st she brings Mast, and Acorns for their Food,
Such as they feast on, groveling in the Mud.

Eurylochus fled to the Ship to tell
What woful Accident the rest befell,
But could not speak one word, though fain he woud,
Grief pierc'd his Heart, with Tears his Eys oreflow'd:
With these sad Symptoms, ready to expire,
We throng about him, and the Cause inquire.

When this account he of his Fellows makes;

We went, renown'd *Ulysses*, through the Brakes,
As Thou commandedst us, untill we found
A Court of polish'd marble Moted round,
There plying of her Web, as we drew neer,
A Goddess, or a Womans Voyce we hear,
They call aloud, her self, the beauteous Queen
Opens the Gates, and kind invites them in:
They rashly entring, all upon her wait,
Whil'st I stood still, suspecting some Deceit,
But straight they vanish'd, and appear'd no more,
Though long I stay'd expecting at the Door.

This said; I guirt my Sword, and took my Bow,
And straight commanded him the Way to show:
But he holding my Knees strove to dissuade,
And much lamenting, to this purpose said;

O take not me along, but leave me here,
Your Curiosity will cost you dear;
For I am sure, I n'er shall see again
You, noble Sir, nor any of your Train:
But let us lanch with speed, fly while we may,
Whil'st we have power to scape the Evil Day.

Thus he requested, when I thus reply'd;

Stay then *Eurylochus*, and here abide,

Rest

Rest and refresh thy self ; but I must go,
Invincible necessity saies so.

This said, I from my Vessel did descend,
But as through sacred Vales my Course I bend
Towards *Circe's* Court, when I was almost there,
In's own shape *Hermes* did to me appear,
A brisk young gallant with a golden Wand,
And speaking, took me kindly by the Hand ;

Unhappy ! is this place to Thee unknown,
That thus Thou wandrest through these wildes alone ?
Thy Friends transform'd to Swine, here coup'd in Sties
Lie under *Circe's* dire Arrest ; advise
First with Thy self, com'st thou their Bail to be ?
She'll stay thee sooner then thou set them free :
But I will thee preserve, take Thou this Dose,
And keeping safe, venture into her House :
This all her preparations quite disarms.

I'll tell thee where she puts her 'poys'ning Charms,
She'll set before Thee Bread, and Wine, in which
Dire Compositions are that straight bewitch :
But this will stop the working, straight it shall
Kill the strong mixture : Come, I'll tell Thee all ;
When with her wand she offers Thee to strike,
Thy Falchion draw, and do to her the like,
Threatning to kill ; Then daunted she'll invite
Thee to Love sports, and pleasures of the Night :
The Goddess not refuse, that so thou may'st
By her gain'd Favour get thy Friends releast :
Then make her swear she by no other Charm,
Shall of thy strength, and courage thee disarm.
This said, an Herb pluck'd from the tender mold
He gave me, and its Vertues did unfold :
Sable the Root, bloom'd with a silver Flow'r,
Which Gods call ⁽¹⁾ *Moly*, scarce by Mortal power

T 2

To

(1) There were several antidotes to Enchantments known to the Ancients. *Tzitzetzis*, ἀνταθῆν μαγικαῖς πᾶσι τῶν μύλων, δῆρην, ἀπὸ θαλάσσης, *Moly*, *Lawrel*, and the sea-star, have an antipathy to all manner of Magick: *Dionysius* reckons the *Jasper* amongst them, in his *Periegesis*.

οὐκ ἔστι κρύσταλλον, ἰδὲ ἀνταθῆναι ἱκανὴν
Ἐχθρὴν ἐμπίσσει καὶ ἄλλοις ἐδούλοισιν.

It brings forth *Crystal*, and the *Jasper* bright,
Which Ghosts, and Spelltrums, puts to flight.

Pliny saies that no Enchantments can hurt that house to whose Posts, or Nails is affixed *Stella marina* dip'd in the blood of a Fox. *Amatus Lusitanus* affirms that the herb *Moly* grows in the fields of *Nap'es*. *Melchior Guilandinus* kept one of them among the rest of his Rarities, which was brought out of *Egypt*, who saies, that it is drawn out of the Earth by a Dog, tied to it for that purpose, who is immediately suffocated ; which comes something near to what our Poet writes here. *Apion* the Grammarian declared publicly, that by the virtue of the herb *Cynoccephalia*, by the *Egyptians* call'd *Oxyris*, he had charm'd up the Ghost of *Homer*, to inquire of him who were his Parents, and what his Country, but that he durst not declare his answer. *Pliny* *Nat. Hist.* lib. 30,

To be pluck'd up, but Gods can all things do:
Thence to *Olympick* Turrets *Hermes* flew,
I through the Grove to *Circe's* Pallace went,
Much troubled, doubtful what might be th' Event.
Drawn neer the House I call, the ready Queen
Opens the Gates, and kind invites me in,
I sadly follow, where a Chair she plac'd,
And Footstool for me curiously enchac'd :
A golden Goblet then with dire intent,
Full of bewitching liquor did present :
Iebb'd the Bowl, but no effect it had,
When with her Wand she striking me thus said ;
 Go 'mongst thy Mates, and fill yon nasty Sty ;
At this I draw my Sword, and at her fly,
As her I would have slain, a loud she skreeks,
And running in, tears trickling down her Cheeks,
My Knees imbracing thus a Supplyant spoke ;
Who art, whence com'st thou, of what wondrous Stock?
I am amaz'd thou art not yet transform'd,
Who e're tastes this is to some purpose charm'd :
Thou art the first escap'd that e're did sip,
Or let one dram oth' Bottle pass his Lip :
What wondrous Antidote thus steel'd thy Heart ?
Sure thou'rt *Ulysses* that so subtil art,
Whom *Hermes* oft told me I should enjoy
Returning from the Sack of wealthy *Troy* :
Put up that Weapon, must we have a bout ?
In Bed, with other Arms, let's fight it out ;
There charge me home, I dare your worst of spight,
All Duels their Love seconds, and Delight.
To her inticing, I this answer give ;
 How thy alluring words may I beleive,
And Thee imbracing my Revenge decline,
Who keep'st my friends coup'd up, transform'd to swine?
Thou

Thou hast some farther reach with powerful Charms
 To conquer mee left naked in thy Arms:
 To venture to thy Bed I shall be loath,
 Unless thou please to take the *Stygian* Oath,
 That thou hast no Design on any Score
 To injure me. This said, the Goddess swore;
 Bound with her Vow we enter the Alcove,
 There conquering Fears, and Jealousies ^(m) with Love.

Mean while four Maids, whose office was to keep
 The Pallace clean, the Rooms to dress and sweep,
 Fall to their work, Nymphs all, who haunt the Woods,
 Fountains, and Rivers posting to the Floods.

This ore the Benches royal Tap'stry cast,
 And bordering under with fine linnen grac'd;
 That neer the Seates covers a Silver board,
 Then lades with golden Dishes, whil'st the Third
 Mix'd in a guilded Vessel purest Wine,
 And makes with golden Bowls the Cupboard shine.
 The Fourth brings water, on, a Trevet sets,
 Kindling a lusty fire, the Liquor heats.
 Then neer the steaming Caldron me she plac'd,
 And on my Head and Shoulders water cast,
 My Body bath'd, refresh'd thus after Toyl,
 She supples ore with odoriferous Oyl;
 Then on she puts my Coat, and Vestments, neat,
 Sets me a Foot-stool, and a silver Seat,
 Bids me fall too; but I distrust the Cates,
 Fearing they were not Food, but rather Baits.
 When *Circe* saw me thus demurely sit,
 Nor would of various Plenty touch one bit;

Ulysses, said she, Why sit'st thou so mute,
 Like one Forlorn, nor wilt thy Spirits recruit
 With wholsom Wine, and this our Fare though plain
 Suspect'st thou still? Thou Jealous art in Vain,
 Thou

(m) *Hesiod* in his Genealogy of the Gods names two sons which *Circe* bare to *Ulysses*, though our Poet mentions but one years stay with her,

Κίρκη δ' Ἥλίου θυγάτηρ, Τηλεγονίδης
 Τίχ' ἔσθ' Ὀδυσσεὺς τ' ἀλκιμῆρος ἐν φιλό-
 πρῳ
 Ἄγχιον, ἣν Ἀδελφεὺν ἀμύμονα τὸν ἀπ' Ἄ-
 γέρου.

Circe the Suns race to *Ulysses* bore
Agrius, and *Latinus*.

Hyginus in his Fables calls them *Nau-
 sibous*, and *Telegonus*.

Thou know'st that I have sworn the mighty Oath.

Then I reply'd ; What Man would not be loath,
Madam, that Common sense hath, or a Soul,
To touch these Meats, or lift that golden Bowl,
Before he see his dear Relations freed,
Set them at Liberty, then bid me feed :
When They appear on then I'll boldly fall.

This said, She takes her Wand, and leaves the Hall,
Opens their Styes, where straight we might behold
Huge Boars, who seem'd at least full nine years old,
With counter Charms th' Inchantress 'noints them all ;
Straight their rough Hair, and horrid Brisles fall,
And they their Shapes resume, more young, and fair,
Plumper their Cheeks, their Limbs more Brauny were ;
They knowing mee, by each hand grasping clung,
Whil'st with loud Joy the arched Ceilings rung.
Then mov'd b' indulging pity *Circe* spake ;

Now of thy Ship some care *Ulysses* take,
First, draw her up, and freed from boyf'rous Storms,
In neighbouring Caves thy Tackle stow, and Arms,
Then straight return, and bring those left behind :
All doubts, and fears, thus banish'd from my mind,
Straight went I to my Vessel, where I found
My woful Friends in Tears and Sorrow drown'd ;
As well-fed Heifers play at Prison-Base,
About their Mothers coming home from Grass,
Lowing they frisk, their Stals the Wantons shun ;
Weeping with Joy, so they about me run ;
As glad as if their Voyage they had made,
And landed were at Home, when thus they said ;

So much we joy to see Thee now return,
As if arriv'd we were, where we were born ;
But where, and how our dear Associates dy'd,
Ah tell us, Sir : I cheerfully reply'd ;

First

First draw our Vessel up from Winds and Waves,
 Our Arms and Tackle stow, in neighb'ring Caves;
 Then follow me where you in *Circe's* Court,
 Shall to your Friends, and plenteous Boards resort.
 Straight all prepare, *Eurylochus* dismaid,
 Refus'd to go, and thus to stop them said;

Ah hapless Friends have you not Woes enough,
 But you'll adventure under *Circe's* Roof!
 She will transform you all to salvage Boars,
 Fierce Wolves, or Lyons, so to guard her Doors:
 As *Cyclops* when *Ulysses* in a Brave
 With Twelve of us adventur'd in his Cave,
 Half perish'd there by his wild Plot forsooth.

My Reason then almost orepowr'd my Wrath:
 Though my dear (*) Kinsman, I without remorse
 Had left him there a decollated Coarse:

(*) According to *Eusebius* he had married *Ctimene* the Sister of *Ulysses*.

But they with mild persuasions press'd me hard
 To leave him there, let him the Vessel guard,
 And lead us on to sacred *Circe's* Court.

This said, we leave the Vessel, and the Port,
 Neither *Eurylochus* behind us staid,
 But fearing my Displeasure, he obey'd.

Those whom I left in *Circe's* Court, mean while
 She bath'd and 'noynted with delicious Oyl,
 Cloathing in comely Habits, whom we found
 Set at a Feast; the arched Roofs resound.
 With joyful Tears, when they their Friends survoid
 In such a Posture, Thus then *Circe* said;

No more Renown'd *Ulysses* now complain,
 I know your sufferings on the boyst'rous Main,
 And what by Men more rough, you felt a-Shore:
 Now eat, and drink, and wasted Spirits restore;
 Be as you were, when first your native Soyl,
 Rough *Ithaca*, you left; nor your Exile

To

To memory more, nor tedious Travels call,
 What e're, be merry, and forget them all.

Encourag'd thus the Goddess I obey'd,
 And a whole year there banqueting we staid,
 At various Dishes, and delicious Wines;
 But when the Sun had posted through twelve Signs,
 His annual Progress through the Zodiack,
 Thus then my Friends, their minds imparting, spake;

Your Country, Sir, 'tis now ah more then time
 To call to mind, if e're your native Clime
 And lofty Palace you to see intend:
 This said, I to the Motion condescend.
 Then all the Day we Feasted; but when Night
 With dusky Troops had put days beams to flight,
 They to their Chambers went, and I repair
 To Circe's Lodgings: Her then finding there,
 I kneeling as an humble Supplyant, said;

Goddeſs, make good the Promise thou haſt made,
 Me to diſmiſs when willing to depart;
 And now my Friends, when e're thou abſent art,
 Importune me with Tears thy Court to leave.
 She kindly to my Sute this Answer gave;

Renown'd Ulyſſes, dear as if my Spouſe,
 Thou ſhalt no longer tarry in my Houſe
 Then thy own pleaſure thee inclines, but know,
 That firſt thou muſt another Voyage go,
 Where Proſerpine, and Pluto, keep their Court,
 And there to blind Tireſias Gholt reſort:
 Hell's Empreſs gave his Shade a ^(c) ſolid Mind,
 Whil'ſt others fleet like Waves, or empty Wind.
 I felt my Heart-ſtrings crack at what ſhe ſaid,
 Up ſat I weeping, and ſo much diſmaid,
 That I no longer wiſh'd to live, nor ſee
 Days cheering Beams, no Comfort now to me.

But

(a) The Fable of Tireſias is diverſly reported by the Grecians. Callimachus ſayes, that as he was hunting on the Mountain Helicon, he unfortunately ſaw Minerva the Virgin Goddeſs, waſhing her ſelf in the Fountain Hippocrene, for which he was ſtruck blind; But to whom ſhe gave the gift of Prephetic while he liv'd, and obtain'd the ſame for him of Proſerpina after his death.

Tireſias δ' ἐν ὄρεσιν ἄλυσεν ὕδατος ἀγλαῖαν
 Πιεύοντα, ἵκετο χερσὶν ἀντιπρόσωπον
 Διὸς ἱερῆς δ' ἀπαλόν τι μὲν ἴδον ἄλυσεν ὕδατος
 Σχίσσας, ἐκ δὲ δάκρυ δ' ἴδεν τὰ μὲν δὴ
 μῦθος, &c.

Tireſias, then a Youth, came With his
 Hounds
 Up ſtep Parnallus Heliconian grounds,
 Who thirſty went to drink, unhappy he
 Saw there, what was not fit for him to ſee
 When Pallas vex'd, who ſent thee hiſter,
 ſaid,
 And ſtraight eternal night his Eyes did
 ſhade,
 Yet Thee I'll make a Prophet far beyond
 Any before, when on the Stygian Strand
 Alone thou ſhalt have prudence, thy pale
 Gholt
 Shall alſo honour'd be of Pluto moſt.

The relation is different in Ovid, Hy-
 giuus, and Didymus.

But when a briny Deluge I had shed,
And wearied groveling postures on her Bed,
I faintly thus; But who shall shew the Way?
Does any to the Devil go by Sea?

Then she reply'd; Dear be n't so much agast,
Take thou no Care, only erect thy Mast,
Unfurle thy Sails, and *Boreas* shall transport
Thee, with fair Winds, to the Infernal Port.
But when some time th' hast plow'd the foamy Brine,
And seest a Grove sacred to *Proserpine*,
Of Poplars, and of Sallowes, there abide,
And on that Gulphy Oceans Bosom ride,
And walk thy self to *Pluto's* dismal Court,
Where *Acheron* and *Phlegeton* consort,
Where black *Cocytus* and the *Stygian Wave*,
Beating the Rocks, with mingled Billows rave:

Here when thou com'st a ^(p) Hole dig deep and wide,
Then a Libation, for the Dead provide,
With Hony, and Wine, cast water in, and mix
Pure flour, imploring waisted Souls ore *Styx*:
But when thou shalt to *Ithaca* return,
With richer Presents, a Chast Heifer burn;
Yet with a Ram *Tiresias* Ghost invoke,
A black Ram, King, and Father of the Flock:
But after thou hast pray'd to the Renown'd
Nations of Pale Shades wandring under Ground,
A Ram, and black Ewe, sacrifice to them,
And backwards go to the Infernal Stream;
There wander many Souls of those are dead:
Then call on those attend thee, and with speed
Command them flea those slaughter'd Sheep lie there,
And their Skins burning make a zealous pray'r
To *Pluto*, and fair *Proserpine*: but sit
Thou with thy Falchion drawn there, not permit

(p) *Pliny* takes notice, that there is not the least footstep of *Magick* in the whole *Iliads* of *Homer*, but that his *Odysseus* consists almost of nothing else. He seems to have learnt it in *Egypt*; for there it had its origination, from thence carried into *Chaldea*, and afterwards into *Perse*: where it flourish'd, 6000 years before the Death of *Plato*, according to *Endoxus*, and *Aristotle*, no credulous Authors; before the *Trojan War*, 5000 according to *Hermippus*. *Offanes* the Magician, accompanying *Xerxes* in his Expedition against *Greece*, sow'd the seeds of this portentous art; And it is certain, saith *Pliny*, that he not only kindled a desire of this Art in the *Grecians*, but made them mad after it. *Æschylus*, who liv'd at that time, raises the Ghost of *Darius* in his Tragedy call'd, *The Persians*: there he delivers the preceding Sacrifice very agreeable to ths of our Poet's, I suppose taken from thence, thus,

Βόει τ' ἀφ' ὀγυῖς ἀδὸν δ' ἀπὸν γαῖα,
Τῆς τ' ἀνδραμυγῆς σάγμα παμπεδὸς μέλα
Λιβᾶσιν ὀδρεῖλαις παρδὶν πυλῶς μέτα
'Ανδρατὸν τι μῆλ' ὀρεῖλαις ἀπὸ
Πιτὸν παλαιᾶς ἀμπίλου γὰρ τὸ δέ,
Τῆς τ' αἰὲν ἐν φύλλοισι θαλλούσης βίον
Ἐνδρὸς ἑλαίας καρπὸς ἐνὶ οἴκῳ πάρα,
'Ανδρὶ πλεῖστ', παμπεδὸν γαῖας τινασά.

Milk of a Virgin Heifer bring With thee,
And Hony cleer dropt from the Bee,
A maiden Fountains Crystal tears, and
next
With drink of an old Vine unmixt,
And of the golden Olive-tree the fruit,
Whose branches still with Summer
suite,
And folded Flowers, the beauteous birth
Of the all-producing Earth.

There follows also the Hymn with which the Ghost is evoked, but too large to be here transcribed.

The pressing shadows of pale Ghosts draw neer
To tast sweet blood e're thou *Tiresia* hear,
Who straight appearing then will thee instruct,
How Home thy Ship in safety to conduct.

Now rose *Aurora* in her golden Throne,
When *Circe* put my Vest, and Habit, on ;
She a White Gown guirds round her slender Waist
With a bright Zone, her Brows a Fillet grac'd.
Then went I forth, thus calling One by One ;

No more now sleep indulge, Let us be gon,
Circe consents. All muster in a Thought,
And them I off in Health, and Safety brought,
Except *Elpenor*, who the youngest there
Had little Courage, and as little Care ;
Who lying by himself, after a Cup,
In sweet Repose, suddainly starting Up,
Hearing the Noyse of those who ready were,
Hardly awake drop'd backwards ore the Stair,
And broke his Neck : when to the rest I spake ;

We must dear Friends another Voyage make
E're we unto our Native Country sail ;
Circe commands me, and I must not fail :
To *Pluto*, and dire *Proserpine*, we must,
There to consult *Theban Tiresias* Dust.

This broke their Hearts hearing me thus declare,
And weeping down they fate, and tore their Hair.
But Grief n'er Voyage help'd, no time let slip,
Down we lamenting go unto our Ship.
Mean while fair *Circe* to our Vessel came,
Leaving a Black-Ewe bound up with a Ram,
Unseen of any : What Celestial would,
That their Addresses Mortals should behold ?



Honoratissimae Domus
Tabulam hanc



D^o Rubeo Cordis

EMEDDIO 1679



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE ELEVENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses sails to the Infernal Coast.
A Stygian Sacrifice, Tiresias Ghost
First warm blood drinks, and thence directs him Home.
Male, Female shades about him thronging come,
Their Stories tell ; Souls tortur'd ; Gorgon's Head
Fearing to see, he hasts to Sea, and fled.*



SOON as we reach'd the strand,
we lanch our Ship,
Erect our Mast, and hoys'd our
Sails a-trip,
Aboard the Cattel putting, we
deplore

Our sad Misfortune, and forsake the Shore :
When *Circe* sent us straight our promis'd Gale,
A Constant Friend impregnating the Sail.
Whil'st we our stations keep, and banks design'd,
Trusting the Steers-man, and so fair a Wind,

U 2

All

(a) The *Cimmerians* were a miserable people, inhabiting the *Schythian Bosphorus*, living incav'd in the rocks, the air ever dull and obscure by reason of the distant Sun, and high hanging Mountains, whence sprung the Proverb of *Cimmerian* darkness. These our Poet has transported into the furthestmost Northern parts bordering on the Ocean, and fitly out of relation to their obscure mansions made them the inhabitants of those parts where the descent is into the dark regions of Hell: perhaps out of a Poetical revenge: for *Strabo* observes that those *Barbarians* had made an inroad into *Æolis*, and *Ionia*, the Country of *Hom*er, about that time. From hence *Ovid* feigns the Mansion of Sleep among the *Cimmerians*;

Est prope Cimmerion longo spelunca recessu

Mons cavus, ignavi domus & penetralia Somni,

Quo nunquam radiis oriens, mediusve, cadente

Phœbus adire potest; nebula caligine mixta

Exhalantur humo dubia crepuscula lucis

Neer the *Cimmerians* lurks a Cave, in sleep

And hollow Hills, the Mansion of dull Sleep:

Nor seen by *Phœbus* when he mounts the Skies,

At height, nor stooping; gloomy mists arise

From humid earth, which still a twilight make.

(b) That this Magical art of evocating the infernal Ghosts, was in use antiently among the *Grecians*, and in repute, we have already shown: we shall onely now take notice of the means they used to raise them: among which, there was constantly effusion of blood. *Ovid*, in his *Metamorphosis*, l. 7.

Hand procul egesta scrobibus tellure duabus

Sacra facit, cultroque in vellera gutturis atque

Conjicit, & patulas perfundit sanguine fossas, &c.

Out of the Earth *Ætia* two Pits

Then forthwith digs; and sacrificing flits

The throats of Black-sheer'd Rams:

with reeking Blood

The Ditches fill'd, and poures thereon a Flood

Of Honey and new Milk, from turn'd-up Bowls.

Papinius Statius in the fourth Book of his *Thebais*,

Principio largas novies tellure cavata

Inclinat Bacchi latices, et munera verni

Lactis, et Alceos imbres, suadumque

crumenon:

Manibus aggeritur quantum capitis arida tellus,

First in the Trench she pours in Wine, and next With flowing Bowls, Milk, Blood, and Honey mixt

So much she pours into the dig'd-up holes, As they contain'd an Offering to all Souls.

But what Credit the more judicious gave to this Black-art, may be seen in these words of *Pliny* in his *Natural History*. *Adiit* these manifold vices whereunto the Emperor *Nero* had betaken, and sold himself, a principal desire he had to have the Gods (forsooth) and familiar Spirits at his Command: thinking that if he could once have obtained so that, he had then climbed up to the highest peaks of *Magnanimity*. Never was there man that studied harder, and followed any art more earnestly, than he did *Magick*. Riches he had enough under his hands, and power he wanted not to execute what he would: yet he gave it over in the end without effect: an undoubted, and very proper Argument to convince the vanity of this Art, when such an end he could not reach it.

All Day we went till Night her Flag unfurl'd

Spreading her sable Ensign ore the World,

And Waves, we to the Oceans Confines plow'd.

(c) *Cimmerians* here, absconded with a Cloud,

And gloomy Mists reside, which not the Sun

With piercing Rays could dissipate at Noon;

Nor rising, nor when He arch'd Heaven forsakes,

But still hung round, in everlasting Blacks.

Arriving here, our Vessel we put in,

Our Cattel eas'd, then lanch'd to Sea agin,

And to that Coast *Carce* directed bore

Eurylochus there, and *Perimed*, a shore

The Offerings brought, I drawing from my side

My Falchion, dig'd a Pit four Cubits wide:

Then round about I empti'd brimming Bowls,

Libations to all departed Souls.

First Wine, and Honey, next pure Wine I pour,

And Water after, mix'd with finest Flour,

Then all the Nations haunt the *Seygian* shore,

With franck-Libations humbly I implore,

Assuring Them, at my returning Home,

A Virgin Heifer, and a Hecatomb,

But with a Ram *Tiresias* I invoke,

A Black one, King, and Father of the Flock.

Then ore the Pit the Sacrifice I slew;

Warm (drew:) blood gush'd forth, and round pale shadows

There Boys, and Girls, and Old Folks I discern'd,

And Infants still with Trifling Griefs concern'd;

And Valiant Heroes, slain in Battel, view'd,

Their Arms Transpierc'd, with recent Blood imbrew'd.

About

About the Pit They throng, when doleful Cries
Else-where I heard, pale Fear did me surprize.
Then Those attended on me straight I had
To flea the Cattel which They slaughter'd had,
And throw in flames, to prosper my Design,
Imploring *Pluto*, and fair *Proserpine* :
But I with drawn Sword sat, nor would permit
Shades for Blood thirsting, once to touch the Pit,
Until *Tiresias* I consulted had;
When first drew neer *Elpenor*'s woful shade;
Whom uninterr'd we left in *Circe*'s Court,
His Rites neglecting, hastning to the Port.
I weeping, thus to poor *Elpenor* said;

Can'st thou a Foot unto this dismal shade
Sooner then I could here at Anchor ride?
To me his state deploring, he reply'd;
Renow'd *Ulysses*, this unhappy Soul,
My sad Fate hither sent, and th' other Bowl
In *Circe*'s Court; I starting from my Bed,
Going down the Ladder with a giddy Head
Drop'd backward ore, my Neck broke as I fell,
There lay my Corps, my shadow flew to Hell.
By those far distant are I Thee require,
By thy dear Wife, thy Son, and aged Sire,
Since well I know Thou with a leading Gale
Must back to the *Ææan* Confines sail,
There I conjure Thee me to mind recal,
Nor leave me there without a ^(c) Funeral,
Left Thou incense some of the pow'rs Divine:
With me my arms born, and what e're was mine,
My Tomb upon the Ocean's margents rear,
That after times of my sad Fate may hear,
And fix upon it my ^(d) Sepulchral Oar,
With which so oft I tug'd from Shore to Shore:
There

(c) For it was the opinion of the *Grecians* that the Soul was not receiv'd into the place of its repose, before the body obtain'd its funeral Solemnities, as hath been already observ'd.

(d) It was an antient Custom to leave some memory of the life of the deceased upon the Tomb: *Archimedes*, an eminent Mathematician, had a Sphere and Cylinder inscrib'd upon his Sepulchral Stone, of which he had written such excellent Speculations in his life time. *Virgil*, of *Misenus*.

*At prius Æneas ingenti mole sepulchrum
Imponit, suaque arma, viro, remumque
tubamque,
Monte sub ævio, qui nunc Misenus ab
illo.*

But Prince *Æneas* a huge Tomb did raise
On which his Arms, his Oar, and
Trumpet laies
Under a mighty Hill, which now they
call
From him *Misenus*, and for ever shall.

These his Requests I answer'd thus; Thy Will,
 Ah hapless Wretch! I'll punctually fulfil:
 Thus sitting we each others Fate deplor'd;
 Whil'st ore the Blood I flourish'd my Sword.
 On th' other side *Elpenor* muttering staid;
 When straight appear'd my Mothers woful shade,
Autolychus Daughter, *Autoclea*, whom
 I left alive, sailing for *Ilium*.

Her I beholding wept, and pitied much,
 But would not suffer sacred Blood to touch
 Before *Tiresias* came, whose honour'd Shade,
 Appearing with a golden Scepter, said;

Why com'st thou hither, and forsak'st the Day,
 Pale Ghosts, and dismal Regions, to survey?
 Lay by thy Weapon, and the Pit forsake,
 That I warm Blood may drink, then Truth I'll speak.
 I sheath'd my Sword, and drawing off, obey'd; (said,
 Who when warm Draughts his Thirst had quenched
 How to sail home in safety thou'd'st inquire,

Which *Jove* may easie make, but *Neptune's* Ire,
 His (e) Son by thee struck blind, may much obstruct;
 Patience thy Ship, and Men, shall home conduct:
 You and your Friends must your desires contain,
 Soon as you land, (and leave the gloomy Main)

On the (f) *Trinacrian* Isle, you'll see there run
 Herds (g) consecrated to th' all-seeing Sun:
 If them you spare, and thy Return regard,
 Safe shall your Voyage be, though long, and hard:
 Which if you kill, you all shall be destroy'd,
 But if thou Death by Miracle dost avoyd,
 In a strange Ship, all lost, Thou late may'st come,
 Where greater Mis'ries thee attend at Home:
 There proud Corrivals revelling in thy House,
 Wasting thy Wealth, to marry with thy Spouse,

Presenting

(e) *Polyphemus*, whose Eye *Ulysses* struck out with a Fire-brand.

(f) *Sicily*, so call'd from its triangular figure, whose Ensign in the ancient Coyns was three Legs triangle ways, as may be seen in *Galtrius's* Medagles of *Sicily*.

(g) Of which he speaks more at large in the following Book.

Presenting gifts, Her courting Day, and Night,
 But Thou shalt be revenged to the height;
 And after that, by subtilty or steel,
 Th' hast made the Sutors thy just Vengeance feel,
 Then thou must sail where thou a Nation shalt
 Find, who not knows the use of seasoning Salt,
 Nor ^(b) Seas e're saw, nor Ships with painted Prores,
 Nor sails expanded, nor well polish'd Oars:
 And this will be the sign; when on the Way
 Thou one Incount'erst travelling that shall say,
 A Winnower he upon his shoulder hath,
 There fix thy broken Oar, and Neptune's wrath
 With a fat Ram appease, a Bull, and Boar,
 Then home returning all the Gods implore.
 Then fear not, till from Sea ^(c) Death thee arrest,
 When thou grown old hast made thy people blest:
 These Fortunes Thee will certainly betide.
 Thus said *Tiresias*; and I thus reply'd;

These, Heaven decrees, and ever fixed Fate,
 But say blest Prophet, and the Truth relate;
 I see my Mothers Shade, who not her Son
 Will speak to, nor so much as look upon:
 Silent she sits by sacred Blood; ah, how
 May the poor shadow her dear Of-spring know!

Then He reply'd; take this from me, who e're
 Of Shades thou sufferst to the Blood draw neer,
 They will to what so e're thou asks, reply,
 Or far from thee, if thou withstand'st them, fly.

This said, *Tiresias* vanish'd from my Sight
 To *Pluto's* Court, and Seats of lasting Night:
 But I that Posture kept in which I stood,
 Until my Mother tasted sacred Blood;
 Who straight her Of-spring knew, and weeping, said;
 How alive cam'st Thou to this dismal Shade?

(b) *Tiresias* very obscurely describes the Country whither *Ulysses* was to travel after his return: but I find that the antients generally interpreted it of *Epirus*, not far distant from *Ithaca*. *Pausanias* in his description of *Attica*, *προσέειπε ἐπ' ἐαυτῷ, Καρχηδονίαν δὲ θαλάσσης τῶν περὶ βαρβάρων μάλιστα ἔχον ἀμύματα*: &c. *Pyrrhus* being highly conceited of his strength, encountered the Carthaginians (the most experienc'd of all the Barbarians in the Sea, being descended from the Phœnicians) in a Naval fight, his Armada consisting only of Epirots, who, when *Troy* was taken, knew not the Sea, nor use of Salt, as *Homer* testifies. These that knew not the Sea, were ignorant of the use of Salt, according to our Poet; whence it may be conjectured that *Homer* knew of no other Salt, but what was made out of Sea water. The other token of their ignorance of the Sea was, that they should not know an Oar, but call it by the name of an instrument with which they winnowed Corn.

(c) According to this Prophecy is the story of *Ulysses's* death related by *Didymus*, *Telegonus*, the Son of *Ulysses* by *Circe*, had a Spear made by *Vulcan*, which was the bone of a Sea-fish call'd in Latin *Pastinaca Marina*, with which he slew his Father unknown to him. Not unlike was the Prophecy concerning the Emperour *Titus*; that his Death should come from the Sea, who was poyson'd by a Sea-Hare.

To

To see Dark Kingdoms is for mortals hard,
 With mighty Rivers, and the Ocean barr'd;
 Which none on Foot will suffer; sure Thou hast
 Hither by Sea, through raging Billows, past.
 Wandring from *Troy*, why didst thou hither come,
 So much time spent, and hast not been at Home,
 Nor seen thy Wife, who lives as if Divorc'd.

Invincible Necessity inforc'd
 Me, dearest Mother, to these parts, I said;
 And to consult *Theban Tiresias* shade.
 I ne'r reach'd *Greece*, nor touch'd my native Coast,
 But always wandred with Afflictions crost,
 Since I to *Troy* with *Agamemnon* went,
 And there our time in restless Leagure spent:
 But dearest Mother say, and truth relate,
 How cam'st thou hither? by what cruel Fate?
 By sickness, or the Quiver bearing Maid
 Sent with her Shafts Thee to this Dismal shade?
 Next tell me of my Son, and Father's Fate:
 Keep they in their Possession my Estate,
 Or swallow'd up by some inroaching Lord,
 Who think, I'm drown'd, or perish'd by the Sword?
 How stands th' Affection of my dearest Spouse?
 Remains she with my Boy, and keeps my House,
 Or else become some other Prince's Bride?
 I strictly thus inquiring, she reply'd;

Thy Wife keeps home, afflicting still her mind,
 And hath perpetual Grief her self design'd,
 Consuming Night and Day in Tears for thee:
 Thy Goods, and House as yet in safety be:
Telemachus in quiet governs all,
 And oft makes Princely treatments in thy Hall:
 Thy Father in the Country still remains,
 And Royal Weeds, and Furniture disdains;

In

In sordid Rags when Winter chills the Skies,
 He on the Hearth, as Slaves, 'mongst ashes lies :
 But when grown warm, he in his Vineyard strows
 Leaves for his Couch, there taking sad Repose,
 Mourning thy Fate till aged grown : but I
 By neither of these Casualties did dy :
 Skilful *Diana* with her gentle Dart,
 Not, in her Progress, struck me to the Heart ;
 Nor Sicknes brought me to that low Estate,
 My Soul, and Body thus to separate ;
 But the great Care, and Love of thee, and thine, —
 Cost me my life, for I away did ^(k) pine.

(k) The later Poets say, that out of excessive grief she strangled herself, when she heard that *Ulysses* was destroy'd by *Nauplius*. *Enstasib.*

Stirr'd by Affection when she thus had said,
 I step'd in to imbrace my Mother's shade :
 Thrice I attempted, and as often fail,
 She fled me like a Dream, or nimble Gale.
 Orepowr'd with Grief, whil'st thus I strove, in vain,
 Of her Unkindness thus did I complain ;

Why meet'st thou not, dear Mother, my imbrace,
 That here we may in this most dismal place
 A Comfort find, and in the mid'st of Grief
 Conjoyning hands, though small, get some Relief ?
 This all the Favour *Proserpine* bestows,
 To shew thee only to augment my Woes ?

Then thus to give me ease, she seem'd to strive ;
 Oh thou th' unhappiest of all men alive !
 Hell's Queen not Thee deludes, but 'tis the sad
 Condition of all Mortals, once being dead,
 Bodies no more t' assume, when on the Pyre
 Their Corps are Ashes turn'd in funeral Fire ;
 When breath no more refrigerates our Hearts,
 Like a swift Dream our fleeting Soul departs :
 But haste thou to the Living, and the Light,
 And these bold stories to thy Wife recite.

X

Thus

(2) A River in the *Morea* descending from a Fountain call'd *Salmon*, which seems to have borrow'd its name from *Salmonius* King of that place.

(m) This is he who was thunder-struck by *Jupiter* according to *Virgil* in the sixth of his *Æneids*; because out of a desire to assume to himself divine honour, he had with Machines, and Fire-works endeavour'd to imitate Thunder and Lightning.

I saw *Salmonius* as he tortur'd sit,
Who Lightning could, and Thunder imitate,
Banding flames he in a Chariot rode,
Through *Greece* in triumph honour'd like a God,
And did imitable Fire and Rain
With Brass, and speed of horn'd-hoof
Horses feign;
But through the Clouds at him great
Jove did aim
A Thunder-bolt poynted with piercing flame,
Not with slight Squibs or Crackers on him fell,
But with a Whirl wind tumbled him to Hell.

(n) A City in *Thessaly*.

(o) Being driven by his Brother from *Iolcus*, he planted a Colony here.

(p) They first liv'd in a small Town call'd *Entreas*, afterwards remov'd to *Thebes*, which they were forc'd to bulwark round for fear of the *Phegya* potent enemies near hand. The Poets generally say that *Amphion* plaid so sweetly on his Harp, that the very Stones and Trees spontaneously followed it to the building of the Walls of *Thebes*. *Horace* in his *Art of Poetry*.

*Diffus & Amphion Thebanæ conditor
Urbi
Saxa movere sono testudinis, & præce
blanda
Ducere quo vellet* —

Amphion, who built *Thebes* made stones advance,
As they report, and to his musick dance
And lead them where he pleas'd with moving Strains.

By which they signified that he by the sweetness of his discourse, and carriage had mollified the more fierce and barbarous people, and perswaded them to a politic Society.

Thus we discours'd whilst Heroins drew neer,
That Wives, and Daughters of great Princes were,
About the blood they gather, driven on
By *Proserpine*, whom I then one by one
Resolv'd to question, then before the Pit
With my drawn sword, them singly I admit;
Who after they had drank, it was their task,
To tell me what so ere I pleas'd to ask.
First I to *Tyro* spake, who answer'd, thus;
I th eldest Daughter of ⁽¹⁾ *Salmonius*,
Cretheus Spouse; once with ^(m) *Enipeus* took,
To whom all Rivers seem a shallow Brook:
Sporting on margents of his pleasant Stream,
Neptune his shape assuming, turn'd to him,
Comprest her midst the Edies of the Sound,
Like a Hill, curtain'd with a Billow round,
Who there conceal'd lay, by a God imbrac'd,
Whose Virgin Zone dissolv'd in sleep he cast,
When he well-pleas'd had all his Love-tricks play'd,
He by the Hand her taking, kindly said;
Rejoyce in my Affection, ere a year
Fills up his Periods, Thou two Sons shalt bear;
These breed up well, and now go Home, my Name
To none disclose, Know thou I *Neptune* am.
This said, He dives, and breaking Billows rore;
To whom she *Pelias*, and *Neleus* bore,
Foves Champions both, *Pelias* himself did style
⁽ⁿ⁾ *Iolcus* Prince, the other govern'd ^(o) *Pyle*.
But she to *Cretheus* other Children bare,
Aeson, and *Pheres*, *Amatbon* the fair.
Next her I saw *Antiopa*, *Alops* Race,
Jove himself prided in her sweet imbrace.
He *Zethus*, and ^(p) *Amphion* had by Her,
Who with seven Gates the Walls of *Thebes* did rear,
And

And fortifi'd with Bol-warks round about,
 Although the people were both strong, and stout.
 I saw *Amphitryo's* Spouse, *Alcmena*, there,
 Whom *Jove* impregnating, *Alcides* bare;
 And *Creon's* daughter, I *Megara* spy'd,
 Who had been stout *Amphitryo's* Of-spring's Bride.
 I *Oedipus* Mother *Epicaſta* ſaw,
 She ſpous'd her Son, 'gainſt Nature, and all Law:
 He kills his ^(r) Father, and his Mother Weds,
 Fame of th' incestuous Marriage each where ſpreads:
 He in ſad Poſture ore the *Thebans* reign'd,
 His Conſcience touch'd, his Reputation ſtain'd:
 She with a Cord, and lofty Beam, her Fates
 And Grief concluding, enter'd *Pluto's* Gates:
 But Him ſhe left 'midſt ſorrows uncontrol'd,
 And all the Woes a Mother's *Furies* could.
 Next, I fair *Chloris* ſaw, whom *Nelus* Wed,
 Paying dearly for th' injoyments of her Bed,
Amphion's daughter, who *Orchomen* ſway'd,
 Whom *Minyas*, and ſandy *Pile* obey'd,
 To him ſhe *Neflor*, *Chromius*, *Pericles* bare,
 And beauteous *Pero*, one ſo wondrous fair:
 Whom all the neighbouring Princes came to Woo;
 But He not her on any would beſtow,
 Could not to him ^(s) *Iphiclus* Cattel drive;
 Which once a Prophet promis'd to contrive;
 But him a woful Fate, a cruel Chain,
 And Ruſticks more unmerciful detain:
 But when the ever circumvolving Sphere,
 Months, Days, and Hours had wound up in one Year,
 Then *Iphiclus* freed him (*Jove* would have it ſo)
 After he did, what he deſired, know.
 Next, ſaw I *Leda*, *Tyndarus* Spouſe, ſhe bare
Caſtor, and *Pollux*, who ſuch Champions were:

X 2

Theſe

(r) *Laius*, being inform'd by the Oracle of *Apollo* that he ſhould be ſlain by his own Son, caus'd *Oedipus*, as ſoon as he was born, to be expoſed to be deſtroyed, either by wild Beaſts, or Famine: but the Shepherds taking pity on him, cauſed him to be educated: who being arriv'd to maturity of age went to *Thebes* to inquire after his Father, whom he met by the way; and in a quarrel, being ignorant who it was, ſlew him: and afterwards married his Mother *Epicaſta* (ſo call'd by *Homer*, by the later Poets *Jocasta*.) This ſtory was the ſubject of two Tragedies of *Sophocles*.

(s) This ſtory of *Nelus*, and *Pero*, is very obſcurely deliver'd by our Poet, which was this: *Iphiclus* had ſeiz'd upon the goods of *Tyra*, the Mother of *Nelus*, among which were many beautiful Oxen, which *Nelus* afterwards demanded of him, but could not obtain them. His daughter *Pero*, being a Lady of great beauty, was courted by all the neighbouring Princes, but he refus'd to eſpouſe her to any one, unleſs he could recover thoſe Oxen detain'd by *Iphiclus*. *Bias* perſwades his brother *Alampus*, a Prophet, to undertake the buſineſs for him, who in the enterprize was taken, and imprisond; but after ſome duration there, having diſcover'd to *Iphiclus* how he might have children by his Wife, who had till then been barren, receiv'd the Oxen for his reward.

(s) When *Castor* was slain by *Lyncus*, his brother *Pollux* petition'd *Jupiter* to grant him immortality : which when he could not obtain, he imparted to him an equal share of his own. *Virgil Aeneid* l. 6.

Si fratrem Pollux alterna morte redimit,
Itaque redisque viam toties—

If *Pollux* could by an alternate death
His Brother ease, and tread so oft one path.

(u) The attempt the rebellious *Gyants* made upon Heaven, has been the subject of whole Poems : but these are distinct from them, as appears by *Virgil* in the 6 of his *Aeneid*, though some late writers do confound them.

Hic genus antiquum Terræ, Titania
pubes,
Fulmine dejecti fundo voluntur in imo,
Hic & Aloidas geminos, immania vidi
Corpora qui manibus magnum rescinde-
re cælum
Aggressi, superisque Jovem detrudere
regnis.

Here Young *Titanians* be, *Earth's* an-
cient race,
With thunder struck down to the low-
est place :
Here I the two *Aloides* beheld,
Whose mighty size all Fictions far ex-
cel'd ;
These, though but Mortals, storm'd
high Heaven, and strove
To drive from his Celestial Kingdoms
Jove.

(x) An Island near unto *Crete* : but the Expositors generally take it to be the Isle *Naxos*, antiently call'd *Dia*, as *Pliny* testifies. Here *Phædra* died suddenly (for that the Poet means by her being slain by *Diana*) in her passage to *Athens*.

These by *Jove's* will ^(s) alternate live, and dy,
This lies inhum'd, whil'st that ascends the Sky,
At once they rise and set, this under ground
Whil'st that in heaven remains, with glory crown'd.
Next saw I *Iphimedia*, who confest,
Though *Aloes* Wife, that *Neptune* her comprest :
Two Sons she bore him ; *Otus*, and the fair
Ephialtes, with whom none could compare
Except *Orion* ; both were *Gyants* vast,
In nine years grown, nine Cubits in the Wast,
And nine Ells tall, these fell with Heaven at Ods,
And a Rebellion rais'd against the Gods :
Ossa they on *Olympus* strove to lay,
Pelion on ^(u) *Ossa*, so to make their Way,
Which had they been of age, and fuller growth,
Heaven they had took, but *Phebus* slew them both,
Before the callow Down upon their Chin,
Or marks of Manhood on their Cheeks were seen.
Phædra, and *Procris* ; *Ariadne* there,
I *Minos* Daughter spy'd, whom *Theseus* bare
From her own *Crete* towards *Athens* fertile Soyl,
But could not her obtain in ^(x) *Dia's* Isle :
Diana her with Virgin Darts did kill,
Since *Bacchus* charg'd her with th' attainting Bill.
I *Mera*, *Clymen* saw, *Eriphyla*,
Who her dear Husband did for gold betray.
Their names, nor Character I can't recite
Of all those Ladies in a Winters Night.
But since for my Return you take such Care,
Grown late let me down to your Ship repair.

This said, all silent fate, extreamly took
With this Discourse, when thus *Arete* spoke ;
His Person and his Mind you may compare,
And though our Guest, yet you the Honour share

In

In his Acquaintance; therefore if you please;
Send him not home with trifles, such as these;
Dispatch'd in haste, since you in your Abodes
Have riches store by favour of the Gods.

This said, the eldest of the Princes there,
Ecbenius, his Judgment did declare;

Not fondly, nor with Fancy indigest,
The Prudent Queen hath now her self exprest;
Follow her Counsel, and the King obey,
Do as he doth, and say as he shall say.

Then thus *Alcinous* answer'd; Let it be,
And what you have propounded I'll Decree.
If I'm your King, and you my People sway,
Our Guest with us shall till to morrow stay,
Though he'd be gon, till we a Present make,
Fit for Us to bestow, and Him to take.

Then Home dispatch him with all special Care,
Of which, your King the greatest part shall share.

When thus *Ulysses* did his Mind impart;
Thou who the glory of thy People art,
Should'st thou command me here a Year remain,
Rich gifts receiving, sure I'll not complain;
I rather would, and better much for me,
With Coffers full my Native Country see,
Then they would all me love, and honour more,
Subjects condemn their Princes when grown Poor.

When thus renown'd *Alcinous* replies;
We not on Thee, as one that carries Lies,
Ulysses, look, though there be many such,
Who wandring tell what scarce indures the Touch,
And are believ'd, but you your Story cloath
In Language that speaks Truth, and Musick both;
For with that Emphasis Thou dost relate
The *Greeks* Fortune, and Thy own sad Fate.

But

But pray go on, saw you not any there,
 Who in the *Trojan* League slaughter'd were :
 'Tis early yet, and tedious is the Night,
 More of the wondrous Passages recite ;
 I could with Patience hear Thee till the Dawn,
 Then with Thy own sad story pray go on.

Ulysses then reply'd ; Thou, who as far
 Out-shines thy People, as the Sun a Star,
 Times for Discourses are, time to forbear ;
 But if that you desire the rest to hear,
 I should be much unwilling to deny ;
 Therefore our miserable Misfortunes I
 Shall reckon up, and who escap'd the Main,
 And *Trojan* Wars, were by th' ⁽¹⁾ Adulteress slain.
 Soon as the Female shades dispers'd were,
 The Ghost of *Agamemnon* did appear,
 And others throng'd about me of his Train,
 That by *Aegisthus* in his Court were slain :
 Soon as He blood had tasted, me he knows,
 When from his Eys a briny River flows,
 And forth he kindly stretch'd to me his Hands,
 Which Nervless fail'd, nor answer'd such commands ;
 I, as I saw him, wept, and much dismaid,
 Pitying our Valiant General, thus said ;
 Renowned *Agamemnon*, ah ! what Fate
 Brought thee to this Condition, this sad State ?
 Was it by *Neptune*, He who curbs the Main,
 And checks like gentle Gales a Heurican ?
 Or by Prophane at th' Altars lost your Lives ?
 Or fighting for your Country, and your Wives ?
 Thus question'd I, and thus the shade replies ;
 Renown'd *Ulysses*, *Lærtiades*,
Neptune not me subdu'd, who curbs the Main,
 And checks at pleasure a fierce Heurican,

(1) *Clytemnestra*, the Wife of *Agamemnon* ; but others understand it either of *Helena*, or *Cassandra*.

Nor fighting for my Country lost my Life,
But fly *Ægystbus*, and my cruel Wife,
Inviting to a Banquet, on they fall,
And slew me like a Bullock at the Stall.
And my Attendants, full of Cates, and Wine,
Together slaughter'd, fell like fatted Swine,
For some great Person that keeps solemn Feasts,
Or else at Nuptials highly treats his Guests.
Thou often hast great Execution seen,
In many Fights, and bloody Battels been;
This had'st thou seen thou would'st have fetch'd a groan;
Cups, Goblets lay, and Tables overthrown,
The marble Pavement all with gore besmear'd;
I *Priamus* Daughter, poor *Cassandra* heard,
Whom neer me cruel *Clytemnestra* slew,
Dying my hands upon my Sword I threw,
Whil'st my stern Wife from me, disdaining flies,
Nor would in Deaths Convulsions close my Eys.
What can more odious be, what more abhor'd,
Then she that plots the Murther of her Lord?
I thought glad well-come to have found at Home,
T' have seen my Children, Friends, and Servants, come
Thronging about me, but this Crime will blast,
And an Aspersion on all Women cast.
To *Atreus* Of-spring, I replying, said;
Great Mischiefs *Jove* by treacherous Wives has laid:
Many for *Helen* were in Battel slain,
But thou by *Clytemnestra's* subtil Train.
This said, He gave me this short Reply;
Ah, never, never too Uxorious be,
Nor to thy Wife thy Secrets e're reveal,
Feed her with Tales, but thy Concern conceal:
But yet Thy Spouse, *Ulysses*, I except,
She hath a Breast, where Counsels may be kept.

We

We left her newly married, going to War,
 She her dear Of-spring at her Bosom bare ;
 Who now grown Man, 'mongst Princes takes his place,
 Whom Thou shalt see, and be in thy imbrace :
 But my fine Wife, my Son not let me see,
 E're she presented my own *Tragedy*.
 Yet one thing I'll advise thee, which thou must
 Lock in thy Bosom up ; No Woman trust :
 Surprize her Unexpected, that you may
 E're look'd for land in your own *Ithaca*.
 But now be pleas'd, me some Account to give ;
 Hear'st Thou if still my dear *Orestes* live
 With *Menelaus* in the *Spartan* Soyl ?
 Or else at ^(a) *Orchomen*, or sandy ^(b) *Pyle* ?
 For yet he musters not among the Dead.

(a) A City in *Boetia*, which according to *Enstathius* was an *Asylum*, and therefore a proper place of refuge for *Orestes*. It was also a place of great strength, where the neighbouring Cities deposited their Treasures for security. *Strabo*.

(b) The seat of *Nestor* τῷ πινυμένῳ, the great lover of *Agamemnon*, who he thought might entertain his Son in his Exile.

(c) Though it might not unjustly be suppos'd that there is nothing further meant here than the reasonable suspicion of *Achilles*, yet it appears that the true story of *Pelens* is here delivered : for he was deposed from his Crown by *Acastus*, but afterwards restored to it again by his Grand-child *Neoptolemus*, (or *Pyrhus*) according to *D. Hys Cretensis* lib. 6.

Thus He inquir'd, and I, replying, said ;
 Why ask'st thou me, I no account can make,
 What happen'd him, nor will on hear-say speake.
 Thus in sad Language, sadly we discours'd,
 And mutual Sorrows, Tears on Tears inforc'd,
 When up to me *Achilles* shadow drew,
Antyloebus, and pale *Patroclus* too,
 And *Ajax*, who in person all excell'd,
 Unless *Pelides*, the unparallel'd ;
 Who knew me straight, and thus lamenting, said ;
 Why comes *Ulysses* to th' infernal shade ?
 Ah, what misfortune brought thee to these Coasts,
 'Mongst fleeting shades, and miserable Ghosts ?
 Then I reply'd ; Oh thou, greatest in Fame
 Of all the *Greeks*, I to *Tiresia* came
 Consulting him to know, how best I may,
 A Passage gain to my own *Ithaca* :
 I ne're found *Greece*, nor reach'd my Native Soyl,
 But always wandring through a World of Toyl ;

But

But no Age did or shall produce one more
 Happy then you, whom we did all adore,
 Like the Gods living; nor need'st thou complain,
 Who after Death in dismal shades dost reign.

When thus the Prince me interrupting, spake;
 Thou of the Dead a weak Discourse dost make;

I rather would a Rustick be, and serve
 A Swain for Hire, ready almost to sterve,
 And living, be 'mongst all misfortunes hurl'd,
 Then Dead, an Emperour in this shady World.

But of my Son I fain would something know,
 Came he to th' *Ilian* Liegure? yea, or no.

Of my dear Father's Fortunes something say,
 If yet the *Myrmidons* his power obey,

Or have they shook his Scepter off, and hold
 Unfit to govern, now grown Weak and Old.

I am not now as when I fought at *Troy*,

And Regiments could in my Rage destroy.

Ah! would I were at Home a while, his Crown

I should restore, and beat proud Rebels down.

Then what I knew, I thus to him declar'd;

I of thy Father *Peleus* have not heard,

But I of *Pyrrhus* shall such truths recount,

That Miracles, and Fiction far surmount.

Him I attended from the ^(d) *Scyrian* Coast,

In a stout Vessel to the *Grecian* Host,

And him unto our Counsel did admit,

Where well he spake, and shew'd his forward Wit.

Nestor and I could seldom Him confute:

And when drawn forth, we were in hot Dispute,

He lagg'd not 'midst the Ranks, but forth alone

Still charg'd the *Trojans*, giving place to none.

He many Heroes slew in bloody Fight;

I cannot them, nor all their Names recite,

Y

Which

(d) An Island not far distant from the Coasts of *Thessaly*, where *Pyrrhus* was born, and educated with *Lycomedes*, a Kinsman of *Achilles's*. So *Sophocles* and *Strabo*. They err who take *Scyros* for an in-land Town of the *Dolopes* in *Thessaly*.

(e) Strabo saies, that in these Verses the Poet has left a Riddle behind him, not a History: for I find no mention of any people call'd *Cetians*, or any account of the *γυναικα Σφα.* Indged this place has been *Cruz Grammaticorum*. We shall only say thus much of it; that though the name of the people were lost, yet there remain'd some footsteps of it in those parts from whence *Eurypylus* came, the brook *Cetium*, which probably took its name from them. As for the *γυναικα Σφα.* *Dilys Cretensis* saies that *Priam* had promis'd *Eurypylus*, as a reward of his assistance, his Daughter *Cassandra* in marriage, with the golden Vine *Jupiter* had presented to the Kings of *Troy* when he took away the beautiful *Ganymed*.

(f) When all the funeral Solemnities were over, *Thetis* offers the arms of *Achilles* to be dispos'd of to him that best merited them. So *Quintus Smyrnaus*, following the Steps of our Poet,

Καὶ τίτ' ἐν Ἀργείοις Θῆκε κλισίῃσιν
Θετιῶν γὰρ τοῦ μῦθου, ἀντιπαύειν Ἀχιλλῆος
Νῦν μὲν δὲ καὶ ἀργεῖον εἰδὼτα πάντα πε-
λιδῶν
Ὅσ' ἐπὶ πατρί' ἔμελλε μὲν ἀχρυσὴν κα-
τιδῶκα,
Ἄλλ' ἔγω, &c.

In her Skie-colour'd Veil then *Thetis* speaks,
Lamenting for *Achilles* to the Greeks;
Now since the gifts are thus dispos'd all,
Order'd by me for my Sons Funeral.
Let him appear brought off the Corps,
and be,
As valiantest, shall take these Arms
from me.

(g) But according to *Ovid* this controversy was decided by the Commanders of the *Grecian* Army.

A se Tantalides omnis invidiamque re-
movit,
Argolicaque duces mediis consistere ca-
stris
Jussit, & arbitrium litis trajecit in
omnes.

Atrides, to avoid the hate of these,
The Princes bids to sit before his Tent,
And puts the strife on their Arbitre-
ment.

Which did his Sword with reeking blood imbrew;
But first renown'd *Eurypylus* he flew,
Round whom fell many ^(d) *Cetians* in that Strife,
And all forsooth, about a promis'd Wife.
Memnon in shape did only him exceed;
But when we entred that stupendious Steed
Epeus built, where I Commission had
To govern in that dismal Ambuscade,
There our *Greek* Princes wept, and trembling sat;
But *Pyrrhus* ne'r grew pale, nor mov'd one jot,
Nor dropt one Tear, but much he me implor'd
To let him forth, still brandishing his Sword,
He with his Spear alone would *Troy* attaque.
But when we *Priams* weakly Town did sack,
He went to Sea, and did great Booty share,
Safe, without harm, as happens oft in War,
Although ingag'd amidst their stoutest Foes.

Achilles Ghost, this said, thence marching goes
Proudly with joy through flow'ry Meadows, on,
Inform'd by me he had so brave a Son.

Then other shades drew neer me, and relate
Their various stories, and unhappy Fate.
But *Ajax* woful Ghost far off, alone
Still raging stood, vext I had him orethrown,
When for *Achilles* Arms we pleaded so,
Which were judg'd mine by ^(f) *Pallas* and the ^(g) Fo.
Ah! would I had been conquer'd in that Strife,
Rather then such a Heroe lose his Life,
Who next to great *Achilles* wert the Flower
Of all the *Greeks*, their Champion, and their Tower.
To whom I mildly said; *Ajax*, 'tis fit
That after Death old Quarrels we forget,
Arms so destructive, forg'd by angry Fate,
To ruine Thee, and raise such dire Debate.

For

For thee the Camp did put on Mourning all,
 And wept, as at *Achilles* Funeral.
 The blame must lie on *Jove*, who us did hate;
 And so impos'd on Thee this heavy Fate.
 Draw neer great Prince, and swelling wrath allay;
 And hear what I in my Defence can say.

He not reply'd, but mix'd 'mongst other Souls,
 Seeming to blow up yet revenging Coals;
 But I more earnest grew, inquisitive,
 With others to discourse were not alive.

When I saw *Minos*, *Joves* illustrious Son,
 With golden Scepter, sitting on a Throne
 Where he heard Causes, and pale Spirits plead
 Their Privilege, and Customs of the Dead :
 And next *Orion* hunting ore the Plain,
 Beasts which in desert Mountains he had slain,
 Arm'd with a Club massy with steel, and strong.

^(b) *Tityus* I saw lie there nine ackers long :
 Stern Vultures on his mangled Bosom pearch,
 And tir'd on's Liver his torn Bowels search ;
 Nor could he drive the Torturors from their Prey,

Because *Jove's* Wife *Latona* on her way

To ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Pytho*, neer sweet *Panopeas* side

He would have forc'd. Next *Tantalus* I spy'd

Suffering a horrid torment, standing in

A pleasant River close up to his Chin,

Who thirsty, oft as he desired to drink,

Dry Sands appear, and swelling Billows shrink

Beneath his Feet, forc'd by some angry God,

About his Head, Trees which rich fruit did load,

Pears, Apples, Figs, and Olives, in a throng,

Their various kinds in dangling clusters hung.

Oft as th' Old Man strove, one of them to catch,

A Wind conceal'd, or blew out of his reach.

Y 2

There

^(b) *Pausanias*, in his travels through *Phocis*, saies that at *Panopeus* a City of that Country, he saw the Sepulchre of *Tityus*, which contain'd two furlongs of ground, and something more, which was, as he conjectures, the origination of this Fable.

⁽ⁱ⁾ 'Tis to be observ'd from hence, that *Latona* was President of the Oracle at *Pytho*, (or *Delphos*) as well as her Son *Phœbus*, from whom he seems to have receiv'd it: although *Æschylus* saies that the Mother of *Latona*, *Phœbe*, deliver'd it him,

— ἐν δὲ τῇ τρίτῃ ἀρχῇ
Tityus, ὅντιν ποτὶς χθονὶς ἐκδύσει
 φ' ἴδῃ, δίδωσι δ' ἢ γυνήθειον ὄντιν
 φ' ἴδῃ, τὸ φ' ἴδῃ δ' ὄντιν ἔχῃ παρ' αὐτῶν.

The third there *Phœbe* sat, brought forth
 To *Titan* by the teeming Earth,
 Who gave to *Phœbus*, as they fame,
 At birth a present, and her Name.

For otherwise I understand not her journey thither. She seems to have come from *Delos* into *Bœotia*; (for so is *Phœbus* journey thither describ'd) from whence in the way to *Phocis* lay the City *Panopeus*, in a Streight mentioned here by *Homer*, whom the King of the place, *Tityus*, attempted to ravish in her Passage.

There *Sisyphus* I cast my Eye upon,
 In cruel torture lugging a huge Stone,
 Struggling with all his strength, his Hands, and Feet,
 Up a steep Hill endeavouring to get;
 But soon as he attains the Mountains Crown,
 It, with a Vengeance hurri'd, tumbles down:
 Then from the Plain his task he doth repeat,
 Smoke hides his Head, all over in a Sweat.
 Next him I saw the great *Herculean* Shade,
 But he himself in Heaven *Jove's* Daughter had,
 Bright *Hebe*, and now feasts 'mongst Deities:
 About him Ghosts now clamour'd, like the Cries
 Of frighted Fowl; He like the Night march'd on,
 His Bow bent, to the Head his Arrow drawn,
 Frowning, as if his Shafts he would have delt,
 Athwart his Shoulders hung his golden Belt;
 Which Lyons, Bears, Battels, and Slaughter fill,
 The like was never wrought, nor ever will.
 He knew me straight, and having well survaied
 The gentle shadow, pitying me, thus said;

Poor Prince *Ulysses*, Thou like me wert born
 The mocking stock of Fate, and Fortune's scorn.
 I, though *Jove's* Son, much Misery indur'd,
 By one much meaner then my self procur'd:
 'Mongst many toyls which my strong Nerves did stretch
 He sent me hither, *Cerberus* to fetch:
 This was the greatest task he put me too,
 Yet from th' infernal Gates the Dog I drew,
 By *Hermes*, and the bright *Minerva's* Aid:
 Thus saying, he retired to the Shade.
 I firmly kept my Station to behold,
 Some antient Heroes who had dy'd of Old,
Theseus, *Pirithous*, Sons of Gods I saw,
 Who neer with Concourse, and huge Clamor draw:

I sat surpris'd then with trembling fear,
 Suspecting that the ⁽¹⁾ Gorgons Head was there,
 Thence straight my Friends I call'd, our selves bestirr'd,
 We loose our Cables, and straight got aboard :
 Plac'd on our Banks, we down the River glide,
 Fair Winds attending, and a nimble Tyde.

(1) At whose sight the Spectators
 were struck dead. *Æschylus.*

Πόλλας δ' ἀλλὰ τῶνδ' ἐπεὶ καὶ τῶν
 Δρακόνδεσσας Γοργῶνες βοτοσυγῆς,
 ὅς θνητοὺς ὁδὸς ἐς δὴν ἔειπεν πρὸς.

Near these three winged Sisters sat,
 whose snaky tresses Mortals hate;
 Which who ere sees concludes their Fate.

HOMERS



Honrat. Dom. Do. Rogers
Barony de Broghill
Tabulam hanc



Comiti de Orrony
Regi a Sacris Consilijs
LMDDO. FO. 11. 12.



HOMER'S ODYSSEY.

THE TWELFTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Sirens: Ulysses stops his Peoples Ears;
T' d to the Mast their charming Song he hears.
Escap'd Charybdis, He on Scylla fell,
Who sweeps ore six. The Sun's fat Beeves they kill,
Then put to Sea: a Storm his Men all drownd;
Astride his Keel Calypso's Isle he found.*



O O N as our Vessel the
Lands end had cleer'd,
For Circe's Isle, we to the Offine
steer'd,
And plowing Waves through the
broad Ocean run

To Mansions of the Day and rising Sun:
Our Voyage finish'd, straight on softer Sand
We bed our Ship, and nimbly leap to Land;
Where on the plushy Margents we repose.
Soon as the rosie-finger'd Morn arose,

A Party I to *Circe's* Palace send,
That down might poor *Elpenor's* Corps attend :
Wood straight being cut, his Funeral Pyle we rear,
At the sad Office shedding many a Tear :
Soon as his Corps and Arms consumed were,
On a rais'd Hillock we a Column rear,
And over that fix'd his Sepulchral Oar,
Finish'd his Rites. But *Circe* knew before
We had our Voyage made, down in a thought
She, with her Virgin Train attended, brought
Store of fresh Viands, Wine, and purest Bread,
And cheerfully amidst them standing, said ;

You living entred the dark Court of *Dis*,
All else but once, you Dead will enter twice ;
Now eat and drink rich Wine, feast this whole Day,
And with the early Dawn you shall away,
And I will so direct you, so instruct,
That shall through Sea and Land you safe conduct,
Unless your evil Counsels you dissuade :
We take the gentle Offer that she made,
And there sate feasting, and carousing Wine.
But when the Sun did towards the *West* decline,
They on the Decks, grown sleepy, took Repose,
She leading me by th' hand, in private goes ;
Of all my Observations then inquires ;
I satisfaction gave to Her Desires.

Then she reply'd ; You have perform'd your Part,
But what thou now hear'st, Cabin in thy Heart.

First thou the *Sirens* shalt discover, which
All Comers with inticing Notes bewitch :
Who their sweet Voyces hear, remind no more
Their Wives, their Children, nor their Native Shore :
In Meadows chanting, they 'mongst dead Mens Bones
Crown rotten Skins, and heap up Skeletons.

But

But when thou failest by them, look that There
 Thy Followers Ears Thou stop, that none may hear,
 With yielding Wax: but if Thou hast a mind
 To hear enchanting Ditties, let them bind
 Thee Hand and Foot, and with strong Cordage fast
 About Thy middle tie unto the Mast:
 So thou mayst hear the ^(a) Sirens melting strains:
 But if Thou shouldst command them lose Thy Chains,
 And set Thee free, then bid them harder tie.
 But when these dire Inchanters are sail'd by,
 Then thee I shall not punctually instruct
 In th' other Course Thou mayst thy Self conduct,
 By little Hints, how Thou mayst find the way.

Two lofty Rocks stand jetting to the Sea,
 Beaten with Billows groning in their fall,
 Which *Rovers* the immortal Deities call;
 Ore which no Bird e're flew, nor swiftest Dove
 That bears ^(b) Ambrosia to immortal Jove.
 But when a Pigeon falls upon that Rock,
 He sends another to supply the Flock.
 None ever scap'd this place; who e're drew neer,
 Both Ship and Men by storms steepest swallow'd were.
 Only the *Argo* which to *Æta* sail'd,
 'Gainst mouthing Winds, and roaring waves, prevail'd,
 And she had prov'd to those dire Rocks a Scoff,
 But *Juno* kind to *Jason* brought Her off.
 Here two steep Cliffs; one scales the Skie, and shrouds
 His spiry Forehead in a Shash of Clouds;
 Where, nor in Spring, nor Autumn, e're is seen
 A gentle Season, nor the least Serene.
 This place no Mortal e're ascended yet,
 Nor shall, though they had twenty Hands and Feet.
 This Rock more smooth then Touch, or polish'd
 Hath a deep Cave that views the setting Sun, (Stone,
 Z To

(a) The *Sirens* were Queens of those Islands, which be in the bay of *Pestano*, not far distant from *Caprea*, who held many places on the neighbouring Continent, especially the Promontory of *Minerva*; so call'd, because during their Reign an Academy was there erected for the propagation of Learning, which became so famous for Eloquence and all liberal Sciences, that it gave an invention to this Fable of the sweetness of Voice, and attracting Songs of the *Sirens*. But *Archippus*, tells of a certain Bay contracted within winding Streights, and broken Cliffs, which by the linging of the Winds, and beating of the Billows, report a delightful harmony, alluring those who sail by to approach, when forthwith, thrown against the Rocks by the Waves, they are swallowed in the violent Eddies.

(b) There was a long controversy among the antients about the sense of this place, till they agreed in the Exposition of *Maro* of *Byzantium*; who by the word *πλειάδες* will not have *Pigeons* here signified, but the *Pleiades*. And that the *Pleiades* were so call'd by the antientest of the *Greek* Poets, appears out of some Fragments preserv'd by *Athenæus*: *Simonides*.

ἔλεγε δ' Ἀτλας ἐπὶ τῷ πλοῦσι
 ὁ γὰρ ἴσας, τὴν ἑξῆς ἴσας,
 Ἄς καλοῖται πλειάδες ἡρώων.

And *Æschylus* the Tragedian,

Ἄς δ' ἔπ' Ἀτλαντὶ φάει δὲ ἀνέμασι καὶ
 Πλειάδες μινυτον ἄθλον ἕρανός τε καὶ
 Κλαίει σκόν, ἵδου τοὺς ἑρῶν φαντασμάτων
 Ἐχέει μαρτυρὰς ἀπὸ τοῦ πλειάδες.

Which because by their rising and setting they foretold to men their Harvest and seed-time, they were feign'd by the Poet to carry Provision also to the Gods.

To which no nearer fail then one may shoot
 At Random height, and reach her Sea-wash'd Foot.
 Here *Scylla* lurks, and direly yawning yelps,
 Like a whole Litter of stern Lyons Whelps.
 This horrid Monster (no inviting sight)
 Would Mortals, nay the Gods themselves, affright.
 She Twelve mishapen feet wide splaying spreads,
 Six Necks extending, arm'd with horrid Heads:
 Three set of grinding Teeth her gullets guard,
 On each of them sits purple Death prepar'd.
 She lying in her Cave prodigious Snouts
 Shoots forth, and round the Rock for Fishes scouts,
 Dolphins, and Dog-fish, she on any falls,
 And oft light Breakfasts makes on mighty Whales.
 None e're sail'd by her that so well could watch;
 But from the Stern she one at least would catch.
 Neer this a lower Rock Thou shalt behold,
 Which Fig-trees with their spreading Leaves infold.
 There dire *Charybdis* briny Billows fups,
 Thrice disembogues, as oft redrinks her Cups.
 Then come not neer, for in that long-breath'd Quaff,
 Neptune not with his Trident gets Thee off.
 But Thou more safety may'st neer *Scylla* find,
 Thy Bark with full Sails, and a Favouring Wind,
 With loss of six at most, gain Passage shall,
 But this sad Monster swallows ship and all.
 Thus she advising, gently I reply'd;
 Best Goddess tell me how may I avoid
 This dangerous Hagg, and be reveng'd, if she
 Should injure any that relates to me.
 Then she reply'd; Thou talk'st as if thou wert
 In Battels, or else storming of some Fort:
 None could revenge, e're of immortals brag,
 She Deathless is, an everliving Hag,
 Invulnerable:

Invulnerable: you Fool your self to try
 Your strength 'gainst hers, 'tis the best course to fly.
 Her if you'll charge she'll muster all her Power,
 And Thee, and Thine in guzzling Throats devour.
 Sail thou from thence, and *Crateis* implore,
 Who that accursed Monster *Scylla* bore;
 And she will her in all her Fury stop.
 But when at *Sicily* you Anchors drop,
 The Sun's seven Flocks, seven Herds, a goodly breed,
 (Fifty in each there in fresh Pastures feed)
 These never pregnant are, nor ever die.
 Two Nymphs *Phaetusa*, and bright *Lampety*,
 Whom to the Sun divine *Neera* bare
 In *Sicily*, and educated there,
 And Shepherdesses, order'd them to keep
 Their Father's Herds, and silver-flœcced Sheep;
 If them you spare, and your return regard,
 Your Voyage shall be safe, though long and hard;
 But if thou any of these Cattel kill,
 Thy Ship, Thy Friends, Thy Ruin I foretel:
 And if thou scap'st thy Self, Thy Native Coast
 Late thou shalt reach, All thy Associates lost.

Whil'st thus she said, *Aurora* made Approach,
Eastern-Hills guilding with her golden Coach:
 Thence to her Pallace then the Goddess bends,
 I to my Ship; There I exhort my Friends
 To go Aboard, and Cables lose; They straight
 Ent'ring, upon their Banks in order sate,
 Brushing the briny Spry, a prosperous Gale
 The Goddess sent, a Friend that did not fail,
 Whil'st we our Stations keep, and Banks desig'd;
 Trusting the Helms-man, and so fair a Wind.
 When thus I told them with a heavy Heart;

Sirs, not to one, or two, must I impart

But unto all, what *Circe* doth advise;
Which if you follow, grown by knowledge *Wife*,
We shall escape, or else are all undone.

First, you the *Sirens* flow'ry Meads must shun,
She us commands; Next, You must shut your *Ear*,
Lest their bewitching Voices you should hear:

But me in Cordage you must fetter fast,
And firmly fixing, bind unto the *Mast*,
Then if I beg to lose me, harder bind:
Thus I declar'd to them the Goddess's Mind.

(*) Two small Isles between *Italy*
and *Sicily*, from them call'd *Sirensæ*.

Mean while, we to the *Siren's* (*) *Confines* sail,
Plowing up Billows with a handsome Gale,
When a flat Calm smooth'd o're the glassy Deep,
The Winds all hush'd, the Ocean fell a sleep:

They rising furl their Sails, next them safe stow
Betwixt dry Hatches, then sit down and row.

A mighty Ball I cut of yielding Wax
In Pellets, which I kneading found relax

In my warm Hands, and ready now to run,
Help'd with the radiance of the warmer Sun;

With which their Ears I luted up; me fast
They fetter'd up, and ty'd unto the *Mast*.

Then row'd they on as far as you might hear
One shout aloud, they bearing us, draw near:

Impulsive Oars beating the silent Main,
Thus they inviting me, did entertain;

Ulysses, glory of the *Greeks*, draw near,
Thy Vessel stay, and our sweet Voices hear;

None ever past this way, and went from hence,
E're they had feasted their Auricular Sense:

Then they departed pleas'd, and wisero, too,
We know what *Trojans* suffer'd, and what you,

Which Fate in ten years Siege on each side hurl'd,
And all Transactions of the busie World.

This

This Song so much transported me, that I
 Commanded straight they should my Cords untie :
Eurylochus and *Perimedes* rise,
 And bind me faster ; on our Vessel flies
 Till their Noses losing, I my Senses found ;
 Then they their ears unstop'd, and me unbound.
 This Iste thus left, I saw a hazy Smoke,
 And a swollen Sea, and heard rough Waves that broke :
 They frighted, leave their Oars, the Vessel stopt,
 Wanting th' impulse, as if w' had Anchor dropt :
 Then I bestirr'd my self, and did perswade,
 And kindly to encourage them thus said ;
 Good skill in Danger, Friends, you well may own,
 This is not greater then when with a Stone
 Up *Cyclops* pen'd you in his dismal Cave :
 Take my Advice, this Danger too we'll wave,
 And make of it for after-times a Tale,
 Now mark my words ; and all at once, not fail,
 Sit on your Banks with plyant Oars to sweep,
 As if one man, the surface of the Deep :
 Then if *Jove* please we soon shall safety find :
 But Helms-man, hoe ! this charge bear in thy mind,
 Because, thy care the Vessel must protect ;
 Without you Smoke, and Waves, thy course direct,
 Nor too near to that Rock, lest there we hit,
 And on her skirts, hid under Water, split.
 Thus up I cheer'd them, and they straight obey'd,
 But I no mention of dire *Scylla* made,
 Lest by additional fears surpris'd, they
 Should slack their Oars, and hinder the ships way.
Circes commands, I in this Puzzle had
 Forgotten too, who me to arme forbade :
 I guirt on steel, in each hand took a spear,
 And leap'd up to the Prow, supposing there
 The

The Craggy *Scylla* to behold (which cost
Me after dear, when my best Men I lost)
But none I saw, though round my Eys I cast;
So onwards to the narrow Straight we past.

Scylla on this side briny Seas doth quaff,
On that *Charybdis* drinks the Ocean off;
Which when she Vomits up, she murmurs more
Then Liquor, in a Chaldron boyling ore,
Laving the lofty Rocks with frothy Suds:
But when she guzzles up the swelling Floods,
All shakes within, Rocks thunder, and drawn neer,
The Earth beneath, and glittering Sands appear.
This dreadful sight did much my Friends amaze;
For there they saw, expected there their Fate.
Mean while dire *Scylla* six of them, unmatch'd
For gallant Parts, quite ore the Hatches snatch'd.
I from the Prow beheld them, where I stood,
Turn'd topsie-turvy, tumbling in the Flood,
With Feet above, now hands; They call'd to me,
Which I ready to burst with Grief did see.
As when a Fisher standing on a Rock,
The scaly Fry takes with his baited Hook;
In goes the Horn, up comes the struggling Fish,
Which panting he casts by to be his Dish;
So up she whips them whil'st they loud implore,
With rear'd up Hands, and eats them at her Door.
At Sea, and Land, 'mongst Woes unparallel'd,
This was the saddest sight I e'er beheld.
From *Scylla* and *Charybdis* swift We fly,
And straight unto that famous Isle drew nigh,
Where *Phæbus* fleecy Sheep, and Cattel were,
Whose Bleats and Bellowing out at Sea we hear.
Tiresia and *Circe*, I remind
Who with so many Cautions me enjoyn'd

To

To wave that Coast belonging to the Sun;
Then with sad Heart, thus I to them begun;

Now hear me, Sirs, You who have suffer'd much;
On *Phæbus* Isle we must not dare to touch;
Hence *Us Tiresias* bad, and *Circe*, fly;
For here attends our greatest Misery,
And utter Ruine; Steer from hence I said:

They at these words extreamly seem'd dismay'd,
When roughly thus *Eurylochus* breaks out;

Ulysses, You that are so strong, and stout,
Who indefatigable wilt ne'r tyre,
Thy Body Adamant, thy Sinews Wire,
Yet suffer us, consum'd with Care, and Toyl,
To sup, and sleep in this delightful Isle;
And not all Night to lie at Sea, advise,
When darkning Clouds, and bitter storms arise.

What if the Winds conspire against us, must
Thus we our selves t' unruly Elements trust?

Lets here refresh, and Nights good Laws obey,

And when the Dawn appears our Anchors weigh:

His words Th' approve, and straight cry One and All;

Then I perceiv'd some God contriv'd their Fall:

And thus I to the Company begun;

You may compel me, since I am but One,

Therefore I'll swear you, sacred Vows should bind,

If any of their Herds, or Flocks, you find,

Not one to kill, but quietly that Meat,

With which fair *Circe* victual'd us, to eat.

This said, as I commanded them, they swore,

Then to the bottom of the Harbor bore,

And neer a pleasant Fountain leap'd to Land,

Their Supper straight preparing on the Strand.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,

They play'd a sad Game, vicing many a Tear

For

For their dear Friends alive snatch'd from their Ship
By *Scylla*, till orepowr'd by conquering sleep.
But when the third part of the Night was spent,
The Stars descending, *Jove* a Tempest sent,
Which Earth and Sea with muster'd Vapours shrouds,
Hanging Heavens Arches round with sable Clouds.
But when the rose-finger'd Morning rose,
Our ship drawn up, we in a Cave dispose,
In which the *Nymphs* their fair Recesses had,
When thus to my Associates I said;

Our Ship dear Friends hath yet Provision store,
Forbear these Beeves, lest we too great a Score
Pay to exacting Gods, they'll cost us dear;
They are the Suns, who all doth see and hear.
Thus I advis'd them, and perswaded too,
When a whole month *South* and *South-East* winds blew,
So long as any Bread or Wine remain'd,
So long from Sheep and Bullocks they abstain'd:
And when they had all their Provision spent,
They both a Hunting, and a Fishing, went,
A Birding too; No means they did neglect:
Dire Hunger much the Belly did afflict.
Then I apart implor'd the Gods, that they
Would Passage grant, nor more prolong our stay:
Whil'st thus I pray'd, well sheltered from all Winds,
Me gentle sleep in silken Fetters binds.

Eurylochus, who still to Mischief led,
Dear Fellow-sufferers, hear me, then said;

All Deaths to Mortals bitter are, like Gall,
But starving, that's the bitterest of all.
The fattest of these Bullocks let us sell,
And offer to the Gods in high Heaven dwell;
And when our Native Country we obtain,
Lets promise to the Sun a stately Fane,

And

And to adorn it richly be engag'd :
But if he, for their slaughter much enrag'd,
Will grant no pardon, but our Vessel bulge,
Nor any other Gods will us indulge :
How e're 'mongst Waves better at once be lost,
Then longer languish on a desert Coast.

The Counsel takes, They all applaud th' advice,
The primest of the Cattel in a trice
They fell upon, then grazing neer their Ship ;
They stand about, and sacrificing, strip
Soft oaken leaves, for they no Barly had,
Then kill, and flea ; and after they had pray'd,
They to the brawny Thighs lop'd off affix
A double Cawl, and Lean with Fat commix ;
And Water, since they had no Wine, they threw
On burning Altars, as Libations due.

The Houghs consum'd, They th' inwards eat, then cut
The rest in pieces, which on Spits they put.

When Sleep to freedom did my Sense restore,
I hasten'd to my Vessel near the shore :

But when that I drew neer, the Wind from thence
A steam brought pleasant to th' famelick sence :
Then to the Gods I thus complain'd ; Oh ! Jove,
And all you happy Powers that dwell above,
My People whilst I slept have done a Deed,
A Villany that doth all Crimes exceed.

Lampete brought this Tidings to the *S U X*,
And told him the strange mischief they had done :
Who much incens'd thus implor'd the Gods ;

Oh *Jove*, and all who dwell in blest Abodes,
Revenge me on *Ulysses* curst Train,
Who impious, have my primest Cattel slain ;
Whose sight more pleas'd me in my Progress hurl'd,
Then all the Pomp, and Glory of the World :

A a

Right

(f) We have already taken notice that *Homer* has industriously mention'd all the more abstruse Arts, and Sciences which were believed in his time; as Necromancy, Witchery, Natural Portents, and the like: so in this place he gives an instance of predictive Prodigies; in which the antients were superstitiously credulous. When *Pyrrhus* King of *Macedonia* waged War with the *Romans*, in the Beast which he sacrificed, the Heart, the principle of Life, was wanting; by which the Priest foretold the ill success of that undertaking, and *Pyrrhus* accordingly was expell'd out of *Italy*. With the like relations the *Greek* and *Roman* History abound, collected together by *Conr. Iycsthines* in his Book of Prodigies: we shall only take notice of those which foretold the death of *Caesar*, as recorded by *Virgil*, who enumerates two and twenty in the first of his *Georgicks*,

—ille (Sol) etiam cecos insare tumultus
Sape monit, fraudemque & aperta in-
miscere bella.
Ille etiam extincto miseratus *Caesare*
Romam
Cum caput obscura nitidum ferrugine
texit,
Impiique aeternam timerunt secula
noctem.

Clandestine tumults he doth oft fore-
show,
And open War from secret Plots to
grow.
He, pitying *Rome* and *Caesar's* funeral,
spread
A mourning Veil ore his Illustrious
Head,
That th' impious age eternal darkness
feard.
At Sea and Land what wonders then
appear'd?
Both howling Dogs and fatal Fowl
presag'd.
How oft we smoking *Aetna* saw in-
rag'd,
Who from dire breaches the *Cyclopi-
an*
grounds
With Fire-bals, and a Pumice-Deluge,
drowns
Germany heard from Heaven a
sound of Arms,
And the *Alps* trembled at unus'd A-
larms.

A mighty voice in silent Groves was heard,
And gassy Spirits wondrous pale appear'd,
Before dark night obscuring shades did make;
And Oxen then (who will believe it?) spake.
Earth gap'd, swift Rivers flood, Brass Statues swet,
And weeping Ivory made the Temples wet.
Eridanus, the Monarch of the Floods,
Tears down, and drowns in violent Edies, Woods.

The Prodigy which comes nearest to this of our Poet is that mention'd by *Herodotus*, the leaping and capering of dried Salt-fish, as if they had been Fish newly taken; by which they on the place did conjecture, that *Proteus*, though dead, should notwithstanding revenge himself on those that murder'd him.

Right me with speed, or else these glorious Beams
Shall gild Hell's Mansions, and the *Stygian* Streams.

Then *Jove* reply'd; Thou still must Mortals light,
And still beat up all quarters of the Night:
They shall with red-hot Thunder-bolts be slain,
Their Ship I'll burn ith' middle of the Main.
This bright *Calypso* did to me unfold,
Which she assur'd me *Hermes* Her had told.

When I drew neer, I blam'd them One by One,
But found no Cure t' undo what hath been done.
The Beasts were slaughter'd by their joynt-consent,
When straight the Gods held forth a dire Ostent:
Their Skins did creep, their Flesh on Spits did low,
And roasting, bellow'd like an Ox or Cow:
Yet six whole days my Men there feasting sat,
Those Cattel slaughter'd, tenderest were, and fat;
But the sev'nth Morning, *Jove* the Wind asswag'd,
Calming cross Tempests that so long had rag'd:
When straight we went aboard, we launch our Ship,
Erect our Masts, and hoise our Sail a-trip,
Leaving that hapless Isle: No land now nigh,
Nothing in Ken but the broad Sea, and Skie:
With Tempest big, *Jove* musters sable Clouds,
And with strange Darkness, Air, and Water, shrouds;
Nor long the Clouds, imprison'd Winds contain,
But straight breaks forth a dreadful Hurrican.

Then Beasts-inspected entrails threats foreshow'd,
And purple blood from Silver Fountains flow'd.
And then the populous Cities did resound
With howling Wolves which walk'd their nightly round.
From serene Skies it never lightned more,
Nor such dire Comets e're were seen before.
Again, *Philippi* Roman Squadrons saw,
With equal Arms, for dreadful Battel draw.

The Whirling-gust our shrouds and tackle rends,
 Sweeps down our arms, and oars, our Main-mast spends;
 Which on the Helms-man lighting, hit so full
 Him on the Head, it shatter'd all his Skull,
 Down from his Seat he like a Diver sunk,
 And his Soul flying, leaves a senseless Trunk.
 Then on our Ship *Jove* dreadful Lightning threw,
 Which twirl'd her round, and up our Hatches blew,
 All places fill'd with Sulphur, out they leap
 Swimming, transform'd to Mews about the Ship:
 A God stop'd their return, but I did sit,
 Until her Keel the dreadful Tempest split,
 And from the bottom tore the broken Mast,
 Which, belted with a lusty Thong, hung fast,
 Which binding on the turn'd-up Keel, I rod,
 Born with rough Winds upon the boyf'rous Flood.
 When *Western-Winds* their Fury had asswag'd,
 Arose a *Southern-Tempest*, more enrag'd,
 Which back again me overpowr'd with Woes,
 On swelling Waves to dire *Charybdis* blows.
 All Night I floated, with the rising Sun
 I did to *Scylla*, and *Charybdis* run,
 Who briny Billows in Potations sup;
 But a tall Fig-tree reaching, I got up,
 And Bat-like clung by Branches which did bend,
 Nor could firm footing gain, nor yet ascend:
 The Roots were deep, and spreading Branches made
 A Curtain which did dire *Charybdis* shade:
 Here did I hang until my Keel, and Mast,
 She, to my wish, up disemboguing, cast.
 But when to Supper joyful home doth trudge,
 After long Causes heard, the weary Judge;
 Then gladly I, the Mast, and Keel, espy'd,
 And slipping down the middle, got astride;

Then row'd off with my hands, when *Jove* took care
 That I should scape, nor *Scylla* spie me there.
 Nine days I floated, on the Tenth at Night;
 On the Nymphs Isle, *Ogygia* I did light,
 Who kindly entertain'd me in her Cave,
 Of which last Night a large Account I gave;
 Which to your Queen, and You, would tedious be,
 Once more to hear, and small Content to me.

HOMERS



Honorabilis Dominæ
de Orroy Tabulam

Margaritæ Comitissæ
hanc LND D D IO 10 15



HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE THIRTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Pheacians land Ulysses in his sleep
With all his Gifts. Neptune transforms their Ship.
He his own Home not knows. Pallas appears,
And Him with Counsel, and kind Language cheers,
Conceals his Wealth, and carrying on their Plot,
Gives him a Hoary-Beard, and tbed-bare Coat.*



THIS said, they silent on each
other look,
Extreamly with his wonderous
Story took.
Then spake the King; *Ulysses,*
since the Fates

Brought Thee a Stranger thus within our Gates,
Through sad Adventures both by Sea, and Land,
We'll not return thee like a Vagabond,
You, who so er'e that's here, I All enjoin,
That feast with me, and drink delicious Wine,
And

And hear our Poet sing, what more y' intend
This Stranger to present, in Coffers send.
Refined Gold he hath, and presents store
By us presented unto him before,
Each in a Tripode, now and Charger lay;
Which sels'd upon the People, let them Pay:
Easie are Burthens when on many laid.
All condescend to what *Alcinous* said,
Then to their Houses went to their Repose.
Soon as the rose-finger'd Dawn arose,
Loaden with treasure to the Ship they hast
Which straight *Alcinous* saw in order plac'd
Beneath the Banks; with such Convenience stow'd,
It could not hinder any whil'st they row'd.
Thence to *Alcinous* Treatment all withdrew,
Who to great *Jove* a well-fed Bullock slew;
And highly feasted there both Old and Young,
Whil'st their sweet Poet heavenly Raptures sung.
But to *Ulysses*, earnest to be gon,
The Sun seem'd tedious, and the Day too long.
His Supper so expects the hungry Swain,
Who Furroughs ploughs, to propagate sown Grain;
And for the World's bright Torch descending waits,
Then weary, gladly falls on courtest Cates:
Ulysses so at the Sun-setting glad,
Thus to the King, hem'd in with Princes, said;
Thou, who the Glory of thy People art,
Since 'tis your will such kindness to impart,
Dismiss me with those Gifts you'r pleas'd bestow,
Which to your Bounty, and the Gods, I owe,
A fair return for, since you'll Me transport
In safety to my Wife, and Native Port.
Ah! may you here in Plency spend your Lives,
Your Sons, and Daughters, and your dearest Wives;
Whil'st

Whil'st Heaven on them all Virtues showres at Home,
And no misfortune on the Publick come.

This Speech th' approve, and straight an Order made
Him to dismiss who could so well perswade.

Then thus *Alcinous* to the Herald spake;

Pontonous, a Goblet ready make,
Fil'd with rich Wine, that we may *Jove* implore,
Our Guest to Convoy to his Native shore.

This said, full Bowls he dealt about the Hall,
Who on the Gods, they thus libating, call.

Then from his Seat *Ulysses* started up,
Presents *Arete* with a flowing Cup;
And complementing highly, thus begins;
May'st thou be alwaies Happy, best of Queens,
Till Age and Death comes, incident to all:
But I returning, at your Foot-stool fall,
Kissing your Hands; Oh, may you to your King,
Children, and People, dayly Comfort bring.

This said, *Ulysses* to the Vessel went,
His Herald him t' attend, *Alcinous* sent,
Arete Damsels; This a curious Vest,
And Waistcoat carries, That a Carved Chest,
The third brings Wine, and Manchet, to the Ship;
The joyful Company no time let slip,
But set the good Provision up, then spread
Clean sheets and Blanckets ore a well-made Bed:
No sooner entred but he takes Repose,
They settle to their Banks, and Cables lose.
But he, whil'st Oars the briny Billows swept,
Like one in Death's eternal ^(*) Slumber slept.
Not swifter Charioteers their Chariots work,
Lashing their lose-rein'd Horses through the Cirque;
Who with long stretches soon devour the Plain,
Then they were carri'd p'oughing up the Main.

Steady

(*) The whole Allegory of this Poem of our Poet is this: *Ulysses* in quest of true felicity, the *Ithaca* and *Penelope* here signified, labours under many and grievous calamities. He has several Companions, who through Lust, Luxury, and other Vices, miscarry in the Enterprize; himself alone escapes, and by the assistance of the *Pheacians* is transported by Sea in his sleep to his long'd-for Country. The *Pheacians*, which signifies black, *quail*, are the Mourners which attend at his Funeral; the Ship his Grave, which is afterwards converted into a Rock, his Funeral Stone; his Sleep decyphers Death, through which alone Man arrives at his eternal Repose.

Steady and swift as long-wing'd Falcons flie,
 That seize all Birds that cut the yielding Skie;
 Bearing a Heroe through the foamy Floods,
 Able to sit in Counsel 'mongst the Gods;
 Who had so many hard Adventures past,
 In bloody Battels, or by Tempests tost,
 Now soundly slept, forgetting former Woes:
 But when the glorious Morning-star arose,
 The glittering Harbinger, which tells th' Approach
 Of bright *Aurora* in her golden Coach,
 Then drew they neer *Ulysses* Native Soyl,
 And Port, they ^(b) *Phorcus* from the Sea-God stile,
 This two broad sides extends, and opening doth,
 Though rough the Margents, make the Water smooth:
 There without Cable, tall Ships land-lock'd lie,
 And highest Springs, and loudest Winds defie.
 But in the bottom of the Bay, they had
 An Olive, casting ore a Cave, a shade,
 In which the Nymphs, still'd *Naiades*, reside:
 Within stood Bowls, and Goblets petrifi'd,
 And there whilst humming Bees fill'd all the Rooms,
 They marble Shuttles ply'd in rocky Looms,
 Where, wondrous to behold, they purple wove:
 Fountains within two Portals were above,
 That towards the *North* still Mortals entred at:
 Egress and Regress through the *Southern-Gate*
 Gods always had, and ne'r by Men prophan'd.
 Here up they run their Vessel on the Strand,
 And leave with plyant Oars half-drie, their Ship,
 Then to the shore from well laid Hatches leap.
 They first *Ulysses* from his Cabin bore
 In Quilts, and purest linen cover'd ore,
 And fast a sleep on Sea-wash'd Margents laid,
 And all those Gifts which the *Pheacians* had
 Presented

(b) *Phorcus* was the Son of *Pontus*
 and *Terra*, according to *Hesiod* in his
 Genealogy of the Gods,

* *Ἀλλ' ἴδ' αὖθις Πόρκος ἐν τῇ ἀγῶνι*
ὁρᾶται
τὰς μαργαρίτας, καὶ κατὰ πλάτος
ἐν τῇ ἀγῶνι ἐν τῇ ἀγῶνι
ὁρᾶται.

He was one of the Rulers of the Seas,
 and had his Temple in this Haven;
 from whence it receiv'd its appellation

Presented him on *Pallas* score, they put
 Out of the Way, under an ^(c) Olive Root,
 Lest any should before *Ulysses* wake,
 Stumbling on them by Fortune, Notice take.
 This done, their Sails they for *Pheacia* set :
 But *Neptune* old picques not forgotten yet,

(c) The Olive-tree was sacred to *Minerva*, the Patroness of *Ulysses*, and therefore aptly feign'd by our Poet to keep his deposited Treasure.

Thus to the Thund'rer said ; Oh ! *Jove*, no more
 Amongst the Gods will Mortals me adore,
 When the ^(d) *Pheacians* mind me not at all,
 Who from my Stock had their Original.
 I thought *Ulysses* plagu'd with Woe, and Want,
 Should hardly e're return, such was your grant :
 They him in sleep on's Native shore have left
 With Gold, rich Vests, and many a costly gift
 By them presented, which he doth enjoy,
 More then his wealthy share of plundred *Troy*.
 When the Clouds Muster-master thus reply'd ;

(d) For *Phaen*, King of the Island, from whom they were called *Pheacians*, was Son of *Neptune*, and *Corcyra* the Daughter of *Aeolus*.

On this account, me *Neptune* dost thou chide ?
 No God shall thee despise, 'tis more then hard
 To throw Aspersions on so great a Lord :
 But if that any Mortal thee shall slight,
 I will revenge thy Cause, and do thee Right.
 Thee these I leave to pardon, or chastize.
 When thus the shaker of the Earth replies ;

Then by your Leave, a tempest raise I will ;
 But Brother, under your Correction still ;
 And their fair Ship returning Home with Joy,
 Ent'ring their Land-lock'd Harbour I'll destroy :
 That they no more shall Mortals thence transport,
 Shee like a Mountain shall choke up their Port.

Then *Jove* reply'd ; Do *Neptune* what you list,
 I shall be more then Neuter, and assist :
 I'll bring forth all the Town, as lookers on,
 To see a Ship transform'd into a Stone.

B b

They

(e) The Island inhabited by the *Pheacians*, afterward call'd *Corcyra*, now *Corfu* in the *Venetian Gulf*.

(f) *Eustatius* notes that the ancients report there lay a Rock near unto the Isle, representing the form of a Ship; which occasion'd the signment of our Poet: but certainly by this transmutation he has deliver'd his opinion concerning that secret of Nature, the transforming of one species into another; Wood into Stone, by Water, signified here by *Neptune*. For this kind of transmutation is not lately discover'd, but was known unto the ancients. *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis* says that among the *Cicones*, a people of *Thrace*, there was a River that congeal'd the bowels of those who drank thereof, and converted whatsoever it receiv'd, into Stone.

*Flumen habent Cicones quod potum saxa reddit
Viscera, quod talis inducit marmora rebus.*

Ciconian streams congeal his Guts to Stone
That thereof drinks, and what therein is thrown.

It seems to have had a slime of that nature which unites, and indurates. So the dust of *Puzzolo*, being touch'd by water, is presently petrified.

They shall admire how such a mighty Fort,
Rais'd like a Mountain, should besiege the Port.
Thus order'd *Neptune*, thence with high Content,
To *Scheria*, and (e) *Pheacian* Bulwarks went;
And there remain'd until the well-trim'd Ship
Drew near the Harbour, with all Sails a-trip:
Then in a trice transform'd her into (f) stone,
And fixing there, went off when he had done.

When the *Pheacians* this strange Sight survey'd,
They sadly viewing one another, said;

Ah! who hath fix'd this Vessel in the Main,
The cause not knowing, Thus they all complain;
Then said *Alcinous*; This Chance of Old

My inspir'd Father oft to me foretold,
That *Neptune* angry, that we did transport
A forein Prince unto his Native Court,
Would change the Ship return'd, into a Hill.

These his Predictions, thus the Fates fulfil.

This Prodigy must us instruct, no more

Strangers to wait to any other Shore:

And twelve fat Bullocks to great *Neptune* kill,
That pitying, he remove this mighty Hill,
As he advis'd, to him they Offerings made,
And all the Princes, and the People, pray'd.

But when *Ulysses* wak'd, long absent he,
Not his own Country knew, nor well could see:
With grosser mists *Pallas* so dim'd the Air,
That things refracted, seem'd not what they were,
Lest that his Wife, or Friends, should find him, ere
He made the Sutors reckon for their Cheer.

The Pile and Prospect of the place seem chang'd;
The Harbour, Ways, the Rocks, and Trees estrang'd.
Whil'st He his Native Country thus beheld,
His Thighs He beating, briny Tears distil'd,

Lifting

Lifting his Hands to Heaven, aloud complain'd;
 Where am I now? what place is this? what Land?
 Fallen once more am I 'mongst a Race unjust,
 Stern, and injurious, only rul'd by Lust?
 Or pious Souls that Hospitable are?
 Where shall I hide these Riches? whither bear?
 Where go my self? would I had still remain'd
 'Mongst the *Pheacians*, or been entertain'd
 By some kind Prince, who pitying, me from Toyl
 Had sent attended to my Native Soyl:
 I know not what to do, nor this great deal
 Of Wealth, from greedy persons to conceal.
 I will no more, You Gods, my Judgment trust,
 These *lie Pheacians* false are, and unjust,
 Who leave me on an unknown Coast, whom they
 To his own Country promis'd to convey.

Revenge me *fove* on them, Thou, who dost all
 Such cheating Sycophants to strict Audits call.
 But I will see what Goods I lack, well may
 Such Sharks themselves, for me transporting, pay.
 His Tripods, and his Chargers, ore he told,
 Vests, and rich Mantles, Silver, Brass, and Gold:
 All found he there, then creeping neer the Shore,
 Whil'st his misfortunes thus he did deplore,
Pallas drew nigh him, like a Youthful Swain,
 Such Sons of Kings keep Flocks upon the Plain:
 His Vest well lin'd, his Sandals neatly ty'd,
 Arm'd with a Spear; whom when *Ulysses* spy'd,

He joyfully thus said; Your Servant, Sir;
 You being the first that I encountred here,
 No Look, no Posture of an Enemy, have;
 Preserve this Treasure, and me also save;
 Since as a God, or Genius of the place,
 I supplicate Thee, and thy Knees imbrace:

And I beseech you, Sir, inform me well,
What Land, what People in this Country dwell;
Whether this be *Peninsula* or *Isle*,
Or, neer the *Sea*, the *Main-lands* gleby soyl.

Then she reply'd; Th' art in Experience Young,
Or else some Stranger, hast not here been long,
That ask'st what Country's this; 'tis not so poor,
But 'tis well known to every Neighb'ring Shore;
Nay, where so e're the Sun, in progress hurl'd,
Gilds with Day-beams the *North*, and *Southern World*.
Our Grounds are Rocky, we have little Plain,
But that well cloath'd with Vines, and golden Grain:
This Country dew, and frequent showres not wants,
Feeds Goats, and Cattel well; all sorts of Plants
Cast pleasant shades, where they to watering come:
Ithaca's name hath, Friend, reach'd *Ilium*,
Which they report far distant from this *Isle*.
Glad he had landed on his Native Soyl,
His Joy dissembling though, he thus reply'd;
And spake at random things both ore, and wide,
Still acting subtle parts; Beyond the *Sea*,

Sir, I in *Crete* much heard of *Ithaca*,
And now brought hither with my whole Estate,

My Children left, since I unfortunate
(*Orsilochnus* slew, *Idomeneus* his Son,
Who all their swiftest Youth could far out-run;
Who would have forc'd from me my *Trojan* share;
Purchas'd in War with so much Toyl, and Care,
And miseries upon the boystrous Main,
Because his Father on the *Trojan* Plain
I did not serve, others commanding there.

I in the Field with a sharp-poynted Spear,
Way laying him, with one Companion, slew,
When Night ore Heaven her sable Mantle threw.

My

(*g*) It is observ'd by *Eustathius* that this relation is not consonant to the ancient Histories, but on purpose invented to make him more acceptable to the Sutors, having slain the Son of *Ulysses's* Friend: but something of History is contain'd in it: for *Idomeneus*, King of *Crete*, was Commander of some Forces in the *Trojan* Expedition, as appears in the second book of the *Iliads*.

Κεῖνος δ' Ἰδομενίδος ἀφ' Ἰθάκης ἦν
ὅς τις Κρήτης τ' ἔχων, Τροίανδ' ἐν Τρωάδ' ἔταυρε.

Idomeneus rul'd the *Cretan Bands*,
From *Gortyns* *Bulwarks*, and the
Gnosian Strands.

and, though the antients have not recorded it, yet from hence I conjecture that *Orsilochnus* was slain according to this relation, though not by *Ulysses*.

My suddain Flight, and his sad Fortune hid,
 None of my going knew, nor his being Dead :
 I got aboard in a *Pheacian* Ship,
 With this you see, of which they had a snip ;
 Who promis'd to transport me through the Main
 To *Pyle*, or *Elis*, where th' ^(b) *Epeians* reign;
 Up to a Harbour which they not design'd
 They run their Vessel, forc'd by adverse Wind
 Against their Wills, intending no Deceit ;
 At Night there landing, neither drink, nor meat;
 Once thought upon, though we had fasted long,
 But weary on the shore themselves they flung,
 Where me they left, surpriz'd in charming Sleep,
 With all my Goods, and lanch'd into the Deep,
 And straight for the *Sidonian* Confines bore,
 A woful Wretch upon this unknown shore.
 Wringing my Hand, then with a smile the Maid,
 Her own Celestial Form assuming, said ;

Thou'lt prove too hard for who e're plays with Thee
 And Cheat for Cheat stake, though a God he be ;
 Nor want'st Thou now here, in thy Native Soyl,
 Feign'd stories, by Thy Stars taught to beguile.
 But of this Theam to say more I am loth,
 Since at Contrivements we are Skilful both ;
 For dextrous Sights 'mongst Mortals, Thine's the prize,
 My ready Wit's well known in th' arched Skies :
 Yet Thou not *Pallas* know'st, whose Care, and Love,
 Labour'd Thy harder Fortunes to improve.
 I gave Thee Favour in *Alcinous* Eys,
 And once more hither come, Thee to advise
 How Thou these costly Presents may'st conceal :
 But I'll a greater Consequence reveal.
 In Thy own Palace, which Th' art now so neer,
 Many Affronts Thou must with Patience bear,

Walk

(b) *Strabo* observes that *Hecataeus* *Milesius* makes the *Epeans* distinct from the inhabitants of *Elis*, and says that they assisted *Hercules* in the destruction of that place ; but adds also that it is not at all incredible that two different people should unite into one body, and one name too, in process of time. Our Poet calls them by the same name too in his *Iliads* ; at the end of the 2 book, where he reckons the *Grecian* Fleet.

Οἱ δ' ἄρα Βηπειρώτιον τι καὶ Ἥλιδον δια-
 γμασιν.
 Ὅσον ἴσ' Ἑρμῆν καὶ Μῆρσιν ὁ ἰχθυόωντα,
 Πύρρον τ' Ὀδυσσεύς καὶ Ἀλκίονος ἑσθλὸς υἱός γε
 τῶν δ' αὖ πῶταρες ἀγχοῖ ἴοντες, δῖα δ'
 ἀνδρῶν ἱερόν
 Νῆας ἱπποῖο θοαί, πολλὰς δ' ἔμβαλλον
 ἑπταίη.

Who in *Buphrasium*, and fair *Elis* dwell
 Who *Hermion*, and the *Myrtin* Plains did
 till,
 Th' *Olenian* Rock from *Alisium* sent,
 In forty Sail, with these the *Epeians*
 went.

Walk there disguised, wouldst Thou be secure,
And silent, what Thou seest; and hear'st, indure :
With that same Temper thou so oft hast tri'd
Meet their Affronts. When thus the King reply'd ;
Thou may'st, O Goddess, well Mans Knowledge scape,
That canst transform Thy self to any shape :
I know how much to Thee I stood oblig'd,
When our great Army Trojan Walls besieg'd ;
But after we did Priam's City get,
From thence then sailing Jove dispers'd our Fleet,
And I, best Lady, Thee no more did see,
Or dreamt Thou hadst the least Concern for me ;
But wandred as my wav'ring Fancy led,
Until the Gods me from all Sorrows freed ;
And 'mongst Pheacians me Thou didst instruct,
And me encouraging, didst to th' Court conduct :
Thee, by thy Father, Virgin, I implore,
To tell me if this be my Native Shore :
For I suppose it is some other Soyl,
And Thou wouldst my Credulity beguil.
Am I at Home ? Me Hopes, and Fears divide.
When thus to him th' illustrious Maid reply'd ;
Thou always dost new Doubts, and Scruples start,
Yet my Ulysses I shall ne'r desert,
Who Prudence, and Complacency may boast :
Another coming to his Native Coast,
Would long his Children, House, and Wife, to see ;
Thou ne'r inquir'st, nor car'st where e're they be :
Thou wouldst have ventur'd for Her heretofore,
Who with salt Teares bedews her Chamber-floor,
And Night, and Day, doth in thy Absence mourn,
I knew, though hard to Sense, Thou should'st return ;
But not against my Uncle durst engage,
Whose Bosom burns with unextinguish'd Rage ;
Nor

Nor could thy lost Associates quench the Fire:
 But Thou shalt see what so thou dost desire:
 This is the Port of *Phorcus*, th' old Sea-God,
 Crown'd with a spreading Olive, like a Wood:
 Neer this a ⁽ⁱ⁾ Cave, sacred the shady Grot
 To *Naiades*, roof'd with a grassy Plat;
 Where oft to them Thou Hecatombs hast pay'd:
 There's Mount *Nerytus* with a Forest clad.
Pallas, this said, dispers'd the gloomy Mist;
 The Coast appearing, glad *Ulysses* kist
 His Native Soyl, and kneeling on the shore;
 Thus did the Nymphs with rear'd up Hands, implore,
 You *Naiades*, I thought without dispute,
 Ne'r you to see, whom I with Joy salute,
 And shall, as heretofore, your Altars lade,
 If by Permission of the Heavenly Maid,
 My Son yet lives. The Goddess then reply'd;
 Scruple no more I say, in me confide.
 But let us straight into this Cave convey
 Thy Wealth, and careful, up in safety lay,
 There we'll consult what's best to do. This said,
 Into the Vault walks the Celestial Maid,
 Whil'st in *Ulysses* all his Riches gets;
 Gold, Silver, Vests which He in order sets;
 Gifts which to Him the kind *Pheacians* gave:
 Then rowl'd a stone in th' entry of the Cave.
Pallas, and He then on an Olive-Root
 Complotting sat, both in a High Dispute;
 The Haughty Sutors ruin to prepare.

Then *Pallas* said, Thou must take special Care,
 How them to master, who now court thy Spouse,
 And three years now kept Revels in thy House,
 Contriving Joynters, whil'st she prest with Cares,
 Now for Thy coming Home hopes, now despairs,

Yet

(i) *Cronius* observes that the Cave here describ'd agrees not with History, there being no mention of it in any of those who writ the Topographies of that Isle. Wherefore the Grammarians have labour'd to find out the Allegory, or Intention of the Poet veil'd under this obscure Description. A Cave was the Symbol of the World among the ancient Theologists, as *Porphyrius* on this place proves out of *Plato*, in the seventh of his *Polity*, and *Empedocles* in his *Physicks*, where speaking of the World, he saies,

Ἡ δὲ διὰ τὴν τῆς αἰσθητικῆς καὶ νοητικῆς —

The two doors are the two Tropicks; the North, through which the Souls descended when they were to be united to a Body; the South, through which they ascended when they were separated: The Nymphs weaving their purple Webs upon Rocks of Stones, signified the Souls framing its garment of Blood, and Flesh, upon the solid foundation of the Bones: Honey was accounted purgative; and therefore in some initiations the Hands were wash'd with it instead of Water, and the Tongue was cleans'd from all its offences. By the Olive, sacred to *Minerva*, the Goddess of Wisdom, which grew neer to the Cave, was signified, that this World was not formed by chance, but by some intellectual Being, separated indeed from it, but whose seat was neer, upon the head of it. This Olive being *αισθητικὴ*, constantly flourishing, did aptly denote the perpetual descension, and ascension of souls, for which this Cave was consecrated.

(2) *Spondanus* was unhappily mistaken in the meaning of this place, who thought that *Ulysses* had here delivered how by the assistance of *Minerva* he escaped some imminent danger, in the Palace of *Agamemnon*, who never came thither, as appears by the whole series of this book: but it is clear that *Ulysses* saies only this, That he had been murder'd, like *Agamemnon*, in his own Palace, had it not been for the advice of *Minerva*. Now the manner of the death of *Agamemnon* he had learn'd from *Agamemnon's* ghost in his descent into Hell, as it is at large delivered, *Odys.* 11.

Yet Treats them fair, promising each Address,
Sends them kind words, but thinks of nothing less.
Ulysses then with a deep Sigh reply'd;

I here shall Perish, as ⁽¹⁾ *Atrides* dy'd,
In my own House, if Thou not me conduct:
But me to be reveng'd on them, instruct:
Ah help me now, and stand in my Defence,
As when we took *Troy's* lofty Battlements:
Then of three hundred I'll not be afraid,
But back'd by Thee, the proudest Rival beard.
Th' illustrious Goddess then to him reply'd;

I shall be present, and with Thee will side,
And make no doubt, we shall with Brains, and Gore,
Of those devour thee, stain thy Palace floor.
But Thou must not be known where Thou art seen,
Therefore I'll rive up thy smoother Skin,
And soyl thy brighter Tresses, and so cloath,
That whosoe'er beholds thee, Thee shall loath,
When to thy Son, and Wife, Thou dost appear,
And proud Corrivals, Thy bright Eys I'll blear;
But to *Subulcus* first, who tends thy Swine
Make thy Address, He sure to Thee will joyn;
He thy Relations loves, Him Thou shalt find
Feeding with Mast his bristly Herd, behind.

(1) *Corax* was an inhabitant of *Ithaca*, who in pursuit of a Hare fell down a Rock, and broke his Neck, from whom it had this appellation. *Arethusa* his Mother, hearing the sad news of her Son's death, hang'd her self near a Fountain, from her call'd *Arethusa*. *Enstathius*.

⁽¹⁾ *Corax's* Rock, where *Arethusa* springs,
And he to watering, his fat Cattel brings:
There stay with Him, till He shall Thee instruct,
And I'll thy Son, from *Sparta* Home conduct;
Who went to *Menelaus* Court, where He,
Late his Addresses made, in Quest of Thee,

Ulysses then; Why tel'st Thou not me all,
Since well you know what ere may Him befall?
Whether at Sea he met his sullen Fate,
Or *Harpyes* have devoured his Estate?

The

The Goddess him thus answer'd, be content
Him I abroad to purchase Fame have sent;
He in *Atrides* Palace takes his ease,
In safety, there commanding what he please,
But the Corrivals a dire Plot contrive
To murder him, e're he at Home arrive,
But some of them before shall meet their Fate,
Who in a Raunt now ruine thy Estate:

Thus saying, the Goddess touch'd him with her Wand,
Straight his clear skin all rivled up, and Tan n'd,
His golden Hair a suddain Frost did hoar,
And his plump Cheeks Old Age straight crusted ore,
His sparkling Eyes she blear'd, then straight she drest
Him in a totter'd Coat, and sordid Vest,
Peec'd, patch'd, and stain'd, with sooty Smoke, and Dirt,
And with a Deer's pill'd skin his Belly guirt.
Gave him a Staff, and worn in holes a Scrip,
Hanging it in a twisted leather slip,
Accoutred thus the Goddess left him there,
And to his Son in *Sparta* did repaire.



Honoratissimo Domino D.
De Kingston Tabulam



Johanni King Baroni
hanc. LND DDIO. 1644



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE FOURTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Eumæus first in Rags, Ulysses spies ;
Rates off the Dogs, barking at his Disguise :
Him as a Beggar kindly entertains,
And of the Sutors Revel-rout complains.
This, tells the coming of his absent Lord ;
That, of his Stories not beleives a Word.*

B

UT from the Port a rough
way through the Cops,
Mongst Clifts he went, and
wood-cloath'd Mountain tops:
Where Pallas told him that Su-
bulcus dwelt,

Who with his Lord more faithfully had dealt,
Then any Swain, to husband his Estate ;
And straight he found him sitting at his Gate,
Which in fair Prospect, on a rising Ground,
He built with Stone, and hedg'd with Quick-sets round,

At his own cost; because the King, and Queen,
 And old *Laertes*, long had absent been,
 Which he surrounded with a standing Guard
 Of Oken Pails, the staves both strong, and hard:
 Twelve ample Styes within convenient reach
 He there had built, Fifty fat Swine in each:
 The pregnant Females in their Chambers kept,
 Their brisly Husbands in the Portals slept.
 Many of these had ryoting Sutors spent,
 To whom the fattest still *Subulcus* sent:
 Three hundred yet and sixty there remain'd.
 Four Dogs as fierce as Lyons he maintain'd,
 Who alwaies slept attending on the Hogs,
 Himself then late ord'ring a pair of Brogues,
 From a py'd Bullocks Skin, three others there
 About their Styes, and several business were.
 The fourth he with a Swine to th' Palace sent,
 That might the Sutors Feast with high Content.
 Soon as the Dogs had spy'd him coming on,
 With open mouths they at *Ulysses* run:
 But cunning, he sits down, and drops ^(a) his staff:
 Nor was he then from those stern Warders, safe,
 Had not *Subulcus* leap'd up to his Aid,
 And thrown aside the Shoes were almost made,
 Palting with stones the bawling Party back:
 Who when he had secur'd the King, thus spake;
 The Dogs, O Father, gave a fierce assault,
 And if th' had hurt Thee, t' had not been my Fault,
 The Gods for me have sadder business found.
 Here I with Groans, and Sighs, lie on the Ground,
 Lament my King; whilst others in his House,
 Devour his Cattel, and his Wine Carouse;
 Whilst he in want by various Fortunes hurld,
 Wanders about the many-peopl'd World,

(a) *Didymus* on this place saies that
 οὐκ ἐστὶν βούβηκεν πρὸς ἀποσπορὰν καὶ οὐκ
 ἔστιν ἐν τῇ πόλει, it is a natural Defence for
 the aversion of Dogs, to sit down, and
 lay aside the Weapon out of ones hand,
 as not intending to set upon them. *Pli-*
ny has the like observation in the
 eighth Book of his Natural History;
Impetus canum & sevitia mitigatur ab
homine confidente humi, The fierceness,
 and rage of Dogs is mitigated by a
 mans sitting on the ground.

If yet he live, and see the rising Sun,
 But to my Cottage go with me, old Man;
 And when Thou art refresh'd with wholsom Fare,
 Say whence Thou cam'st, and what thy Sufferings are.
 This said, *Eumæus* in *Ulysses* led,
 And straight a wild Goats skin, and Branches spread,
 Him placing on that Couch: *Ulysses* glad
 At this his first so kind Reception, said;

O *Jove*, and all you Gods, grant his Request
 Whate'er; who now so kindly treats his Guest.

Eumæus then; It is not fit that we
 Should Strangers, though they poorer are than Thee,
 Drive from our Gates; *Jove* to all those in want,
 In *Forma Pauperis* gives a special Grant:

But small our Treatments are, and mean our Boards,
 Still fearing Young, and Domineering Lords.

Ah! his Return the Gods obstructed have,
 Who lov'd me well, and this Possession gave:

He to his Servants kind was, he a House,
 And Fortune gave me, with a Vertuous Spouse,

Since, his Estate *Jove* here has much increas'd,

And my small Labours not a little blest,

Much more the King improv'd had my Estate,

Here had he stay'd; but he hath met his Fate.

Ah! would that *Helen's* Race had perish'd quite,

For whom so many Heroes fell in Fight:

And he went with *Atrides* to destroy

Proud *Ilium*, and the Walls of lofty *Troy*.

This said, he girds his Coat, and forth he hies;

Then choosing two fat Porkers from their Styes,

Slaughters them both, and next a quick Fire gets,

And to *Ulysses*, roasted on the Spits,

Straight carries hot, sprinkled with finest ^(b) Flour,

And in a Mazer lusty Wine did pour.

Then

(b) *Eustathius* notes, that the Custom here mention'd of sprinkling flower on the meat when brought to Table was long since laid aside.

Then plac'd against him, said ; Sir, tast such Fare
As only fit for us poor Servants are :
The fattest for the Sutors we select,
Who want Consideration, and Respect.
The blessed Gods all curst Designs abhor,
But still for Just, and Pious actions, are :
Yet some there be that others Realms invade,
And, *Jove* conniving, Home their Vessels lade.
Yet oft their Bosoms are with Conscience storm'd,
Sure they have heard, or by some God inform'd
Of his sad Death ; Else would they not resort
To his fair Queen, and Rytot in his Court,
But take their Leaves, who know not how to spare ;
So many Feasts as Days and Nights there are.
Not one, or two fat Victims serve their turn,
Who ne'r from eating, but to drink adjourn.
He had a fair Estate, his Riches such,
That none about him could boast half so much,
No not to th' twentieth part would theirs amount,
Which, now I'm in, I shall to Thee recount :
Twelve Herds of Cattel the main Land doth keep,
As many Goats, and Swine, and fleecy Sheep.
Goats eleven Herds in th' other Field are bred
By lusty Swains, and Jolly Shepherds, fed.
They from each Herd one every day afford,
And still the fattest, to supply the Board :
And from my Charge, to amplify their Feast,
I send the fattest Porkers, and the best.
This said, on fell He, eat, and drank rich Wine,
His Brains still working on his main Design.
His Spirits recruited well, well cheer'd his Soul,
Subulcus gives him an oreflowing Bowl :
And joyful he so fair a Progress made,
Who is this wealthy Person, Friend, he said ;

So

So bold, and hath so ample an Estate,
Who at the *Trojan War* receiv'd his Fate,
As thou believ'st; Tell me, there's no such ods,
(Since *Jove* knows all, and the immortal Gods)
But I have seen him in my Travels, hurl'd
By various Fortunes, through the peopl'd World.

None, Father, hither comes, *Eumæus* said,
But so the Queen, and his dear Son, perswade;
And to supply their Present wants, devise
Stories to please them, and a thousand Lies.
Who e're lands here, they to the Court repaire,
And with a handfom Tale still ready are :
She entertains them, and inquiry makes,
Her sparkling Eys brimful with briny Lakes,
As Women use, wanting their dearest Lord :
Couldst thou put in one comfortable word,
She would new sheath thee, thou shouldst soon be drest
In a Court Mantle, and a comely Vest.
But, ah ! on him Dogs have, and Vultures, fed,
And piece-meal rent ; Ah ! 'tis too true, he's dead,
Or hungry Fish devour'd him far from Land,
And now his Bones lie sepulchred in Sand,
There he remains, whil'st his Relations grieve,
But I'm so much concern'd, I loath to live,
I, such a Royal Master ne'r shall get,
Should I return unto my Native Seat,
Where dwelt my Parents, I, my breeding had,
Their Loss I should not so much mourn, though sad
For such Misfortune I enough should be,
As for my Prince, whom, I despair to see,
Whom, I with Reverence nominate, and Him,
Put in the highest place of my esteem.

Then said the King ; Who ne'r will Credit give,
Are worse then those too easily beleive.

I dare

I dare affirm, and positively swear,
That soon renown'd *Ulysses* will be here.
But Him that brings the joyful News, reward,
When you behold Him in His Palace Yard:
To Him a Coat, a Vest, and Mantle grant,
Till then, He'll not demand it, though He want:
Who in necessity a Lie will tell,
I hate him worser then the Gates of Hell.
Witness, Oh! *Jove*, the greatest of the Gods,
Ulysses Table, Hearth, and high Abodes,
That what I say shall come to pass, and here,
Thou shalt thy Master see, within a Year,
Nay, in a Month, arriving at his House,
To punish those, thus wrong his Son, and Spouse.

Then said *Eumæus*; For this Tydings, thee,
I never shall reward, nor Him e're see:
But talk of something else, and mind thy Drink,
Still am I sad, when of my King I think:
Yet I'll believe thee, and *Ulysses* may
Return, for which, I, and *Penelope*, pray,
Laertes, and his Son, that hopeful Plant,
Telemachus, whose Fortune I lament:
Whose Courage, Wit, and Person, to be such,
As his brave Ant-cestors, I dare avouch:
Whom now some God, or Mortal did beguile,
Sending to seek his Father, far as *Pyle*:
Whom now the Sutors watch for, to deface
The Name, and memory, of th' *Arcifian* Race:
But we'll be patient, He may fall, or fly,
And be protected by Divinity.
But, Father, now thy own sad Fortune tell,
Recount at large, what may inform me well,
Who th' art, thy Parents, and thy Native Land,
What Ship thou came'st in, by what People mann'd.

Since

Since none on Foot come hither, neither Ride.

When smartly thus *Laertiades* reply'd;

Should I thus at thy Table sitting here,

Eating and Drinking, tarry a whole Year,

Whilst others ply thy work, 'twould be too short,

To make of my sad Tales a meer report,

Which by Heav'n's will I long have undergon.

I born in *Crete*, though poor, a rich man's Son,

Who bred me with his own Legitimate race,

Although his ^(c) Concubine my Mother was,

Castor, my Father, on the *Cretan* Shore,

Of old the people did as God adore:

His Fortunes great, his Sons of fair report.

But when his Fates sent him to *Pluto's* Court,

His Children share his Wealth, and Lots they draw;

^(d) A Pittance give to me, not due by Law.

Then look'd on as deserving, I a Spowse,

And beautilous, Married, of a noble House.

I did not then contemptible appear,

As now in my distress you see me here:

Of which some marks you yet may see, though hurl'd

In Want and Misery, about the World.

For me both *Mars* and *Pallas* Valiant made:

And when I chose bold Men for Ambuscade,

Lay'ng Traps to catch the Foe, this Bosom ne'r

Thought of pale Death, nor Symptoms knew of fear;

But with the formost alwaies took my chance,

And in the Front still interchang'd my Lance:

So lov'd I War, but valu'd Plow and Cart,

Which makes our Children Wealthy, not a —

But I lov'd Ships, and Wars, the Shaft and Spear,

And whatsoere to others dreadful were:

Me to these dire delights the Stars inclin'd,

But other Men are of an other mind.

D d

Before

(c) This was the custom of the Athenians: for although in the infancy of their polity, Women were all in common, yet *Cecrops* their King, long before the time of *Homer*, had abolished it, and ordained that one man should be the Husband of one Wife, saies *Athenians*, in *Atholus* *peritos* *Klax* *μὲν* *ἐν* *ἱερῷ*: but withal, though he allow'd them but one Wife, yet he denied them not a plurality of Concubines: and the difference was according to *Demosthenes* *ὡς* *τὰς* *μὲν* *ἐμψυχὰς* *δὲ* *ἄλλοις* *ἔχουσιν*, *τὰς* *δὲ* *γυναικὰς* *τὴν* *παῖδας* *αὐτῶν* *γυναικῶν*, *ἃς* *ἔτι* *ἔστιν* *ἐν* *ἡμῶν* *πολλὰς* *ἔχουσιν*. The Concubines were kept for pleasure, to revel abroad with their Lords; the Wife for legitimate procreation, and a prudent governess of the Family.

(d) Our Poet seems in this relation to follow the Laws and customs of the Athenians: for it was *Solons* Law; that the Father should not have the right of making his Will, who had any male Children legitimate living: *τὰ* *ἐμψυχὰς* *δὲ* *ἄλλοις* *ἔχουσιν* *ἂν* *ἱδὴν* *ἂν* *μὲν* *παῖδας* *ὡς* *γυναικῶν*: but that the estate should be equally divided amongst them, *ἅπασιν* *τὰς* *γυναικῶν* *ὡς* *ἐμψυχῶν* *ἔτι* *παῖδας*, that all the legitimate Sons should have equal shares of their Fathers estate: by which the illegitimate were totally excluded. This appears plainly in *Aristophanes*, in *Avibus*,

ἐγὼ *δὲ* *δὴ* *ἔτι* *τὸ* *Σόλωνος* *σοὶ* *ἰβωμ*,
Νῆφ *δὲ* *μὲν* *ἔστιν* *ἄγχι*
στὰς *παῖδας* *ὅλως* *γυναικῶν*
οὐκ *ἔστιν* *ἔτι* *παῖδας*
μὲν *ὡς* *γυναικῶν*, *οὐκ*
ἔστιν *ἔτι* *γυναικῶν*
μὲν *ὡς* *γυναικῶν*.

I'll tell you *Solons* Law; Bastards are not,
When they have Children are legitimate,
Accounted of the Blood, if none there are,
The nearest of his Kindred shall be Heir.

And presently after he tells *Hercules*, who was a by-blow of *Jupiter*,

Τῶν *δὲ* *παῖδων* *δὴ* *ἀνατὸν* *μὲν* *σοὶ*
κατὰ *τὸς* *νόμους* *ὅλως* *δὲ* *ἂν* *γυναικῶν*.
Οὐκ *ἔστιν* *δὲ* *Περσέως* *πρῶτος* *δε* *ἐπαῖνος* *οὐ* *καὶ*
Ἀνδριέως *οὐ* *ἔτι* *παῖδων* *χρημάτων*
ὅλως *ἀλλὰ* *αὐτὸς* *ὡς* *γυναικῶν*.

None of your Father's goods belong to you,
For you'r a Bastard, none by Law are due;
'Tis Neptune will obtain your Sires estate,
Since he's his Brother and legitimate.

Before the *Grecians* had *Beleagu'd Troy*,
 Nine times as Captain they did me employ
 In several Ships, against all Privateers,
 And Forcin force, success crown'd my desires;
 By which I purchas'd no mean Estate,
 Was lov'd, admir'd, and honour'd through all *Crete*,
 Then *Jove* engag'd us in a Fatal strife,
 Where many a valiant Heroe lost his life.
Idomeneus then and me th' employ,
 Both Adm'als, to conduct their Fleet to *Troy*.
 And there was no disputing, no Reply,
 Fame of the Expedition flew so high:
 Nine Years there lay we, a hard Siege endur'd,
 The tenth we took their Town, so well immur'd;
 And Plunder'd *Troy* by a religious Cheat:
 Thence Sailing home, great *Jove* dispers'd our Fleet,
 And for my pains, poor me, more wretched made.
 A Month at home I with my Children staid,
 My dear Relations, and my dearer Wife,
 And at full Tables lead a merry life:
 Then I, forsooth, must see th' *Egyptian* Land,
 Nine Ships I Rigg'd, well Victual'd, and well Man'd;
 Six Daies my Friends I treated to the height,
 And pay'd the Gods each their peculiar Rite;
 The seventh from *Crete* we with a Northern Gale,
 As down the Channel of a River sail.
 We nothing wanting, stiff and Tight our Ship,
 Clap all our Canvals on, our Sails a-trip;
 The fifth Day ^(c) *Nile* we reach'd; I order'd there
 My lusty Lads straight up the River Steer:
 Our Anchors drop't, a party I command
 To search the Creeks, the Caves, and winding Strand:
 But they to Natures rougher dictates yield,
 And fall to Plunder the *Egyptian* Field;

Their

(c) It is a great error in *Giphanius* and *Spondanus*, who take *Aijvav* here for the name of the Country of *Egypt*, when both *Strabo* and divers others of the Antients have abundantly prov'd the contrary, partly out of this very place. These *Pliny* follows in his Natural History; *Nec ante Nilus quam se totum aquis concordibus rursus junxit. Sic quoque etiamnum Siris, nominatus per aliquot millia, & in totum Homero Egyptus, aliisque Triton. Which River never takes the name of Nile before his waters meet again and accord all whole together. And even so was he sometime named Siris for many miles space; and of Homer altogether Egyptus, and of others Triton, whom *Ammianus Marcellinus* follows in his History. Whence it may very probably be conjectured, that the name *Nile* for the River of *Egypt* is later then our Poet, it being not mentioned in all his Works; yet in use presently after him, it being found in the works of *Hesiod*, as *Erastosthenes* affirms.*

Their Women took, their tender Infants flew;
 More then a rumor to the City flew;
 They hear the cry, and with the early Dawn
 In compleat Arms, out Horse and Foot were drawn:
 There *Jove* my Party worsted, they gave ground,
 And were by Foes coup'd up, as in a Pound:
 Where many slaughter'd were, the rest were lead
 Thence Captives: Then *Jove* put it in my head,
 (Would I had rather dy'd, paid Natures debt,
 Who still thus suffer, with despair beset)
 To give my self a Pris'ner up and yield:
 Down I my Javelin laid, my Helm and Shield,
 And running to the King, his knees embrac'd:
 He pitying, me in his own Chariot plac'd,
 And drove off Weeping from the Vulgar rage,
 Whom nothing but my Death could then assuage.
 For Hospitable *Jove* he well did know,
 Lov'd mercy to a quarter-begging Foe.
 Seven Years I there remain'd, whilst riches flow'd,
 Rich Gifts th' whole City upon me bestow'd:
 But in th' eighth came a *Phenician*, who,
 An old Trapanner, cheating tricks well knew:
 He with perswasions lead me by the Ear,
 To go with him into *Phenicia*, where
 I at his House should well be entertain'd;
 I went, and there with him a Year remain'd:
 But when that Months and Daies had fill'd the Sphear,
 And Time set forth the circumvolving Year,
 To *Libya* me in a stout Ship he sent,
 Freight'd with Goods, but to no good intent;
 He Spirited me over, on account
 To sell me, for a Sum that did amount.
 I ventur'd with him, though my Heart did fail,
 And had as far as *Crete* a favouring Gale:

But angry *Jove* shipwrack contriv'd, and death.
 Thence sailing, yet fair Winds not out of Breath,
 Until we nothing saw but Seas, and Skies :
 When suddenly a sable Cloud did rise,
 Dark grew the Flood, it thunders, lightens, rains,
 The dismal notes fill'd up loud Heuricanes :
 Then with a flaming Bolt *Jove* struck our Ship,
 And they like Sea-Mews floated on the Deep :
 There up and down on bounding Billows born,
 Since *Jove* decreed they never should return,
 But me with this Disaster much agast,
 Trembling, my arms he flung about the Mast,
 Which boyf't'rous Winds, and Billows, nine Days bare,
 Lock'd up in my imbrace, I know not where;
 The tenth, an ore-grown Wave, the Night being dark,
 The poor remains drove of my bulged Bark
 On ^(f) *The/prot's* shore, King *Phidon's* dearest Son,
 To fetch me off, both cold, and ty'd, did run,
 And to the Pallace lead me by the hand,
 Then straight to Cloth me gave a strict command.
 And there I first of your *Ulysses* heard:
 He me acquainted with how much regard
 By him he had been treated in his way,
 Resolving suddenly for *Ithaca*.
 And what huge Wealth he had acquired told,
 Iron and bright Brass, with Ingots of pure Gold,
 With which ten Generations well might shift,
 Which he had in the King's Exchequer left;
 But he was gon, he said, to *Dodon's* Grove,
 There to consult the sacred Oak of *Jove*,
 Now absent long from home, to be advis'd,
 Should he return in publick or disguis'd;
 He swore to me his Ship and Men were cleen,
 That him should to his Native Country bear,

But

(f) The *The/protians* were a people of *Epirus*, bordering upon the Sea-Coasts, over against *Corcyra*, not far distant from *Ithaca*.

(g) At *Dodona* in *Epirus* was the most antient and famous Oracle of *Jupiter*. The story of it is thus related by *Herodotus*, the antientest of the Greek Historians, who seems to have been inquisitive after the original of it. The Priests of *Jupiter*, at *Thebes* a City of *Egypt*, told me that the *Phœnicians* had stoln away formerly two of their Priestesses, and sold one of them into *Libya*, the other into *Greece*, which Women first constituted, as they understood, Oracles in those places. But the Priestesses at *Dodona* say, that there flew two black Pigeons from *Thebes* of *Egypt*; the one into *Libya*, the other to them; which lighting on an Oak, said with a humane voice, that there ought to be an Oracle of *Jupiter* there. They, supposing it to be a divine command, caused one to be built there. The rest of the *Dodonians* agreed with them in the relation. My opinion of them, saies *Herodotus*, is this; If it be true that the *Phœnicians* carried away these two holy Women, and sold one of them into *Libya*, the other into *Hellas*; it seems to me that this Woman was sold to the *The/protians* in the Country now call'd *Hellas*, before *Pelassia*, where during her slavery she consecrated the place near a neighbouring Oak: it being probable that she who had been consecrated to *Jupiter* in *Egypt*, would retain the memory of him here. Now these Women were call'd by the *Dodonians* *maidens*, Pigeons, because using an unknown language they seem'd to speak like Birds: but that this after a while spake with a humane voice, because she by conversation had learn'd the Greek tongue. When they say the Pigeon was black, they signify that the Woman was an *Egyptian*. The Oracle at *Thebes* in *Egypt*, and that in *Dodona*, are very like one another.

But he before, a Vessel touching there,
 For ^(b) *Dolicba* bound, put me in, and with care
 Intreated them, in safety to convey
 To King *Acastus* through the briney Sea.
 There these pure Villains a contrivement laid
 To make me wretched, and their Pris'ner made.
 No sooner had they lost the sight of Land,
 They by the sequel made me understand;
 First stripping me of my fair Coat and Vest,
 Then cloath'd in Raggs, which thou so totter'd sceft;
 Reaching your Coast at night, they left me fast
 Bound in the Ship, and Landing took repast:
 But me the favouring Gods from Fetters freed,
 I on my head wrapping my totter'd Weed,
 To Shore descending by the Rudder, Swam,
 And far from them to sheltering Copses came:
 There close I souk'd whilst privy search they make,
 And sighing, pry'd in every Bush and Brake,
 Until they thought more labour were in vain;
 Then they returning Launch'd into the Main,
 The Gods for me then play'd their second part,
 And sent to thee, thou who so worthy art,
 That now I hope to live for better daies.
 When thus *Eumeus* to *Ulysses* saies;

Your story and particulars are such,
 That I confess, poor man, they move me much:
 But how shall I a wanderer believe,
 Or any credit to such hear-saies give?
 Since one in thy condition flattering tales
 To tell, and smooth Romances, most avails.
 What hopes have I of his return, what odds?
 When in close Juncture a whole Court of Gods
 Complot against him, nor would they at *Troy*,
 Nor him amongst his Friends at home destroy:

For

(b) A small Island near *Irbasa*, one of the *Echinades*, right over against the mouth of the River *Achelous*.

For then the *Greeks* had him interr'd in state;
Which had been much Renown, and glory great
Unto his Son; now *Harpyes* on him dine
Wanting due rites; and I, forsooth, keep Swine,
Nor go to Court unless the Queen commands,
Or else when Strangers come from forein Lands,
They busie then about him in a Ring,
At once ask Questions and lament their King,
Whilst others Feast upon *Ulysses* score;
So I shall be inquisitive no more.

(i) There is a certain allusion in the Greek word which could not be expressed in English. αἰσῶς signifying a beggar, the condition of the person here spoken of, as well as a native of the Country of *Etolia*. The like we find in *Aristophanes*, *Τὸ μὲν χεῖρ ἐν ἀρ-ῆασι, ὃ δ' οὐκ ἐν ἀρῆασι*.

(k) He alludes to the custom of the *Athenians*, who punish'd all Homicide, though unwittingly committed, with Exile for one year. This appears by these Verses of *Euripides* in his *Hippolytus*;

Ἐπειδὴ θύοντες καὶ ποταμῶν ἄλκι χθονί,
Μίαν (μαρτύρον ἀμείβῃ) Παλλὰς ἰδού,
Καὶ γλυφά οὐν δαμάσσει γυναικὶ χθονί,
Ἐνταῦθα ἰδούσιν ἀνθρώπος φύλιν.

Where the Scholiast observes, It is the custom that those who committed Homicide should be banish'd for the space of a year. When *Hercules* in his distraction had slain two Sons of *Iphicles* and one of his own, as soon as his passion was over, he was desired by *Iphicles* and *Lycampus* to absent himself for one year, *ὡς ἔμμεν ἐπὶ* (saith *Nicolaus Damascenus*) as the custom is, and then to return to *Thebes* again. pag. 334.

Late an (i) *Ætolian* Homicide that fled
His (k) Country, thus my credulous fancy fed,
He wandering up and down, I entertain'd,
And for my real kindness, me with fain'd
And idle Stories, like returns thus made,
Who at *Idomeneus* Pallace said,
H' had seen our King new sheathing his craz'd Fleet,
By tempests tost, and that next Spring from *Crete*,
Or Summer at the farthest he would come
With all his Friends, laden with Riches home.
So thou like him would'st tickle me in th' ear,
With Tales not working on me, though I hear:
But thee I pitying, kindly though I shall treat,
Nor laws of Hospitality forget.
When thus *Ulysses* to *Eupeus* said;

Will neither Oaths nor Evidence persuade
Thy unbelief; a bargain let's contract,
And the Gods witness this our Deed and Act:
When under these thy Roofs the King shall rest,
Then I demand a Coat and comely Vest;
That to *Dulichium* I well clad may Sail
To my concerns of no small avail:
But if he come not as I said before,
Order thy Servants then to throw me ore

A Precipice, that others may beware
To tell such stories that delusions are.

Subulcus then reply'd, Sir, all my aime,
Now and hereafter, is an honest Fame:
Therefore I'll save whom ever I invite,
Nor take his life, in justice though I might;
Else *Jove* will much offended be with me,
Breaking his Laws of Hospitality;
But now to Supper come my weary Mates,
And we have ready course, yet wholesome, Cates.
Whil'st thus they bandied smartly reparties,
The Swineherds came, first shutting in their Sties
The bristled breed to fatten with repose;
A cry amongst the sultry *Porkers* rose,
Of which he bids them choose one of the best,
Better to entertain their wand'ring Guest.

And we with him our selves will recreate,
Long sufferers now, under too hard a Fate:
Who title want, unpunish'd here make spoyle,
And we have only Labour for our Toyle.
This said, he cuts some Wood, and they lay hold
Of a fat Swine, at least was five Years old,
And straight the Brawn near to the Hearth he brought,
Who alwaies of religious duties thought;
By good thoughts prompted, casts the brisly Hair
Into the ⁽¹⁾ Fire, making a Zealous Pray'r
To all celestial Deities, that Home
His King *Ulysses* may in safety come:
Then with a knotty Stake he fetch'd his swinge,
Fells the fat Swine, whose Throat they cut and Singe,
And straight divide the Joynts *Eumæus* plac'd,
Which well with Fat and Lean he interlac'd:
Part in the Fire, commix'd with Flow'r he threw,
They the cut Collops spit, and Roasted, drew,

And

(1) This cutting off a lock of Wool was, saith *Eustathius*, ἀνέμνησις ἢ παλαιάτις ἰνδύων to preserve the memory of antique cloathing, ἐκ τριχῶν ἢ δερῶν, of Hair and Pelts. The like Ceremony or Rite was used in Sacrifices at the striking of a League, as appears in the 3. of the *Iliads*.

Ὀρχα παρὰ δαῶν σῶμαρον, κρητῆρι δ' ὄϊον
Μίχρον, ἀπὲρ βασιλευσὶν ὕδωρ δὲ χεῖρες
ἔχουσιν,
Ἄλφει δὲ δ' ἐνυστάμενος χεῖρισι μάχαιρας,
Ἦοι παρ' ἑσπείας μέγα καλὸν εἶδ' ἄρ' ἴσθι
Ἀρνῶν ἐκ παραλήων τέρμα τρέχας, &c.

Streight Agamemnon and Ulysses rise,
The Heralds in rich habits, as the guise,
The Rites prepar'd, and Wine commix'd
with Wine,
Pour on the Princes hands, which they
comyn.
His Knife Atreides drawing, which well
strung,
Alwaies behind his Swords broad Scab-
bard hung,
From both the Lambs curld fore-heads
cut the hair,
Whil'st straight the Greek and Trojan
Princes stare.

The meaning of which Rite is deli-
ver'd by *Sophocles*,

καὶ δὲ κακῶς ἀθάρτος ἐνέκοι χροῖδε,
Γένος ἀπαρτὸς πλὴν ἐξ ἡμετέρων
Οὕτως ἔπος παρὰ τοῖς ἐγὼ τίμασθαι θέλω.

Thus let the false unburi'd be,
Both he and his posterity
Cut off, as is this lock by me.

(m) To the *Nymphs*, saith *Enstasius*, because they, as Presidents of the Fountains, Rivers, and Groves, provide food for Cattel; to *Mercury*, because he is patron of Shepherds. Both these has *Simonides* also joyn'd together, perhaps taken from hence,

Θύειν τῇ νύμφῃ, καὶ Μαῖᾳ τῇ τιμῇ,
Οὗτοι γὰρ ἀνδρῶν αἶμα' ἔχοντο ποιμαίνων.

To the *Nymphs* sacrifice and *Maia's* race,
For *Shepherds* live by their especial
grace.

(n) The *Taphians* inhabited some of the Islands call'd *Echinades*, near unto *Ithaca*.

And in a Charger dish'd, *Eumæus* Carv'd,
Who alwaies points of equity observ'd;
Dividing all into seven equal shares,
To th' (m) *Nymphs* and *Hermes* he with zealous Pray'r's
Sets by one part, distributing the rest
In order due, but honouring most his Guest;
Which he receiv'd as kindly, the whole *Chine*
He plac'd before him of the white-tooth'd Swine.

Ulysses said; *Eumæus*, would thou wert
In as much favour as with me thou art,
With mighty *Jove*, that thus hast me supply'd.
To whom *Subulcus* cheerfully reply'd;

Sir, please your self with what's here, pray fall too,
God gave us this, God what in all things do.
This said, first Fruits he plays the pow'rs Divine,
His King presenting with a Bowl of Wine.
Next his own share, then bluntly takes his Seat,
To th' rest *Mesaulius* distributes the Meat,
In his Lords absence him he kept alone,
Both to *Laertes* and the Queen unknown;
Him of the (n) *Taphians*, bartring Goods he bought.
To Meat prepar'd all fell too as they ought.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Mesaulius takes away their broken Fare:
On Couches then themselves they entertain'd;
Dark grew the Night, it Blew, and sadly Rain'd,
When thus *Ulysses* said, trying his Friend;

If any of you me a Coat would lend,
Or perswade others, sure it would do well;
On which occasion I'll a Story tell:
Both Fools and Wisemen, warm'd with sprightly Wine,
Act Buffoons, Sing, in Antick Dances joyn,
And oft speak words had better not been said;
But now I'm in, I'll on, nor be dismay'd.

Ah!

Ah! would I were as Young, that Vigour had,
 As when your King, and *Menelaus* laid
 Neer *Troy* an Ambush, they in chief, I, third :
 But when we came to lofty Walls immur'd
 Amongst shrubs, and Weeds, down in the plashie Fields
 We lay, under our Arms, and ample Shields :
 Dark grew the Night, and *Boreas* cold did blow,
 Ushering a shower of Sleet, of Hail, and snow.
 Our Targets all in Crystal cases, shin'd,
 Then they had on their Coats, and Mantles lin'd.
 Under their Shields they quiet lay at rest,
 I, like a Fool, had left behind my Vest.
 I only had a Lump on, thin, and slight,
 Nor dreamt how cold might be th' insuing Night :
 Of which three quarters spent, when towards the *West*,
 Declining, Stars descended to their rest,
 Your King I pinch'd by th' Elbow, lying near,
 And whisper'd thus to him, who straight did hear ;
 Out, long I cannot dear *Ulysses*, hold,
 But here shall perish, kil'd with bitter cold,
 Wanting a Coat, deceived by some God,
 In a thin Cassock I shall be destroy'd.
 After he had my words consider'd well,
 Who both in Field, and Counsel did excel,
 With a low Voyce thus whisper'd in my Ear ;
 No more, lest any of the rest should hear ;
 His head then leaning on his Elbow, spake ;
 A Vision told me we recruits should lack,
 Adventuring so far now from the Fleet,
 Lets with all speed some one or other get,
 That to the Camp may to our General run.
 Up *Troas* started straight, *Andraemon's* Son,
 And left behind his well-lin'd purple Vest,
 In which I lay till guilded was the *East*.

Had I that strength, and youth, as then I had,
Amongst you soon I should be better clad,
Either for Love, or Fear; There's small respect
For one in tatter'd Weeds, thus poorly deckt.

Thou well and wisely hast thy self exprest,
Eumæus said; Thou shalt not want a Vest,
Nor ought for one in thy Condition meet,
Well as we may to morrow Thee we'll fit,
We know no change of Suits, nor to be brave,
So many Backs, so many Coats we have,
The Prince will then what e're he please bestow,
And you your Passport give where e're you'll go.

This said, He near the Chimny made his Bed,
And ore a shaggy Goats and Sheep Skin spread:
There lay *Ulysses*, over whom he threw
His upper Weed, soft, and well quilted too;
With which himself 'gainst any Change he arms
Of cloudy Skies, or Winters bleaker storms.
So slept *Ulysses* amongst youthful Swains:
But sleep not long *Eumæus* there detains,
Out straight he goes, which made his Master glad,
That he in absence such a Servant had.
First ore his shoulder his good Falchion hung,
And over that a well-lin'd Garment flung,
A Goats Skin next athwart, then takes his Spear,
With which he neither Theevs, nor Dogs, did fear.
Under a Rock where He his Porkers kept,
Then took Repose, whil'st they, well shelter'd, slept.

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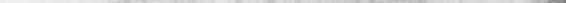
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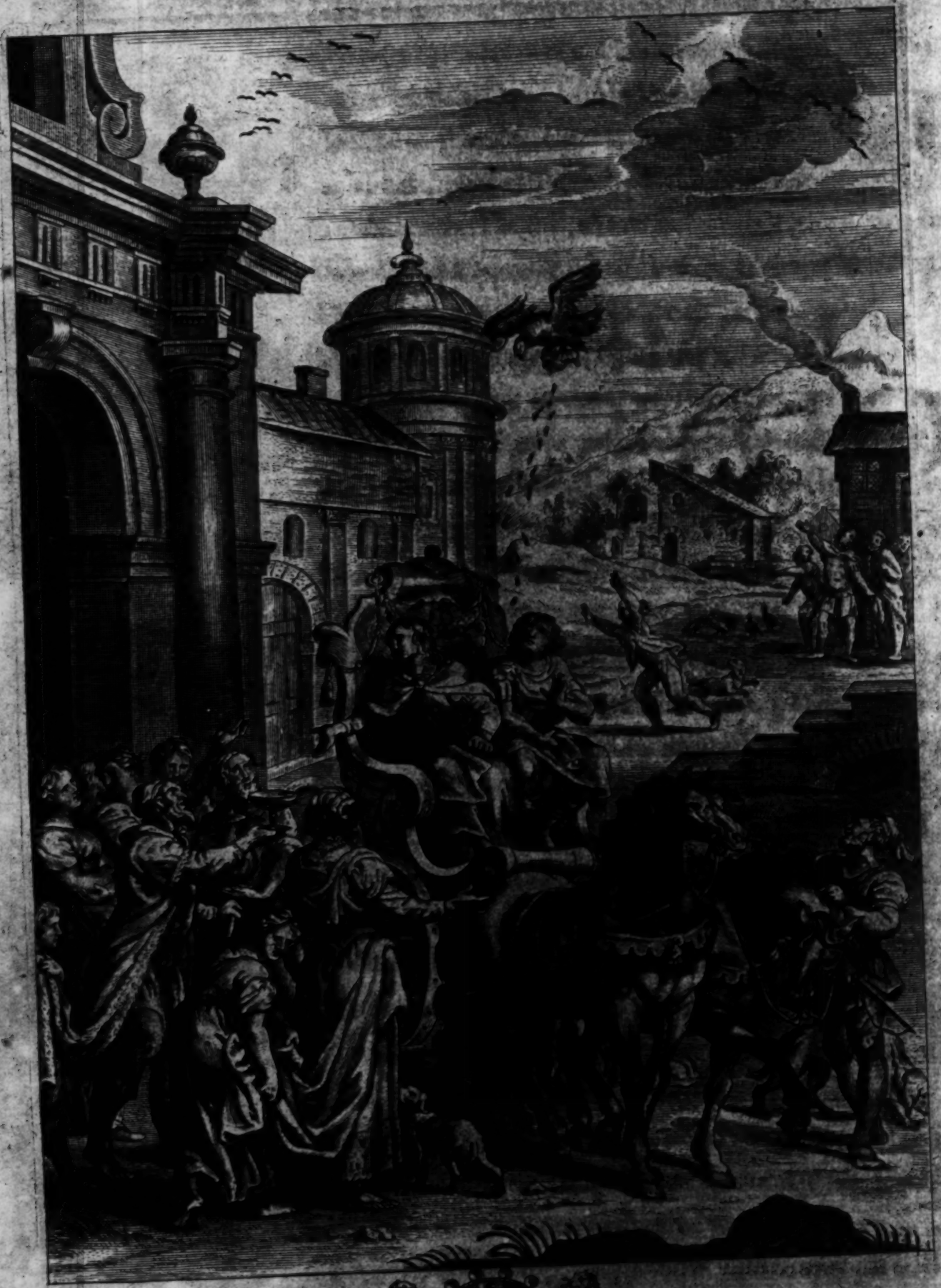


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HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE FIFTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Minerva to Telemachus appears,
Gives him good Counsel, and abates his Fears.
The Princes leave of Menelaus take.
Ulysses and Eumæus long awake,
Their Stories tell. Telemachus sets Sail,
And scapes the Sutors with a favouring Gale.*



BUT straight to Sparta went
th' Illustrious Maid,
And to Telemachus her self con-
vey'd,
T'advise him home, and how all
Plotts to shun,
In Bed she found him, with old Nestors Son,
In Menelaus Court; Nestorides
Slept soundly, but sweet Sleep not him did seize:
Such care in solitary night he took
About his Father, t' whom thus Pallas spoke;

E c 2

Telemachus,

Telemachus, thou must not longer stay,
 Leaving thy House and Fortunes thus a prey
 To haughty Rivals, lest they share thy State,
 And all consuming, thou return'st too late.
 Leave to depart of *Menelaus* get,
 At home thou shalt thy Mother find as yet,
 Whose ^(a) Father and her ^(b) Brothers urge to Wed
Eurymachus, as worthiest of her Bed,
 Who best can settle her a plenteous Dowr :
 So thy imbezled state they will devour.
 Women are fickle, and their second Spouse
 Shall with her former Childrens goods, his House
 Replenish, nor regard their Husbands Dust.
 What ere thou hast of Value, that intrust
 Unto some careful Damsel, till the Gods
 Give thee a Wife, and fix in thy aboads.
 But this be sure to Cabinet in mind ;
 To Murder thee the Sutors have design'd,
 Lying to intercept thee in the way,
 Twixt dusty ^(c) *Samos* and steep *Ithaca* ;
 But first the Earth shall some of them intomb,
 Who seek thy ruin, and thy state consume.
 Off from those Isles by Night steer thou at large,
 And what ere tutelar Pow'r hath thee in charge,
 Shall a fair Wind to wait on thee command.
 But soon as thou shalt reach thy native Land,
 Thy Ship and Men run up into the Town,
 And to *Subulcus* Cottage first go down :
 He loves thee well, he who thy Swine doth keep,
 There in the Farm all night in private sleep ;
 Him to thy Mother send, who long hath mourn'd,
 T' acquaint her thou in safety art return'd.
 This spake, to Heaven her self she thence convey'd,
 But he *Pisistratus* a-waking, said ;

(a) *Samus* and *Anates*, according to *Enstatius*.

(b) This is not a Fiction of *Minerva's*, but a true relation of what pass'd ; as appears by *Penelope's* Speech in the nineteenth Book. The like is delivered by *Ovid* in *Penelope's* Epistle to *Ulysses* ;

*Me pater Icarus viduo discedere lecto
 Cogit, & immensas increpat usque
 moras*

*Interpet usque licet, tua sim, tua dicar
 oportet :*

Penelope conjux semper Ulyssis ero.

Icarus my Father would compell
 Me leave my Widows bed, much blaming
 still

My long delays : and let him still me
 blame,

Still I'll be thine, *Ulysses* Wife I am.

(c) Either a City on the island of *Cephalenia*, or else the name of the Isle it self, between which and *Ithaca* the passage was very narrow, fit for the Sutors designs : *Artemidorus Ephesus*, in a fragment of his Geography extant in *Porphyry*, measures it thus, From the Port of *Cephalenia* Eastward lies *Ithaca* distant 12. stades ; which Island is 85. stades in circuit, &c.

Rise

Rise dear *Nestorides*, arise I pray,
Let us put in our Steeds, and drive away.
To whom thus then his dear Companion spake;
Though we have hast, such hast what need we make,
To ride by Night ere Dawn; Stay till the King
Puts up the Gifts, which he intends to bring,
Safe in our Chariot, and he us dismiss
With gentle Language, such a Friend he is,
And us with such civility doth treat,
That whilst we live we never must forget.
Thus as they held dispute, the blushing Dawn
Purpled the East, in her guilt Chariot drawn;
And from his Bed straight *Menelaus* rose,
Leaving fair *Helen* to her own repose:
Of which, soon as *Ulysses* off-spring knew,
He slipt on's Coat, and ore his Shoulders threw
His upper Weed, and out in hast he made,
To whom he thus, meeting in th' Entrance, said;
O thou who here the sole Commander art,
Your Licence grant, that home I may depart:
My Genius prompts me, here not to abide.
To whom thus *Menelaus* then reply'd;
Be sure *Telemachus*, I shall not long
Detain thee here, desiring to be gon:
In Hospitality I not think it right,
Fond of our Guest to be, or too much slight:
I for the Golden Mean am; 'tis all one
To thrust one out, would rather not be gon,
Or keep him sits on Thorns; sure better 'tis
To treat Guests well, and when they please dismiss.
Stay but untill thou in thy Chariot may'st
Behold those Gifts that I present Thee, plac'd:
Our Maids within straight something shall prepare
To break-fast, good, though short your Bill of fare,
And

And long your Journey ; I, to mend your Dish,
 Shall to both Honour, Wealth, and Fortune wish,
 And would you farther *Greece*, and *Argos* view,
 I'll in my Chariot ride a-long with you,
 I'll shew you many Towns, and not in vain,
 Who'll us presenting, kindly entertain.

Give each a Tripode, Caldron, or at least,
 A pair of Mules, or golden Bowl enchas'd.

Then said *Telemachus* ; Renowned Sir,
 Who to thy People Rudder art, and Star,
 Fain would I Home, to my own House repair,
 Because I left no faithful Steward there,
 Whilst they my Goods imbez zle, and abuse,
 Seeking my Father, I my self may lose.

When *Menelaus* this did understand,
 He to his Queen, and Servants gave Command,
 Cates to prepare, of which were store within.

Eteoneus started from his Bed, comes in,
 Whom *Menelaus* earnest did desire,
 He lodging next him, straight to make a Fire.

Spits are laid down, the business he attends,
 And to his perfum'd Parlour then descends

With *Helen*, and his ^(d) Son ; but when drawn neer,
 Where lay their Goods of greatest worth, they were,
 A Cup, and Silver Charger, then from thence

Atrides takes, and gives unto the Prince

To carry as a Present to his Guest,

Whilst the fair Queen opens another Chest

Full of rich Vests, which she her self had wrought,

And culling 'mongst the bright'st, one forth she brought

Whose splendor so out-shin'd all others far,

It in the bottom glister'd, like a Star.

Thence went they forth, straight to *Ulysses* Son :

Then said *Atrides* ; Now you may be gon,

(d) *Megapenthes* the son of *Menelaus*, not by *Helen*, but by a slave, as appears in the beginning of the fourth book,

*Τῷ δ' ἐπὶ Σωτήρῳδ' Ἀλέξῳδ' ἤγα' οὐ κέρων,
 *Οὐδ' ἐπὶ πάλῳδ' οὐ γὰρ ἴσ' οὐ κατὰ δὲ Μεγαπεν-
 θος,
 *Ex *Syllab.*, &c.

If *Jove* so please, great *Juno's* thundring Spouse,
 The best of what is pretious in my House;
 Here I present this Goblet of pure Mold,
 The Body Silver, the bright Margents Gold,
 By *Vulcan* wrought, which the *Sidonian* King
 Did at his Court me as a Present bring,
 When thither I return'd, the same as free,
 I, dear *Telemachus*, bestow on Thee.

This said, his hand he with the Goblet fraught,
 Whil'st *Megapenthes* him the Charger brought,
 To him the Veil *Helen* presenting, spake;

This Token of my dear affection take,
 Which at thy Marriage give thy beauteous Spouse,
 Till then, let thy dear Mother in her House
 Keep safe for Thee: Now may a prosp'rous Gale,
 Impregnat to thy native Port thy Sail:

Which He with Joy accepting, in the Box
Pisistratus, the work admiring, locks.

Then to the Hall *Atrides* them convoid.
 Soon as their Seats they fil'd, a comely Maid,
 That they might wash, pour'd streams like Crystal pure,
 In a bright Bason, from a silver Ew'r:

Then spreads the Table, sets on Bread, and plac'd
 Dishes well cook'd, and pleasing to the Taste.

Eteoneus their just Proportions karv'd,
 And *Megapenthes* at the Cup-board serv'd.

Straight they fall too, and plentifully fare.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,

Telemachus and *Nestor's* Off-spring got

Their Horses in, and mount their Chariot;

And through the sounding Portico they drove.

That they might their Libation pay to *Jove*,

And Favour beg from all the Powers Divine,

The King presents them with a Bowl of Wine,

And

And standing thus before their Horses, spake ;
 Farewell my youthful Princes, merry make,
 My Commendations to King *Nestor* bare,
 Who as a Father had of me a Care,
 In that long business of the *Trojan* Siege.

Telemachus then ; How much you me oblige
 I shall acquaint him, Ah ! could I as well
 Return'd to *Ithaca* my Father tell
 Of all your kindness, and rich Presents shew,
 Which you on me are pleas'd to bestow.
 Thus whil'st they take their Leaves, at parting just
 A stately Goose up a stern Eagle trust
 At the Barn door, and carried through the Skies,
 Women and Men pursuing with loud Cries,
 And on the (*) right side of the Chariot flew :
 With joy the Omen glad Spectators view.

(*) It is evident from this place, and several others, that in Augury the right side was accounted successful, as on the contrary, the left, ominous, and unfortunate. *Iliad*. 12.

Νῦν δ' αὖτ' ἐξέρω ὡς μοι δοκεῖ θυμὸν ἀρετῇ,
 Μὴ τινὲς Δαναῶντι μαχόμενοι πρὶ νηῶν
 ὦλ' ἔσθ' ἐκπλήσσει ἐλπίας, εἰ τινὲς γὰρ
 Τρωσὶν δὴ ὄντι ἐπ' ἄλγεα προσέμεναι μά-
 λιστα σὺν
 Ἀϊσίδα ὑψιπλήθεϊ, π' ἀρίστῃ λατὴν ἔσθ' ὄρω.

And now to speak my mind I shall not
 spare,
 This day th' entrenched Enemy forbear :
 Bad I suspect that this event will be,
 Since we this towering Eagle here did
 see,
 Grasping a speckled Serpent, by us gl'de,
 Through yielding air, on our sinister side.

But when any observation was made
 from Heaven, the left side was esteem-
 ed fortunate. *Virgil Æneid*. 9.

Audist, & celi genitor de parte serena
 Intonsit laetum

Because saith *Servius* on the place,
 When we look up, what is our left, is the
 right side of Heaven.

When to the King *Pisistratus* thus spake ;

Of this strange Sign a judgment please to make,

If our Concern or yours it signifie,

Whil'st *Menelaus* studied a Reply ;

Helen preventing him, thus said ; Hear me,

The Gods are pleas'd I should the Augurer be ;

As from the Hill this Eagle stooping, did

Snatch up a Prey her Aery to feed :

Ulysses so shall Home return e're long,

And call t'account all those that do him wrong.

Then thus *Telemachus* to Her reply'd ;

Be this from *Jove* that warms fair *Juno's* side,

Then as a Goddess I will honour Thee.

This said, he whips his Steeds, the Horses free,

Swift through the City with a looser Rein,

In a trice hurries them into Campaign :

The jolted Team-pole rattles all the way,

Till Nights black Regiments obscur'd the Day.

To

To *Diocles* Court at *Pheræ* on they trot,
 Whose Sire *Orsilochus*, *Alpheus* got,
 Where they all Night well treated took Repose.
 But when the purple-finger'd morn arose,
 They joyn'd their Steeds, and mounted, ply the whip,
 The Ports resounding, they the Wind out-strip.
 When neer to *Pyle* their Journey almost don,
Telemachus thus spake to *Nestors* Son ;

Dear Friend, may I with thee prevail at all,
 Our selves we Fellow-travellers may call ;
 By our Sires freindship, and our equall age,
 And Love begot, thus posting Stage from Stage,
 At my Ship land me, least your Father stay
 Me 'gainst my will, whom business calls away.

This sayd, *Pisistratus* a while did muse
 How thus to serve him, and himself excuse :
 And thus at last concludes ; he turns his Steeds,
 And to the Ship on sea-wash'd margents speeds ;
 Then by the Stern he thrusts into the Hold
Atrides costly Presents, Vests, and Gold,

Then sayd ; Now get aboard, but order some
 That wait on you, to march before me home,
 And tell th' old man, well I his humour know,
 His bounteous soul would never let thee go,
 Till entertaining he presented thee ;
 To balk his House thus, sure he'll angry be.

This sayd, he drives on his free mettal'd Steeds,
 And through the City to the Court proceeds :
 When to his Friends *Telemachus* thus spake ;

Get straight aboard and all things ready make,
 That we may in our Voyage speed. This sayd,
 His Orders, as one man, they all obey'd,
 The Ship they entred, on their Bancks they fate,
 All at their work, whilst he did invoke

(f) *Melampus* was eminent among the *Gracians* for predictions, which continued in his Family, as the art of Physick in *Esculapius's*, as appears by this Relation, compared with another in *Pausanias*, where he saies, that *Eperastus* the Prophet was descended from *Melampus*.

Τὸν δὲ ἱερογλυφῶν κλυτὰν γένε' ἄ-
χρηστον,
Μελampus ὁνομασθεῖς ἄμα Μελამποδιδῶν.

After his Death, at *Agisthena* he had a Temple consecrated to his Memory, where on his yearly Festival the people sacrific'd to him. Concerning his Imprisonment, and enlargement we have already spoken *Iliad* eleventh. *Hesiod* writ the History of his life in his book call'd from his name *Μελამποδία*.

(g) *Pratus* King of *Argos*, his daughters being suddenly possess'd with a raging fury, offer'd one of them with part of his Kingdom for a portion to him that should cure them, which was effected by *Melampus* by the virtue of *Elleboro* (from him call'd *Melampodium* saith *Pliny*) for which he receiv'd the propounded reward, and succeed- ed *Pratus* in the Kingdom of *Argos*.

(h) *Hyperesia* was a City of *Achaia*, so call'd from *Hyperes* the Son of *Lycæon*. *Eustathius*.

His Goddess *Pallas* on the lofty Stern,
When he One drawing near him could discern,
Flying for refuge, who a man had slain,
A Prophet, one of grave (f) *Melampus* strain,
Who once in *Pyle* a fair Estate enjoy'd,
And fled from thence great *Neleus* wrath t' avoyd,
Who in one year by Rapine and a Cheat,
Had purchas'd to himself a vast Estate;
Whilst in a Dungeon he in Chains lay bound,
For *Neleus* Daughter, in deep sorrows drown'd,
Almost distracted, never could take rest,
Such Snakes *Erynnis* shot into his Breast:
But he scap'd Death, and did from *Phylax* get
The bellowing heard, so paid the unjust debt
On *Neleus*, then to his Brother's House,
From thence he brought his long desired Spouse;
To *Argos* then he went, where better Fate
Increas'd his Power, augmented his Estate;
There (g) married he, and built a stately House,
Had *Antiphat*, and *Mantius*, by his Spouse.
Antiphates got *Oicles* the great,
And *Oicles* *Amphiaraus* gat:
Both *Jove* and *Phæbus* his admirers were;
But he ne'r liv'd to Age, and silver Hair,
He dy'd at *Thebes* upon a Female Plot.
Alcmaeon and *Amphilochus* he got
Mantius, *Polyphides* and *Clytus* had
But in *Aurora's* golden Chariot rod,
Clytus snatch'd up, and took, for Beauty, place
In Heaven 'mongst Gods, and the Celestial Race.
But *Phæbus* *Polyphides* rais'd high,
Above all men inspir'd with Prophecie,
Amphiaraus dead: He did retire
To (h) *Hyperfie*, t' avoid Paternal Ire.

His

His Son, *Theoclymenus* was his name,
 Now to *Telemachus* for Refuge came,
 And found him as he sacrificing pray'd,
 On the high Stern, and thus imploring, said ;
 Thee since I find thus offering on this shore,
 I by thy Sacrifice, and God, implore,
 Thy Self, and Friends, to let me know your Name,
 Your Country, Parents, and whence now you came.
 Then said *Telemachus*, the Truth I'll say,

Stranger, I boast my Birth in *Ithaca*,
 My Sire *Ulysses*, if he yet survive,
 And fill the Musters up of those alive,
 For whom long absent I have been in quest,
 And him to seek this ship and men imprest.
 To whom *Theoclymenus* thus reply'd ;

So I from Home about a Homicide,
 Fly to thy Refuge ; His Relations such,
 That me to apprehend, they promise much.
 Since I must wander, my sad Fates Decree,
 And am as banish'd, take me home with Thee,
 Lest I be slain, for me they close pursue,
 My Blood, their vengefull Weapons, to imbrew.
 When thus *Telemachus* kindly to him spake ;

If Thou art willing, I'll not drive Thee back,
 Come Thou aboard, and Thee from hence I'll bear,
 And whatsoe'r we have be pleas'd to share,
 The Prince from him his Jav'lin takes, this said,
 And down 'mongst Poles, and other Tackle laid,
 And from the Decks up to the Stern convey'd ;
 Then placing next himself, They anchor weigh'd,
Telemachus bids them to their Tackle stand,
 They readier are to do, then he command.
 They raise their Mast, and hoyst their Sails a-trip,
 Whilst with fair Winds *Minerva* wings their Ship.

(k) *Thoe* are Islands which lie Eastward of *Ithaca*, as *Cephalonia*, where the Suitors lay privily to intercept *Telemachus*, Westward: They are part of the *Echinades*, according to *Strabo*, and the inhabitants serv'd under the same Prince in the *Trojan* expedition. But *Stephanus* in his book *de Urbibus*, saies, that the Isle *Dulichium* was call'd *Θῦα*, which *Homer* plurally call'd *Θῦαι*, the signification of those two words being the same, viz. sharp-pointed.

On each side broken Billows thunder loud,
Whilst foamy brine the Ship in furrows plow'd.
Now the Sun setting, Darkness all ore spread,
They *Phera* past, and where th' *Epeians* swaid,
To *Elis* came, and ^(k) *Thoe* Isles forlook,
Fearing his Death, or to be Pris'ner took.

Mean while *Ulysses* and the other Swains,
Once more with *Cates Eumæus* entertains.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Ulysses try'd *Eumæus* if he were,

Still in one Humour, or if colder grown,
T' advise him from his Cottage to the Town:

And thus he said; *Eumæus*, and the rest,
Because I would not be a tedious Guest,
I to the City earnestly intreat
To go to morrow, there an Alms to get;
Advise me well, and let some one instruct
Me on the way, and through the Town conduct,
Lest I should wander, whilst from street to street,
Alms I from charitable people get,
And to the Court I'll, if I can thrust in,
Venture, and something tell the Virtuous Queen.

I'll 'mongst the haughty Suitors, who perhaps,
From heap'd up Dishes, me may throw some scraps,
Amongst themselves They bountiful may be,
But what I'll tell thee think on't as from me;
Hermes confers on us our better parts,
Fortune, and Honour, and all Liberal Arts:
Few dare their strength with me at grasping, try,
Dry Wood I cleave, and cut, make Fires Nose high,
Well rost I Meat, and skinck rich Wine, and kerve,
As We the meaner sort, the better serve.

Eumæus started at the motion, said;

What fond Conceit thy Judgment hath betraid?

Haft

Hast thou a mind, poor Stranger, there to die?
The Sutors insolence invades the Skie,
Their high Affronts, and Injuries such they be,
They have no Waiters, Gentlemen like Thee,
But fresh Young Men, accoutred Al-a-mode,
Their hair kem'd out, in their plump cheeks fresh blood,
Such them attend, not better taught then fed,
Who load the boards with Dishes, Wine, and Bread:
But stay; not I, nor any here desires
Your absence, Us your Company not tires,
And when *Telemachus* returns to Court,
Thee he will cloath, and, where thou wilt, transport.
To whom then thus *Ulysses* made reply;

Ah would great *Jove* lov'd thee as well as I,
That me wandring and poor hast entertain'd,
What's worser then to be a Vagabond?
An empty belly business ill designs,
When in the Juncto Grief and Errour joyns,
But since my leisure well admits my stay,
Now something of *Ulysses* Parents say,
Whom aged grown He left, if yet they breath,
Or else descended to the House of Death.

Eumæus then Prince of the Rustick Youth,
Said, I'll inform Thee of the certain truth,
Laertes lives, but still imploring *Jove*,
From that Condition him he would remove,
Much grieving for his absent Son, and Wife,
Who pining for *Ulysses* lost her Life.
Whom he espous'd a Maid, so broke her Heart,
And He now almost ready to depart.
May none that loves me die a Death so sad,
And she for me great kindness alwaies had.
Long as she liv'd it was her dayly use,
To send for me, inquiring after News:

For

For with her youngest Child *Ctimena*, she
 Had foster'd, nor much less esteemed, me :
 But after both were grown to marriage state,
 At *Samos* she provided her a Mate,
 And on her settled a great Joynter there :
 Me, she with Shifts, and Vests, and Sandals fair,
 And all things fitting sent into the Field,
 And still for me the same affection held ;
 Which now I want : But yet the Powers Divine,
 I hope, will better Days for me design ;
 Yet here I eat and drink, a Stranger treat,
 Though nothing of our Queen I can relate
 That's fit to hear, of which I may complain :
 A pack of Roysters in her Palace reign.
 Yet of my Servants oft she questions asks,
 And one by one, inquires their several Tasks ;
 Then makes them eat and drink, and something bear,
 To them at home that may their Spirits cheer.
 When thus *Ulysses* to *Eumæus* spake ;
 Didst Thou thy Native Country e're forsake,
 And Parents ? I am earnest now to know,
 Or was your City sack'd by any Foe ?
 Where your Relations dwelt, or keeping Sheep ?
 By enemies wert Spirited through the Deep,
 And here dispos'd of, at no little price.
Eumæus then, the Rusticks Prince, replys ;
 Since you'll my story know, I would injoyn
 Your silence, sitting ore a Bowl of Wine,
 The Nights are long, there is a time to rest,
 Or to hear pretty Tales, or pleasant Jest ;
 Repose before the hour did never good,
 Much sleep the Brain distempers, and the Blood,
 But whosoe'r would rather go to Bed,
 Let him his Charge forth in the morning lead,

Breaking

Breaking his Fast, whilst here we drink, and eat,
And stories sad alternately repeat.

Those who have suffer'd much, and travel'd far,
Recounting former Grievs delighted are.

So now my Tale I'll tell; There is an Isle
Beyond ⁽¹⁾ *Ortygia*, which they ^(m) *Syria* stile,
Not great, but fruitful, Vin'yards store they plant,
Much Corn, and Pasture have, and know no want,
Nor sad Diseases, which poor Mortals have;
But when grown old, full ripen'd for the Grave,

By *Phæbus* and *Diana* they are slain,
Insensible of Sickneſſes, or Pain.

Two Cities there divided all the Land,
Which *Cteſus* my Father did command.

Voyages hither the *Phenicians* made,
And with Toys freighted, drove a subtle trade.

My Father there kept a *Sidonian* Dame,
Well bred, and fair; at these do Merchants aim,
And her from washing did aboard intice,
There won to wanton Dalliance in a trice:
When condescending, she had quench'd Loves Flame,
He ask'd her who she was, and whence she came.

She said that *Arybas* her Father dwelt
In *Sidon*, where no Poverty they felt:
But me the *Taphians* from thence convoid,
And to the King her selling, well were paid.

Then her Gallant to his new Mistress, spake;

Sail with us to thy Native Country, back,
That thou thy Parent's stately House may'st see,
Who yet are both alive, and wealthy be.

Then she reply'd; If solemnly you'll swear,
That me in safety you'll to *Sidon* bear:
At this all there, not one of them were loath,
But took the Solemn Covenanting Oath.

⁽¹⁾ One of the ancient names of the Island *Delos*, because, according to the Fabulists, *Asteria*, to avoid the embraces of *Jupiter*, transformed herself into a Quail, in Greek call'd *ὀρνίς*, and leaping into the Sea was changed into an Island, whence *Delos* is obscurely describ'd under the title of *ὀρνίς ἡ νῆσος*, the winged Quail, by *Lycophron* in his *Cassandra*,

Τὸ μὲν δὲ γένειον ὀρνίθων ἡ νῆσος
Τρέμων, οὐκ ἔστιν ἄλλος Ἀργαῖος ἀλός.

Tremo the Monument near the Winged Quail,
Waves of the Egean Sea shall ne'er of-
fend.

Or rather, according to *Phanodemus*, in *Athenians*, from the great number of Quails found in that Island.

^(m) An Island near to *Ortygia*, memorable for nothing but that it brought forth *Pherecydes* the Philosopher, Master to *Pythagoras*; though commended by our Poet both for Health and Plenty: but in this he seems to describe the *Saturnine* age, of which there is no other mention in him. *Cerates Hesiod* expresses it in sense not much differing from this of *Homer*'s.

Ὅτι δὴ δὲ ἔσαν, ἀνδρῶν δὴ καὶ γυναικῶν
Νῆστον ἀπὸ τῆς νῆσος ὅτι καὶ δὴ δὴ
ἀνδρῶν

Ἦσαν ἱμερῶν, αἰὲν ὅτι καὶ ἡμεῖς ὅμοιοι,
&c.

They liv'd like Gods, without or toyl or care,
Nor felt they drooping age when old they were,
But strong and active, they delighted still
To dance, and died as if asleep they fell.

Then

Then thus she said; If any of you meet
 At yonder Fountain me, or in the street,
 Or at the Palace, in the Old Mans Hall,
 Not the least notice take of me at all;
 Lest angry, He should me in Chains secure,
 And you by Folly your own Deaths procure:
 But when you victual'd, and well freighted are,
 Straight me inform, I, Gold, and what so e're
 Lies in my Trust, shall straight from thence convey,
 And my young Master, at the Gates at play,
 Foster'd by me, who when you come abroad,
 May of more value prove, then all your Load.

This said; She left them, there a Year they stay'd,
 Acquiring Riches by a mighty Trade.
 But when their Vessel They had freighted well,
 They to the Palace sent one, Her to tell,
 A cunning Snap, that no man could suspect,
 Bringing a golden Crown with Amber deck'd:
 On this my Mother, and her Women look,
 Much with the Beauty, and Invention took;
 Beating the Price; He winks, no time let slip,
 She takes the Sign, and steals down to the Ship:
 But in the Portal me she snatches up,
 A curious Table, and a Golden Cup,
 With which my Father oft his Friends did Treat,
 Before they march'd unto the Judgment Seat,
 And three Cups more she in her Bosom hid,
 And I a ⁽ⁿ⁾ Child went with her as she bid.
 Just when the setting Sun obscur'd the Way,
 We came where the ^(o) Phenician Vessel lay.

Them all aboard, They steer their Course design'd,
 Plowing vast Billows, with a favouring Wind:
 Six Days and Nights the foamy Brine we plow,
 But when the seventh morn shew'd her shining Brow,

Diana

(n) Not her Son, as Spondanus on the place conceiv'd, but the prince whom she nurs'd, or govern'd. The name indeed of his Mother is not deliver'd by our poet, but Euphorion calls her *Pantira*, others *Penia*, or *Danae*.

(o) Herodotus notes that the Phenicians were the first that carried away Captives in this manner, and enslaved Men, and Women, which was the occasion of the Wars afterwards between Asia and Europe; and therefore are aptly here made the subject of this figurement.

Diana kill'd the Strumpet, down she fell,
And like a Sea-mew drop'd into the Well:
Ore board they threw her to be Fishes food,
Whilst I sat weeping to this Port they stood,
Where dearly met they to *Laertes* sold,
And so this Country first did I behold.

Then said *Ulysses*; Me, *Eumæus*, much
Thy Fortunes sadly thus related, touch:
But *Jove* hath mix'd thy Lot, that thou so good
A Master hast, who Raiment grants, and Food:
Though mean, Thou hast enough, when I am hurl'd,
In Want, and Woe, despis'd, about the World.
Thus various Discourses they recite,
Spending with little sleep the tedious Night.

But when the Dawn appear'd, all Danger past,
Telemachus furl'd his Sails, and struck his Mast,
And rowing in their Vessel straight they Moor,
And safely harbour'd, they all went a shore;
There eat and drink, and plentifully fare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,
Telemachus thus to his Mates begun;

Now to the City up your Vessel run,
I'll to the Fields, and to my Rusticks walk,
And there with them on Country business talk.
I, in the Morning down to you will come,
And give you Breakfasting, your Welcom Home.
When *Theoclymenus* to the Prince thus spake;

But where shall I, Sir, my Addresses make?
Shall I some noble Person here attend,
Or to the Queen, and thy own Palace bend?
Then gravely thus *Telemachus* replys;

Not to my Mother, I would thee advise,
Though nothing thou couldst want, but yet I fear,
It would be worser in my Absence there.

Besides, my Mother is but seldom seen,
By those make Court, she plys her Web within :
But I'll direct thee unto *Polybus* Son,
Eurymachus, by all now look'd upon
As the most fit *Penelope* to wed,
And have the Honour of *Ulysses* Bed :
But *Jove* knows best, whether those Nuptials may
Not be prevented by a Fatal Day.

This said, a ^(p) Falcon, *Phæbus* Messenger,
Flying, a Dove did in her Pounces bear,
Pluming her Quarry, Feathers dropt, and ^(q) blood,
Amidst the ship, and where *Telemachus* stood.

Then him aside *Theoclymenus* takes,
And gently wringing by the Hand, thus speaks ;
From some kind Power this happy Omen came,
For I, dear Prince, in Augury skilful am :
No other Stock here Regal power shall gain,
But you and yours for ever here shall reign.

Then thus *Telemachus* reply'd ; Ah, wo'd ;
Dear Sir, thou couldst what thou hast said, make good,
I should so bountifully play my part,
That who e're hears should say, Thou happy art.
To *Pyreus* then his Confident, he said ;

My Orders Thou hast punctually obey'd,
Conduct this worthy Stranger to thy Home,
And love, and honour him, until I come.

Then he reply'd ; Though long thou shalt remain ;
He shall have no occasion to complain.
This said, they went aboard, and Cables lose,
And on their several Banks themselves dispose ;
Whilst on *Telemachus* his Sandals knits,
From whence it hung, down his strong Javelin gets.
Their Anchors weigh'd, their Vessel lose, they sail,
Up to the City with a leading Gale :

As

(p) The Falcon was peculiarly, as other Birds to the rest of the Gods, sacred to *Apollo*, whence *Aristophanes* in one of his Comedies,

ὁ Ζεὺς γὰρ ὁ νῦν βασιλεύων
'Αἰσίδῳ ἔσθ' ὅρνεον ἔχων ἐν τῇ παραλῇ βα-
σιλεύει,
'Η δ' αὖ θύγατ' ὕλαρχ', ὁ δ' Ἀπόλλων
ἄσπις θηράων ἱεράς,

Jove who now reigns as King, bears on his Crest,
An Eagle, *Pallas* with an Owl imprest,
Phæbus a Falcon.

Which the *Grecians* seem to have borrowed from the *Egyptians* : of whom thus writes *Ælian* ; There were certain Priests of *Apollo* which were called ἱερακοκόμοι Feeders of Hawks : For they are peculiarly consecrated to *Apollo*, either by the swiftness of their flight, signifying the motion of the Sun (that is, *Apollo*,) or else, ἐν ὁρώσιν αἱ ἱερακοὶ ὀπίσθῳ μόνον αἰὲν αἰσθάνονται τὴν ἡλίου, ῥαδίως ἡ δέσποσιν αἰσθάνονται, because Hawks alone of all Birds, can without pain look directly against the beams of the Sun. *Herodotus* saies, that they were had in so great honour in *Egypt*, that whoever kill'd one of them, though unwittingly, was certainly put to death. lib. 2. c. 65.

(q) The ancient Augurs prognosticated from Birds several waies : either from their manner of Flight, or Wing, which Birds were call'd *Præpetes*, or else by their Note, or Cry, which were call'd *Ofcines* ; or else from their fighting with, or devouring, one another, which were call'd by the Latines *Volsagre* : which last sort of Augury is here mention'd. where the Eagle, the Ensign of a King, betokened *Ulysses* King of *Ithaca* ; the Pigeon the suitors, those whom *Ulysses* was to engage with.

As them the Prince injoynd ; But he on Foot,
Went merrily on until he reach'd the Coat,
Where lay the Porkers which *Subulcus* kept,
And He, a Friend to th' Princes, soundly slept.



Honoratissimo Domino D^o
 Baroni de Charlemont



Gulielmo Caulfeild
 Tabulam hanc MDDDIO. 11.



HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE SIXTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Telemachus up to Eumæus goes,
Who treats Ulysses kindly, and not knows.
Sutors return, their Enterprize in vain.
Pallas Ulysses turns & Himself again.
He to his Off-spring doth Himself reveal.
Penelope rings Antinous a Peal.*



*U M Æ U S and Ulysses, by
Day-break,
Kindle a Fire, and ^(a) Break-fast
ready make,
And sent the rest forth with their
grunting Crue:*

*When neer Telemachus, the Cottage, drew,
The Dogs about him fawn, the King this saw,
And heard one nearer yet, and nearer draw.
Thus then Ulysses to his Swain begun;
Some Friend is neer, some Person sure, well known,*

The

(a) The antient Grammarians observe that there were three usual times of eating in the times of the Heroes; the former meal is call'd by *Homer* ἀπείρου in this place, and but once more, that is *Iliad* 24.

Ἐσθίοντες ἑσπέρῳ, καὶ ἡμέρῳ ἀείρου.

yet we must not think that this meal was unusual because that word is but twice found in *Homer*, for he calls it by another name common to other meals, Dinner and Supper, as may appear from these places

Ὅτι δ' ἔα δειπνῶν ἔσθον, ἀνὴρ δ' αὖτις
δειπνῶν.

for, saith *Athenians*, they fought at break of day. So on *Odys.* 1.

καὶ ἔπειτα
ἀπείρου πρῶτον καὶ μετὰ δειπνῶν —

Eustathius, ἡ γὰρ ἀπείρου οὐκ ἔστιν ἀπὸ τοῦ ἀπείρου, it is manifest that in this place ἀπείρου signifies the morning Repast.

The Dogs at him not bark, though very neer :
 Now you the trampling of his Foot may hear.
 Scarce spoke, when ore the threshold steps his Son,
 To whom, surpriz'd *Eumæus* forth did run,
 And lets his Mazer brim'd with rich Wine fall,
 T' embrace his Master entring now the Hall,
 Kissing his Hands, his Cheeks, and sparkling Eys,
 Whilst down fell Tears in briny Deluges.

A Father so receives his dearest Son,
 Come from far Countries, had been ten years gon,
 His only Darling, gotten in his Age,
 For whom his Sorrows he could ne'r asswage :
Eumæus so his Prince did entertain,
 And him saluted ore and ore again,
 And oft, as if escap'd from Death, imbrac'd :
 Then thus with glad Condolements at the last ;

Com'st thou alive ? I thought, my dearest Prince,
 Ne'r to have seen after you sail'd from hence :
 Be pleas'd to enter, that I may delight
 In thy glad Presence, and thy joyful Sight,
 Who amongst us too seldom, ah ! we view,
 Took up with Sutors, and that ranting Crew.

Then said *Telemachus* ; At that I aim,
 And now on such a business hither came,
 Remains my Mother still within her House,
 Or chang'd Condition with another Spouse ?
 And now by this my Father's empty Bed,
 Well ^(b) Spiders may with Nets and Cobwebs spread,
 To whom the Rusticks Monarch thus reply'd ;

She patient in thy House doth still abide,
 And Day and Night her sorrows never cease,
 Paying in Tribute briny Deluges.
 Thus whilst he spake, he took from him his Lance,
 And He into the Parlour did advance,

And

(b) This is an hyperbolical speech
 used by the *Grecians* when they sig-
 nified neglected, and deserted, not
 further used : From whom the *La-
 tines* borrowed it : So *Plautus* in *An-
 tularia*, *ad tot* *et tot* *araneas*

an ne quis ades auferat ?
Nam hic apud nos nihil est aliud quasi
furibus
Ita inani sunt oppleta atque aranea.

Will not this house be stoln ? For no-
 thing's left
 Worth stealing, 'tis of all things else
 bereft
 But Spiders Webs.

and *Catullus* of his empty Purse,

nam tui Catulli
Plenus sacculus est araneorum.

And for his Son, *Ulysses* straight gave place,
Which thus *Telemachus* refusing, saies ;
Pray Sir, sit still, be pleas'd to keep your Seat,
Eumæus shall for me another get.

Ulysses reassums his Chair, this said,
And he with Boughs, and Skins, a new one made.
The Prince thus settled, he supplies the Board,
With cold Meats, and with Bread, and Wine well stor'd,
And sitting down, they plentifully fare.
When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,

Telemachus thus to *Eumæus* said ;

Whence came this Stranger hither, how convoid?
Of what great Family himself he Boasts ?
Since he on Foot could never reach our Coasts.
Then to the Prince the Rusticks Monarch spake ;

Well as I can a true account I'll make :
From *Creet*, he saith, him cruel Fates have hurl'd,
Through divers Fortunes round about the World ;
And now some God his Course did hither shape,
Here from a *Thesprot*-Ship he made escape,
And found me out : Do with him what you please,
For he's your humble Suppliant, he saies.
Then thus *Telemachus* himself declar'd ;

You put me on a business something hard.
How can I give at home this Guest respect ?
Since I am Young, Pow'r wanting to protect
His Person from their Insolence, and Scorn.
My Mother's mind by various thoughts is born,
Whether she still will keep my Father's Court,
Preserve his Bed, and her own fair Report,
Or let her noblest Sutor her espouse,
And carry with rich Presents to his House.
But since he is thy Guest, I'll him afford
A Coat, a Vest, new Sandals, and a Sword,

And

And sign his Passport wherefoe'r he goes ;
 Mean while amongst you let him here repose.
 I'll send him Cloaths, and Diet too, lest he,
 To thee and thine too burthenfom should be.
 I, 'mongst the Sutors would not any trust,
 Such are their high affronts, and so unjust
 Which I must suffer in, though ne'r so strong,
 For many may a single Person wrong,

Then said *Ulyses* ; Sir, since now I may,
 Be pleas'd to hear on this, what I can say ;
 I much am troubled, Sirs, at this Report
 Of ryoting Sutors in *Ulyses* Court,
 Who in perpetual Rants devour, and swill.
 Sir, act they thus with, or against your Will,
 Or have you else incurr'd your Peoples hate,
 By Revelation from the Book of Fate ?
 Thereunto mov'd by Brothers, and Allies,
 In whom we trust when Differences arise ?
 Ah ! would that I as Young, and Lusty, were,
 As now You seem, that art *Ulyses* Heir !
 Or if himself in here should wandring Chop,
 Which I despair not of, but rather hope,
 This Head I'll wager, should I on them fall,
 If suddenly, I did not rout them all :
 But should they me ore power, I rather would
 Dy in my Houle, then such dire acts behold ;
 Strangers ill treated, Virgins wrong'd, our Wine,
 And Meat devour'd, and all, on no Design:

Then spake the Prince ; Sir, I'll the Truth relate ;
 I never yet incurr'd the Peoples Hate ;
 My Brother I not blame, nor dear Alljes,
 In whom wee trust when Differences arise.
Jove pleas'd our Stock should still produce but ^(c)One:
Laertes was *Arcifius* only Son,

None

(c) The Genealogy of *Telemachus*,
 is here imperfect, but preserv'd intire
 by *Eustathius*, I know not out of what
 Authour, thus ; *Telemachus* the Son
 of *Ulyses*, and *Penelope* ; *Ulyses* the
 Son of *Laertes*, and *Anticlea* ; *Laer-*
tes of *Arcifius*, and *Chalcomedusa* ;
Arcifius of *Jupiter*, and *Eurynomia*.

None had *Laertes* but *Ulysses*, he
 Left in his Court a tender (*) Infant, me,
 Who now am haunted with this spightful Train,
 The primer sort who in these Islands reign;
 Who (d) *Samos*, or shady *Zacynthus* sway,
Dulichium, or our rocky *Ithaca*,
 My Mother court, consuming her Estate;
 She not refuses, nor will chose a Mate:
 But what we have these Roysters now enjoy,
 Abuse our Palace, and would me destroy.
 Heaven's Will be don: But go thou straight, and tell
 The Queen, I'm come from *Pyle*, am safe, and well,
 And I till thy return shall tarry here:
 Be sure when thou inform'st her, none are near
 To catch the News, the Sutors many be,
 And alwaies brewing mischief against me.

Eumæus to *Telemachus* then said;

Sir, your Commands with care shall be obey'd:
 But as I go along be pleas'd to say,
 Shall I acquaint *Laertes* in my way?
 Who would, though much he for *Ulysses* mourn'd,
 Look on the Labourers, and oft not scorn'd
 To tast their homely Cates; But all this while
 That thou wert absent, and hast sail'd to *Pyle*,
 He will nor eat, nor drink, but sighs, and groans,
 And pining sits, consum'd to Skin and Bones.

Then said the Prince, We his tormenting Grief,
 Not yet can ease, with cordial relief,
 Till better we inform'd may make't appear,
 That my dear Father will be shortly here,
 But to the Court do thou directly bend,
 And tell the Queen she may a Servant send,
 May him the News in privat bear. This said,
 On he his Sandals knits, and ready made,

H h

And

(*) Although *Homer* mentions but one son of *Ulysses*, yet the Authour of the *Telegonia*, an ancient Writer, mentions another, *Arcefilans*: and *Sophocles* one call'd *Euryalus*, slain by *Telemachus*.

(d) Three Islands lying round *Ithaca*: for by *Samos* is here meant *Cephalonia*, as we have already observ'd out of *Strabo*.

And hasting forth, *Minerva* not beheld,
Who in a Womans shape her self conceal'd :
But straight she forth before *Ulysses* starts,
A Beauty skilful in all Female Arts :
Neither did her *Telemachus* espie,
Gods to appear to every one are shie.
But her *Ulysses*, and the Dogs, beheld,
And mute, they fled, where they themselves conceal'd :
She beckons to *Ulysses*, he obey'd,
And drawing neer to her, thus *Pallas* said ;
 Disclose thy self, *Ulysses*, to thy Son,
And carry Fate, and dire Destruction,
To the proud Rivals ; I my self shall be
Ready, both to asist, and counsel Thee.
Then with her golden Wand she touch'd his Vest,
Which newly wash'd, became his manly Breast,
Which larger grew, his Cheeks waxt plump and fair,
His Beard turns brown, and black his hoary Hair.
Thus to himself transformed, in he goes,
And to his Son amaz'd, himself then shews ;
Who looking round, much wondring, and afraid,
Lest he some God should be, thus trembling, said ;
 You are so alter'd, Sir, from what you were,
Neither the same your Cloaths, nor Person, are ;
You are some God, descended from the Skies :
If so, be pleas'd that we may sacrifice,
And to thy Deity golden Gifts prepare,
That Thou our woful Family wouldst spare.
Then thus the King did to his Son reply ;
 Why call'st thou me a God, no God am I,
But I thy Father am, whose Bowels yern,
About these Sutors, and thy sad Concern.
Kissing his Son, this said, Tears, which before
Broke not their Sluces, now bedew'd the Floor.

But

But yet the Prince could not himself persuade;
 He saw his Father, but thus doubting, said;
 Th' art not *Ulysses*, but some Drolling God;
 That me would yet with more afflictions load:
 Thou art some Deity, no Mortal could
 Cast aged limbs thus in a ^(e) Youthful mould.
 Now you were Grey, your Garments rent, and bare,
 Now one of the Celestial List appear.
 When thus the King to his dear Off-spring said;
 Be not surpriz'd with Wonder, nor dismay'd,
 Thou ne'r shalt see another Father here,
 Whose absence now hath finish'd twenty year,
 Tost and turmoil'd, through Seas, and Countries, hurl'd,
 Returning to his Home, through all the World.
 But this *Minerva* did, she shapes can fain,
 And me thus change unto my self again;
 Now a Young man, in comely Habit deck'd,
 The Gods can us ennoble, or deject.

This said, no longer the Young Prince forbears,
 But hugging of his Father, shed salt tears,
 And he his Son in strict embraces kept,
 And both alike ore one another wept.
 As Eagles cry, with bitter sorrow, stung,
 When Rusticks bear away their callow Young;
 So from their Eys did briny Rivers run
 In joyful Spouts until the setting Sun,
 Had not the Prince thus to *Ulysses* said;

How were you hither, Royal Sir, convaid?
 From whence? what Master did your ship command?
 For hither sure you could not come by Land.
 Then to his Off-spring thus the King begun;

I'll tell Thee, tell Thee all, my dearest Son,
 Me the *Pheacians* through the Ocean bore,
 And sleeping left upon my Native Shore,

H h 2

With

(e) That is, so suddainly. For the Ancients did conceive it to be in the power of man by virtue of Herbs, and Minerals, to retrieve decayed nature, and to restore it to its former strength, and vigour: as appears by the story of *Medea*, who by a Medicine boyled in a Cauldron composed of sundry Herbs, and Roots, and pretious Stones of like nature, with the dew of the Night, and spume of the Moon, and the flesh, and wings of Schreecch-owls, and other ingredients, restored Old *Aeson* to his Youth again; thus at large described by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*;

— *stricta Medea recludit*
Ense semis jugulum, veteremque exire
cruorem
Passa replet succis, quos postquam com-
bibit Aeson,
Aut ore exceptos, aut vulnere, barba, co-
maque
Canicie posita nigrum rapuere colorem:
Pulsa fugit macies, &c.

Medea cuts the old mans throat, out
 scus'd
 His scarce-warm blood, and her Re-
 ceipt infus'd,
 His mouth, or wound, suck'd in. His
 Beard, and Head
 Black hair forthwith adorns, the hoary
 shed.
 Pale colour, morpheue, meager-looks
 remove,
 And under-rising flesh his wrinkles
 smooth.
 His limbs wax strong and lusty. *Aeson*
 much
 Admires his Change: himself remem-
 bers such,
 Twice twenty Summers past. With all,
 endu'd
 A youthful mind, and both at once re-
 new'd.

With Gold, and Silver store, with Robes, and Vests,
Put up in Fardels, or kept safe in Chests :
Which in a Cave the Goddess did conceal,
And bid me now I should my self reveal,
That we may plot against the Enemy.
But stay, how many of these Roysters be,
That I may know, and gravely then advise,
If them our selves w' are able to chastise ;
Or whether we should draw to us more aid.

Then thus *Telemachus* to his Father said ;

Sir, I have heard what Fame you alwaies gave,
Valiant to be in Field, in Counsel grave :
Well you advise, but 'tis beyond my Hope,
That two with many Valiant men should cope ;
Not two, nor ten to one, but many more,
Which I, well as I can, will reckon ore :
Twice twenty six from the *Dulichian* State,
With six Attendants, on her Answer wait ;
From *Same*, Valiant Striplings twenty four,
And from ^(*) *Zacynthus*, we count twenty more,
Ithacans twelve, are early there and late,
On whom the Herald and the ^(f) Poet wait :
Two more there are that Dishes marshal up,
And at their Elbows when they Dine, and Sup.
If we should charge all these, our selves then might
Fall unreveng'd, in the unequal Fight ;
But if y' are able, some more Forces list,
And who most willing are us to assit.

Then said *Ulysses* ; Thee a truth I'll tell,
Of which, when th' art inform'd, consider well ;
If *Jove* and *Pallas* pleas'd, would us assit,
What need we muster others in the List ?

Then said the Prince ; If They be on our side,
With a sufficient Party w' are supply'd,

They

(*) An Island in the *Ionian* Sea, not many Leagues distant from *Ithaca*, now called *Zant*.

(f) *Phemius* the Son of *Terpius*, *Odys.* 22.

Τερπιδῆς δὲ τ' αἰοδὸς ἀλόκαλος κῆρα μέλαινα
φῶμεθ', ὅς τ' ἦν μετὰ μνηστῆρων ἀνίστη.

They sitting on *Olympus*, have the Ods,
Both of poor Mortals, and Immortal Gods.

Then said *Ulysses*; Now the time draws neer;
When who shall have the better, will appear
In cruel fight 'twixt us, and that proud Crew,
Whose blood our Walls, and Weapons shall imbrew.
But with the Dawn return Thou to the Court,
And there with Drolls, and Buffoons, talk, and sport,
Whilst me *Eumæus* to the City leads,
Clad like a poor Old man, in tatter'd Weeds :
But if Thou see that there they me abuse,
Keep down thy swelling Breast, and Patience use :
Though through the Hall they by the Feet me drag,
And ore me punching with their Javelins, brag,
Retain Thy self, and them with Language fair,
Advise they would such foolish tricks forbear :
But they will still go on, nor Thee obey,
Because draws neer to them the fatal Day.
But one thing more now closet in thy mind,
Which *Pallas*, who devises well, design'd,
When I shall nod, what ever arms doe ly
About the House neglected, lay Thou by
In thy own Chamber ; If the Sutors ask,
With gentle Language, our dire Purpose mask.
Tell them they are remov'd, beeing spoyl'd with smoak,
And smutted, nothing like those Weapons look
Ulysses left, when he to *Ilium* sail'd,
With sooty smoke their glittering lustre foil'd,
Next, I, what *Jove* commands, do Thee injoyn ;
If we should quarrel, warm'd with lusty Wine,
And splendid Banquets turn to bloody Fights,
Arms are inticing, and dire Steel invites,
For us two Swords, two Shields, two Javelins leave,
To Charge, whom *Pallas* will, and *Jove* deceive :

Next,

Next, if from us Thou dost Thy stock derive,
And art my Son, tell this to none alive.
This from *Laertes*, and *Eumæus*, we
Must keep, and all, nay from *Penelope* :
Next, Thou, and I, must first the Women find,
And then how our Domesticks are inclin'd ;
Which of them us still honour, and still fear,
And which for me and my Concerns do care.

When thus to him the Gallant Youth replies ;
Sir, knew you me, you would not Cowardice
Lay to my charge : This hard to us will prove,
W' have many great impediments to remove,
And long, and hard, you know would be the Task,
To take them One by One, and questions ask,
Since they all settled, and contented are,
To eat Thee up, and what Thou hast, not spare.
But first, to move the Women I advise,
Who Thee, stirr'd by Femality, despise,
The Men pass over, Them to try forbear,
Till *Jove* discovers what a Pack they are.

Thus they amongst themselves discours'd. Mean while
The Ship that brought *Telemachus* from *Pyle*,
And all his kind Associates, up They bore
Into the Harbour, laying close a-shore
Their Arms, and Tackle, and rich Presents bare
To *Clytus* House, and left in safety there,
And straight sent to *Ulysses* Palace, One,
T' inform the Queen *Telemachus* was gon
Up to the Field, lest that the Queen salt Tears
Should pay, no Custom due, to Tyrant Fears :
The Herald, and *Eumæus*, met full Butt,
Each ready with their Message, piping hot :
Entring the Court, the Herald could not hold,
But the glad tydings to each Gigglet told ;

Whilst

Whilst up *Eumæus* to the Queen did run,
And told her what commanded had her Son :
His Errand told, *Eumæus* then at large,
Forsook the Court, and goes unto his Charge.
But this bad News the Sutors much amates,
And out they went, and sat before the Gates,
And in close juncto there their business weigh'd,
When thus *Polybus* Son *Eurymachus* said ;

Telemachus hath a great business don,
Of which, we twenty would have laid to one :
Let our Consult be brief, no time let slip,
But with all speed send forth a well-rig'd Ship,
Them to inform, and hasten to come back.

Amphinomus saw their Vessel as they spake,
Bare to the Port within imbracing shores,
Furling their Sails, and lifting up their Oars,

Then smiling, said ; Yonder our Friends appear,
We need not send advice, for they are here.
Some God inform'd them, or his ship in view,
Infatuated, they could not pursue.

This said ; The Princes rising, went a shore,
And lusty Sailors their stout Vessel moor.
Then to a frequent Council they all throng,
Not suffering one to speak, nor Old, nor Young.

When thus *Antinous* said ; Heaven mocks our Hopes,
All Day some fate on windy Mountain tops,
And at Sun-setting, him to intercept,
We tack'd about at Sea, and never slept,
That we at once might take him, and dispatch,
Whom sure a Guardian Deiry doth watch,
And thus conuai'd unto his Native Shore.
But now our business do, lose time no more,
If we would finish what we have design'd ;
The Young Man's parts are great, and high his mind :

To

To us the Peoples favour now grows small,
 Let's do his Work ere he a Council call,
 There us he'll charge, and the whole Court incense,
 How they conspir'd the Murder of a Prince,
 Which they'll so take, that us they will exile
 To live unhappy in a foreign Soyl:
 Let's intercept him ere he reach the Town,
 And share his Wealth, and Fortunes, as our own;
 To's Mother all the movables afford,
 And whomsoever she chooseth for her Lord:
 But if this Counsel you not well receive,
 Let him enjoy his Father's state, and live;
 Then we no more must banquet in his House,
 But each at Home seek out some wealthy Spouse.
 This said, all silent were, when *Nisus* Son
Amphinomus, *Dulichium's* Prince, begun,
 Whose Courtship best *Penelope* did please,
 Who still Diffentions labour'd to appease.

(g) That is, Let us consult some Oracle: for the Grammarians, in stead of the word *Θήματα*, read *τιμῶναι* *propheticæ*, Oracles. *Τίμωρος* was the name of the Mountain in *Epirus*, on which the Temple of *Jupiter* was built in *Dodona*, so much celebrated for Responses, whence the word afterward signified a Prophet, as in *Lycophron*,

Τίμωρος τιμωρίσας.

Now *Eustathius* elsewhere observes, that the *Grecians* had often deposed their Princes upon the meer command of an Oracle.

Kill not *Telemachus*, the Royal Heir,
 But to the Gods for (c) Counsel first repair.
 If *Jove* his Death's Commission please to sign,
 Boldly go on; If not, the Fact decline.
 Pleas'd with th' advice, up they their Council broke,
 And in *Ulysses* Hall their places took.
 Mean while the Queen, to ease her troubled Breast,
 To the Conspirators her self address'd;
Medon had told her all; Chaf'd, she descends,
 Her comely Damsels on each hand attends:
 Veiling her Cheeks, she at the threshold staid,
 And thus aloud taxing *Antinous*, said;
 Accurst *Antinous*, thou who art so much
 Fam'd for good parts, and yet hast nothing such;
 To kill my Son, why hast thou Plots prepar'd,
 Nor hast to *Jove*, and Piety, regard?

And

And evil thus for good repay'ft, nor know'ft,
 When first thy Father ^(b) shelter'd on our Coast,
 Fearing the people, who against him rag'd,
 When with the ⁽ⁱ⁾ Taphian Pyrats he engag'd
 Against our *Tesprot* Friends, him th' had destroy'd,
 Plunder'd his House, and his Estate enjoy'd,
 Which then *Ulysses* hind'ring, sav'd his Life,
 And now you eat him out, would wed his Wife,
 Murther his Son, and me with Sorrow kill:
 You, and the rest forbear, his blood not spill.
Eurymachus then, *Polybus* Son, reply'd;

(b) *Enipides*, saith *Eustathius*.

(i) The *Taphians* inhabited some small Islands neer to *Ithaca*, one of which was *Taphos*, afterwards call'd *Taphiusa*. They were formerly call'd *Teleboæ*, noted for Piracy.

Best Queen, on my Integrity confide,
 Lay by your fears, none here, whil'st I draw breath,
 Shall hint the smallest motion for his Death;
 Who e're attempts, by all the Gods I swear,
 Shall purple, with his reeking Blood, my Spear.
 Oft on his Lap *Ulysses* me hath set,
 Giv'n me sweet Wine, and many a savory bit:
 Therefore thy Son I love, and most admire,
 What e're the Princes shall 'gainst him conspire,
 I bid him not to fear, nor mind their Ods,
 When I have on my side offended Gods.
 Thus he persuades, and yet his Death conspires.
 Thence to her Chamber the chaste Queen retires,
 Where for her Lord, her Cheeks salt Rivers steep,
 Till *Pallas* cast Her in a golden Sleep.

Eumæus, e're the Day his Course had run,
 Came back unto *Ulysses*, and his Son;
 And in the Cottage Supper they prepare,
 Slaught'ring a Yearling Porker, fat, and fair.
 But *Pallas* did behind *Ulysses* stand,
 And Old again made, touching with her Wand,
 And clad in Rags, lest he his King should know,
 And back to th' Queen with the glad Tydings go.

I i

Telemachus

Telemachus then to *Eumæus* said ;

What News in Town, are from their Ambuscade
The Sutors rose, or in the Field now lie

Passing to seize me? Then *Eumæus* ; I
Not my self troubled questions more to ask,
But straight return'd, having perform'd my Task.

Where from thy Vessel I did one behold,
Who the glad News first to thy Mother told.

And neer the City on a ^(k) Hillock's side,

Up to the Port, I saw a stout Ship glide,

With Men, and Arms, fit to receive a Foe,

These I suppose are they, more I not know.

Telemachus on's Father smil'd, this said,

And from *Eumæus* turn'd aside his Head.

Their Labour done, their Supper straight they drest,
Nor wanted Will to make a sumptuous Feast.

When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,

They to their several Dormitors repair.

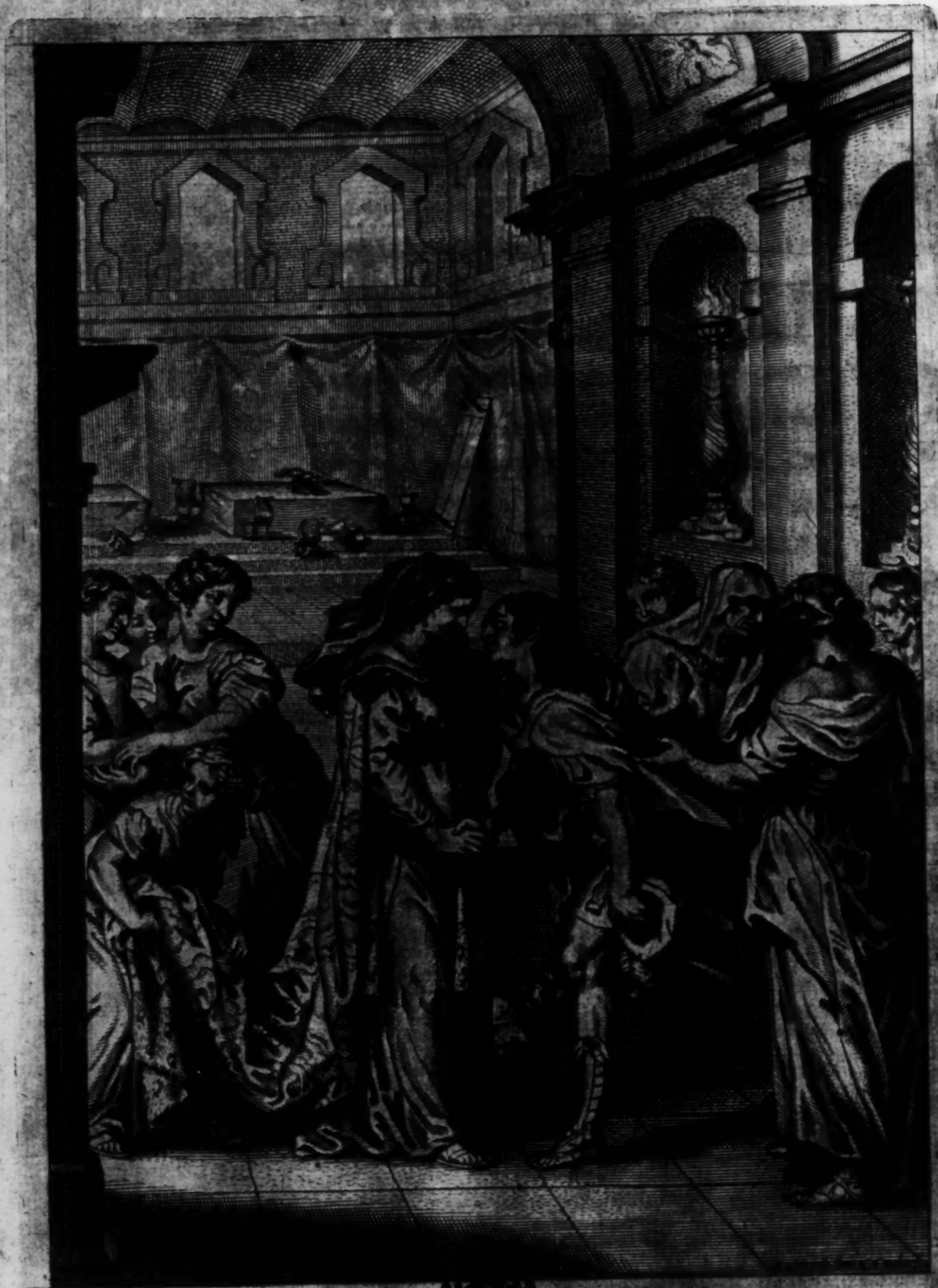
(k) Call'd *Hermæum* from the
Statue of *Hermes*, (that is, *Mercury*)
standing on it. *Eustathius*.

HOMERS

TABLE VII. CALCULATION OF THE

1870		1871		1872		1873		1874		1875		1876		1877		1878		1879		1880	
1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21	22
[Faint, illegible text and numbers follow in multiple rows, likely representing a detailed statistical table or ledger.]																					

TABLE VII. CALCULATION OF THE



Edoardo Byrche de
Surrey Equiti Aurato



Smalfeld in Comitatu
Tabulam hanc I.N.D.D.D.CO.



HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE SEVENTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Telemachus leaves the Farm, and walks to Town,

Ulysses follows in a Beggars Gown.

Argus his Dog, his Lord disguised knows.

To crave an Alms he 'mongst the Sutors goes:

They fill his Scrip, but Him Antinous strikes.

His Son's Resentments, and his Queen's dislikes.

ON as in th' East appear'd

the blushing Dawn,

The Prince his curious Sandals did

clap on,

Takes up his Spear well-fitted to

his Hands,

And going forth, Eumæus thus commands;

I go, that first my Mother me may see,

Who, nor from Tears, nor Sorrow, will be free

Till I a Visit make; But You I bid,

This hapless Stranger to the City lead:

I i 2

There

There up, and down, He craving Alms, may go,
 Plying those few, are willing to bestow :
 I am not able, thus ore powr'd with Grief,
 To give to every one in want, Relief.
 This if he like not, he may worser fare,
 They are good Friends, that no Dissemblers are.
 Then thus *Ulysses* to his Son reply'd ;

I herè desire no longer to abide,
 In Towns, our Srips, and Bottles, oft are fill'd,
 Alms drop but thin, and coldly, in the Field,
 No longer here I lingering shall stay,
 But what my Master orders, shall obey.

Be pleas'd *Eumæus*, shew me to the Town,
 Since thin my Vest, and threadbare is my Gown :
 I at a little Fire my self would warm,
 Lest me thus clad, the morning Dew may harm ;
 They say the City is far off from hence.

Forth went, this said, with speed the active Prince,
 And going 'gainst the Sutors, Plots contriv'd :
 As soon as at the Palace He arriv'd,
 Against a Column he his Javelin plac'd,
 And ore the Marble threshold step'd in halt,
 Whom *Euryclæa*, dressing up the Hall,
 Ord'ring the Chairs, and Seats, spy'd first of all,
 And weeping, to him ran, Damsels, a throng
 Imbracing gather, and about him hung.
Penelope from her Apartment came,
 Like bright *Diana*, or the *Cyprian* Dame,
 And with glad Tears to his imbraces flies,
 Kissing his rosc Cheeks, and sparkling Eys,
 And like a tender Mother, question'd thus ;

Art come my Dear, come my *Telemachus* ;
 I never thought alafs to see Thee more,
 When Thou for *Pyle* forsook'st thy Native Shore :
 But

But tell me what hath happen'd since you went
To seek your Father without my ^(a) Consent.
Then said the Prince; Mother, let Sorrows rest,
Nor Passions stir ferment'd in the Breast,
It is enough that Death not seiz'd me bath,
Go up with your Attendants to your Bath.
Then vested in your ^(b) cleanest Garments come,
And offer to the Gods a Hecatomb,
Imploring *Jove*, what he begun, to end;
But I must to the Change to call a Friend,
That came with me; Gon with *Pyreus* Home,
Order'd to treat him well, until I come.

This said, *Penelope* took her Son's advice,
Bath'd; and fresh Garments put on, in a trice,
And with a Sacrifice the Altars loads,
Jove's aid imploring, and all favouring Gods.
The Prince walks forth, arm'd with a glittering Spear,
His Dogs, his faithful Guard, attendants were:
Pallas with heavenly raies his Temples deck'd,
That all admir'd his *Mein*, and brave aspect;
Whil'st round about the Sutors fauning, throng,
Gall in their Bosoms, Honey in their Tongue.
He their Croud waving, to old *Mentor* bends
Alithersé, and *Antiphas*, his Father's friends.
Whil'st they together there discoursing, sat,
Pyreus up to them the Stranger brought:
Telemachus not his respects delaid,
But up he stands, when thus *Pyreus* said;

Your Gifts let Damfels to the Palace bear,
Which by the Spartan King presented were.
Pyreus then *Telemachus* reply'd;

How may they there secur'd, as mine abide!
Me the proud Sutors plot to murder there,
That they may my Paternal Fortunes share,

(a) 'Tis apparent, that according to *Homer*, *Telemachus* travail'd without the knowledge of *Penelope*; wherefore I take that to be the meaning of *Ovid* in *Penelope's* Epistle,

Ille per insidias pene est mihi nuptæ ademptus,
Dum parat, invitis omnibus, ire Py-
lon.

(b) *Homer* usually express'd that purity of mind required of those that made their supplications to God, by the washing of the Hands, as *Odysf.* 12.

Ἄλλ' ὅτι δὴ δὴ νῆσται ἰὼν ἡλυξά, ἱταίμης
Χῆρας νε-λαίμην, ἰδ' ἐν σκίπῳ ἦν ἀνέ-
μοιο
Ἡρώμελιν μέγιστον Διὸς

But here he adds another rite of the same nature, the putting on of clean garments, not to be observ'd in any other part of his Works.

I'd rather thou, then they, should'st them enjoy,
 But if those would destroy me, I destroy,
 Send them with joy then to my House: This said,
 He by the Hand the Stranger Home convoid.
 As soon as they within the Palace drew,
 Their Vests aside on Beds, and Seats, they threw,
 Then to sweet Baths they went, where cleans'd from soil,
 Damsels their skins suppled with perfum'd Oyl;
 Then on them richer Vests, and Mantles cast,
 And leading out, in Chairs prepared, plac'd.
 Water to wash their Hands a Virgin Sewer
 Pours in bright Silver, from a golden Ewer:
 Next, spreads the Table, sets on Bread, then plac'd
 Dishes in order, grateful to the tast:
 Plying her Loom, his Mother there did cull,
 The softer Fleece, and carded purple Wool,
 Whilst they fall too, and plentifully fare.
 When Thirst and Hunger satisfied were,

My dear *Telemachus*, the Queen then said,
 I'll now retire, where I'm no sooner laid
 On my sad Couch, but trickling Tears distil,
 Which wash my Pillow, and my Bosom fill,
 Since my *Ulysses* sail'd to *Ilium*,
 But you'll not tell me e're the Sutors come,
 What you abroad have of your Father heard.
 Then thus *Telemachus* himself declar'd;

Mother, I will the truth to you relate;
 We went to *Pyle*, where *Nestor* us did treat,
 And us'd me as a Father would his Son,
 Return'd from travel, had been absent long:
 Such was my joyful Welcom, such our Cheer;
 But of my Father he did nothing hear,
 If dead, or yet alive: But me he sent
 To *Menelaus*, Horse, and Chariot, lent:
 There

There I fair *Helen* saw, upon whose score,
Trojan and *Grecians* with commixed Gore
 Dy'd *Phrygian* Plains; The King of me enquires
 Wherefore I came, I told him my desires;
 When thus to me the Royal *Spartan* said;
 A feeble Wretch so fills a Heroes Bed,
 A Hind so in a Lyons Den, her Fauns
 Secures, then wanders fertile Vales, and Launs,
 When he returning straight devours them all;
 So would *Ulysses* on these Sutors fall.
 Would *Phæbus*, *Jove*, and *Pallas*, Him assist,
 As when at *Lesbos*, entering the List:
 He threw *Philomelides* on his Back,
 When joyful shouts rung like a Thunder-crack.
 To these Corrivals he would prove as kind,
 They soon should sad, and bitter Nuptials find.
 But to the Point, in pitty of thy Youth,
 I'll not extenuate, nor wave the Truth;
 What ^(d) *Proteus* told me, shall not be conceal'd,
 Who said, That Him he in an Isle beheld,
 Whom, 'gainst his will, *Calypso* did detain,
 No means to see his Native Soyl again:
 There he laments, wants Shipping, Men, and Oars,
 That should transport him from enchanted shoars.
 Such was th' account he gave, from thence the Gods
 With fair Winds sent me to my own Aboads.
 This, new Commotions in her Bosom made,
 To whom *Theoclymenus* thus then said;
 Best Queen, Your Son knows little, but I'll tell,
 That am Prophetick, and shall Truth reveal,
Jove I attest, the greatest of the Gods,
 Thy Hospitality, and these Aboads,
 Arriv'd, *Ulysses* now abscondeth neer,
 And all their Plots, and Villany doth hear,

Whose

(d) *Proteus*; whose account of *Ulysses*, deliver'd *Odys.* 4. is here verbatim repeated.

(c) A pigeon devour'd by a Falcon,
mention'd in the latter end of the fif-
teenth book.

Whose sure Destruction now he hath contriv'd,
I saw the ^(c) Omen just as we arriv'd,
And to thy Son my Observation made.
Ah ! couldst Thou make this out, the Queen then said,
I such returns, and kindness should impart,
That all should say, a Happy man thou art.
Whil'st thus they talk'd within, just at the Gates
The Rivals Javelins threw, and play'd at Coyts,
Where they before their Consultation held.
But when neer Supper, Sheep come from the Field,
Medon whom they lov'd best, and did attend,
Still at their Feasts, said; When your Game you end,
That we your Supper may prepare, walk up,
Tis not accounted wholsom late to sup.

This said, they all went in, their Vests and Coats
In their Seats laying; Sheep, and well-fed Goats,
And fatted Swine, with a huge Ox they drest,
Then having sacrific'd, prepar'd to Feast.
Mean while *Ulysses*, and *Eumæus*, made
Hast to the Town, when thus the Swinherd said;

You to the Town desire to walk to Day,
As our Lord bids, and Lords we must obey :
But I had rather you would here abide,
But then my Master would be sure to chide.
Come, let us now make hast, the Day grows Old,
And closes of the Evenings oft prove Cold.
Kindly himself *Ulysses* thus exprest;

Your Orders, Friend, I closet in my Breast,
So let us march, lead you, and I'll attend.
And since we must make hast, your staff me lend :
You say the way is rough, and I may slip.

This said, He ore his shoulder threw his Scrip,
Which worn in Holes, hung on a twisted Thong,
His staff He lends him, and they walk along,

And

And leave the Farm, by Dogs, and Rusticks watch'd,
 Then like an Old man leaning, poor and patch'd,
 In Beggars habit, on he leads the King,
 Through rough waies, neer the Town, unto the Spring,
 From whence the City all their Water had,
 Which ^(f) *Ithacus*, *Nerit*, and *Polydor* made,
 Planting a Grove of pleasant Trees about,
 Cold crystal falling from a marble Spout:
 And to the ^(g) *Nymphs* above an Altar plac'd,
 Where weary Travellers offer'd as they past,
 There he *Melanthus*, *Dolius* Son oretook,
 Leading the Goats, the primest of the Flock,
 Must Sutors feast, which two Swains after drove:
 Whom thus he taunts; which much the King did move:

One Villain leads another, 'tis *fores* Will,
 That like to like must go together still.
 Where, Swin-herd, leadst thou this thy hungry Mate,
 Who begging scraps, hath crouching at the Gate,
 His shoulders broke; how he a Feast would rout:
 Chargers, and Swords fit no such heavy Lout:
 But lend him me, and he shall sweep my Coats,
 Look to my Flocks, and feed my tender Goats,
 And Whey shall swill untill his belly sag,
 But since he will not work, but rather beg
 To feed his hungry Paunch, let him beware
 He go not to *Ulysses* House, lest there,
 About his Head, their Foot-stoles flie as thick
 As Hail, whilst him about the Hall they kick.

This said, he strikes *Ulysses* on the Hip,
 But he stood firm, him up he could not trip:
 Who ready with his staff to knock him down,
 And teach more manners to a Buffle-head Clown,
 Patient, forbears: which as *Emmaus* spies,
 Raising him first, his Hands rais'd to the Skies,

K k

He

(f) These were three fons of *Peleus*: From the one the Island, and City receiv'd its name, *Ithaca*; from the other, the Mountain *Neritum*; and from the last, a place call'd *Polydorum*.

(g) These *Nymphs* were of three several kinds among the ancients, as *Homer* in one of his Hymns distinguisheth them,

Ἡ τις Νυμφῶν αἵ τ' ἄλσιν καλὰ νύμφαι
 Ἡ Νυμφῶν, αἵ καλὸν ὄρεϊ πίδα ναιετά-
 υσι
 Καὶ πηγὰς ποταμῶν, καὶ χέκοντα ποιεῖσι.

Those here meant, are the *Naiades*, or *Ephyriades*, whom antiquity call'd the daughters of the *Ocean*, because all Fountains have their origination from thence.

He thus begins an Execrating Prayer ;

You Fountain *Nymphs*, *Joves* beauteous race, if e're
Ulysses offer'd you the brawny Thighs

Of well-fed Lambs, and Kids, in Sacrifice,

Ah ! grant me my Request, that He may come,

Conducted by his better Angel, Home:

He'll spoil your Pride, which wand'ring up and down

You boast, both in the Country, and the Town,

Whil'st wicked Swains destroy the numerous Flock.

When thus *Melanthius* the Goat-herd spoke ;

For what Thou say'st, Dog, I shall thee convey,

In a good Ship e're long from *Ithaca*,

For whom, I bart'ring, should my Garner fill.

Would *Phæbus*, this *Telemachus* would kill,

Or let the Sutors Him to day dispatch,

They long may look, that for *Ulysses* watch.

This said, muttering Replies, He left them there,

And to the Court, with speed, made his Repair,

There 'mongst the Sutors for a place He prest

Against *Eurymachus*, who lov'd him best :

Who from their several Messes, him afford

Choice Cates : Waiters with Bread supply the Board.

Eumæus and *Ulysses* then drawn neer,

A well-strung Harp, and *Phemius* singing, hear:

The King by th' Hand taking *Eumæus*, said ;

This Court of old was for *Ulysses* made,

You easily may know it at first sight,

The Hall adorn'd, the Wall and Trench not slight,

The double Gates are fortifi'd so well,

They mock all Force or Power of Humane skill,

But many sure invited Guests are met,

And merry, now at plenteous Tables set.

I a good Treatment smell, the Harp I hear,

Which heaven ordain'd ^(b) Companion to good Cheer.

Then

(b) The *Grecians* were so far addi-
cted to the study of Musick, from the
very foundation of their Common-
wealths, that their common discourse
became afterwards Musical : but they
especially us'd it in their Temples, and
at their Banquets, and Entertainments:
whence is that of *Horace*, concerning
the Harp,

Divitum mensis & amica Templis

Nor does *Homer* ever describe a Ban-
quet without it. Which Custom *Vir-
gil* translated out of him, into the Ban-
quet of *Dido*;

— *cithara crinitus Iopas*
Personat aurata, docuit quæ maximus
Atlas.
Hic canit errantem Lunam, Solisque
labores,
Unde hominum genus, & pœudes, unde
imber & ignis,
Arcturum, &c.

— whil'st curl'd *Iopas* plaies
Upon his golden Harp, great *Atlas*
laies.
He changing Moons, and the Suns 12-
hours sung,
Whence Men, and Beasts, whence
Shows and Lightning sprung,
The Bears, *Triones*, Kids foretelling
Rain;
Why Winter's Suns run head-long to
the Main.

The Instrument chiefly at that time
us'd was the Harp, call'd by our Poet
ὄργανον and *κίθαρις*. *Quintilian* lib. 1.
Institut. Orat. Unde etiam ille mos,
ut in conviviiis post cœnam circumferre-
tur *lyra*. Whence rise the Custom that
at Banquets - fier Supper a Harp was
carried about. *Pind.* *Olymp.* 1. speak-
ing of *Hiero* King of *Syracuse*,

ὄργανον ἔσται τῷ
μυσῶν ἐν αὐτῷ
εἰς παύσην φίλων
ἐν δὲ αὐτῷ δαμῶν
τῶν ἀνθρώπων ἀλλὰ δαμῶν αὐ-
τῷ ἐν δὲ αὐτῷ παύσην
ἡμῶν

He loves sweet Musick best,
Such as is usual at a Feast :
But take me down the Dorick Lyre
From the nail.

Then thus *Eumæus* to *Ulysses* said ;

You know, who have so long experience had,
But now let us consult what's best to do ;
Either do Thou first in the Palace go,
And walk up to the Hall, and here I'll stay,
Or carry here, and I will shew the Way :
But be not long, lest whoe're Thee first spies,
Shall strike, or drive away, thus I advise.

Then said the King ; Discreetly dost thou say,
Go Thou in first, and here a while I'll stay :
I'm us'd to stripes, my sides are hard with Blows,
My Heart grown steel, enduring Woes on Woes,
Turmoil'd in Battels, tost on swelling Seas,
Banging, and Kicks, are flea-bitings to these.
The hungry Belly in each Corner hunts,
For which we suffer many sad Affronts :
To feed the Paunch, stout Ships we man, and rig,
With mischief, and our enemies ruine big.

Whil'st such Discourse amongst themselves they had,
His Dog pricks up his Ears, and rais'd his Head,
Argus, whom oft before he went to *Troy*,
Ulysses fed, for others to enjoy.

With him in's absence the young men were wont,
Wild Goats, and swifter Hares, and Deer, to hunt :
But now he lay in a dejected state,
Upon a Dunghil just before the Gate,
That Mules, and Steeds congested with their Dung ;
Which Swains on the improving pasturage flung.
There lay poor *Argus*, full of Ticks, and knew
His Royal Master, as towards him he drew,
Wagging his Tail, and couching close his Ear,
But could not stir ; at which he stole a Tear,
Which hiding from *Eumæus*, thus he said ;

I wonder here this Dog his Bed hath made,

He hath been large and fair, of swiftest Breed,
And such as Princes at their Tables feed.

Then he reply'd; This once fair, fat, and young,
Did to *Ulysses* (Dead I fear) belong,
When he to *Troy* with *Agamemnon* went,
You would admire his swiftness, strength, and scent:
Through Groves and Thickets, He the Game, in view,
Or hunting on the Foot, would swift pursue:
But now grown Old, absent, or dead his Lord,
The Women negligent, not him regard:
Servants when that their Masters absent are,
To execute their Duties, little care.
Half of their industry *Jove* takes away,
Slaves care not what comes on't, wheres none t' obey.

This said, He ventur'd through the arched Gate,
And went directly where the Sutors sat:

But *Argus* Eys the sullein *Prææ* seal'd,
When he his Lord ⁽ⁱ⁾ twenty years past beheld.

When first *Telemachus* *Eumæus* saw
Coming, He beckon'd, neerer him to draw:

But He looking about straight took his Seat,

Neer where the Cook distributed the Meat

About the Hall unto the Feasting Crew,

And neer *Telemachus* his Table drew,

When seated by himself, the Herald brought

His Dishes, and the Board with Manchet fraught,

Straight after him *Ulysses*, hung in Rags,

Enters the Hall, his Bottles, and his Bags:

Like an old Beggar down within the Gate,

Before the Ashen Portico, he sate:

His back against the Cypress Entrance staid,

With rich Crotesk engraven, and boscade.

Telemachus then to *Eumæus* spoke,

And a whole Manchet from the Charger took,

With

(i) *Pliny* in his Natural History, *Vivunt Laconici (canes) annis denis, femina duodenis; cetera genera quindecim annos, aliquando viginti.* The Laconian Dogs live ten years, the Females twelve: other sorts live fifteen, sometimes twenty: in which he follows *Aristotle*. But *Ælian* in his History of Animals, produceth the life of a Dog to fourteen years only.

With as much meat as both his Hands could hold;

Bear to yon Stranger this, bid him be bold,
And round of all the Sutors Alms implore,
Bashfulness sutes not Persons that are poor.

Thus order'd, straight *Eumæus* him obey'd.
And drawing neer, thus to *Ulysses* said :

The Prince, this Plate, and Manchet, sends to thee,
Advising, that you would their Charity
From all the Sutors, round the Hall, implore,
Modesty sutes not Persons that are poor.

The Prince, *Ulysses* said, *Jove* happy make,
And prosper all things He shall undertake.
And with both Hands, this said, puts up the Meat
In a foul Wallet, lying at his Feet.

Mean while the Poet heavenly raptures sung,
And Supper ended, up his Harp he hung.

Then various prattle, ecchoing Voices made,
When *Pallas* drawing neer *Ulysses*, said ;

Now craving Alms among the Sutors go,
That Thou their several Characters may'st know,
But how so e're He spar'd none of them all.
Then craving Alms, He sneaks about the Hall,
At each ones back, He like a Beggar stands,
Importuning them with extended Hands.

The Princes all Him pity, and admire,
Ask whence He came, who He might be enquire.
When thus *Melantbius* the Goat-herd spake ;

Hear me you worthy Heroes, that here make
Addresses, hoping to espouse our Queen ;
This sturdy Beggar I before have seen,
Eumæus brought Him here, but I not know,
Whether He may be call'd a Friend, or Foe.

When thus *Antinous*, *Subulcus* chid ;
Why didst Thou to the Town this Vagrant lead?

Have

Have we not yet enough of such fine Guests,
A pack of wand'ring Rogues at all our Feasts?
Think'st Thou it fit to bring one here to sup,
Would us devour, and eat thy Master up?
When thus *Eumæus* on *Antinous* fell;

Sir, this your speech is not digested well,
Whoe're invites a Stranger, treats him fair,
Those who be Tradsmen, or Mechanicks are;
A Poet, or Physitian, or whose Voice
At Banquets, makes both Poor, and Rich, rejoyce:
Such famous Men are entertain'd by all,
That none: are pinch'd by Poverty, they call
Of all that's here, You worst to please still be,
Still finding faults, but *piquing* most at me:
But I regard not you, nor all your spleen,
Whilst here the Prince dwells, and our gracious Queen,
When thus *Telemachus* to *Eumæus* spake;

Be silent Sirrah, and no answer make,
Antinous loves to meddle thus, and brawl,
Himself to trouble, and disturb the Hall.
Then turning towards *Antinous* he went on;

You use me as a Father would his Son,
That from my House driving poor Strangers, still
Officious art, but sure 'tis not *Jove's* Will:
Give him an Alms, I beg it, neither fear,
My Mother, Sir, nor any Waiter here,
But this not your Design, you'll rather stay,
Devour't your self, then any give away.

Then thus *Antinous* boldly did retort; (Smart,
Sweet Prince, your speech methinks is something
If each should give as much as I bestow'd,
At Home, threemonths, Cates would his Table load.
Here threatening, he a Foot-stool up did whip,
Whilst all the rest with Doles fill'd up his Scrip.

Ulysses

Ulysses then e're his retreat he made,
 Stopping before *Antinous* thus said;
 Dear Sir, your Charity to me impart,
 Sure thou art Rich, so like a Prince Thou art,
 Therefore on me you better may bestow,
 And I shall praise thee where soe'er I go,
 I once was wealthy, had a fair Abode,
 And oft on Strangers what I had bestow'd:
 I many Servants kept, had all things which
 Make People Happy, and accounted Rich:
 But *Jove* destroy'd it, who doth what he list,
 And me with Cruising Privateers dismiss:
 For *Egypt* we a tedious Voyage had,
 At last, we in the pleasant River rode,
 Then to the Company I gave Command
 To moor their Ships, and by no means to land,
 And sent forth Spies, that should the Country view;
 But they ore daring, the poor Natives slew,
 And fell to plunder the *Egyptian* Field,
 The Women ravish'd, tender Infants kill'd:
 The Country to the City gives th' Alarms,
 Who with the Dawn drew forth in glittering Arms,
 Both Horse, and Foot shining in steel compleat,
 And so *Jove* pleas'd, that straight they us defeat,
 Not any stood, but all the Field forsook,
 Many they kill, and many Pris'ners took.
 To do their Drudgeries, me to ^(k) *Metor* gave,
 Who reign'd in *Cyprus*, there to be his Slave:
 From thence I hither, as you see, forlorn,
 Ventur'd through Worlds of woes, still Fortunes scorn.
 When thus *Antinous* himself exprest;
 What God this wandring Rogue sent to our Feast?
 Stand farther off, lest Thou at once do see,
Egypt, and *Cyprus* acted ore by me,

(k) Although *Cinyras* be King of *Cyprus* in the *Iliads*; yet he being dead, this *Demeter* the son of *Janus* seems to have reign'd in his room. *Eustathius*.

Thou

(1) He exprobrates to *Antinous* by this expression, his Inhospitality, of which Salt was the Symbol among the ancients, which was therefore first brought to Table, and last carried away.

Thou impudent and lying Rascal, go,
Thou beg'st of each, and All on thee bestow:
There is no spare, no pity, none forbid
To cut large slices from another's Bread,
Since there's no Want. When thus *Ulysses* spoke;

Sir, in your Judgment sure you are mistook:
In your own House, you scarce would Salt afford,
That art thus pinching at another's Board;
That from such Plenty wilt not me Carrels
With one small bit of Bread, in my Distress.

At this Reply *Antinous*, almost mad,
Frowning on Him, in much Distemper, said;

Thou never shalt unpunish'd leave this Court,
That dar'st so lawfully to us retort.

Then with his stool him on the shoulder struck,
But he the fall took, standing like a Rock:

Nor more was moved at *Antinous* blow.
Then silent, thinking on Revenge, did go

Back to the Door, there sitting down, he laid
His full Scrip by, then to the Sutors said;

Hear you that court the Queen, and here now Feast,
The sudden Dictates of my troubled Breast;

Men are not griev'd when they receive a stroke,
Fighting to save their Cattel, or their Flock;

But from *Antinous* I my payment have,
By ill-advising Hunger forc'd to crave:

But if the Gods the Poor revenge, then He
May Death espouse, before he married be.

Then he reply'd; Sit quietly, and eat,
Or else be gon, lest Thee the Waiters treat

In a worse manner, who dar'st thus retort,
Kick, cuff, and drag Thee round about the Court.

They all dislik'd, he so much on him took,
Then one of them to him thus boldly spoke;

I must

I must confess, *Antinous*, a dislike,
 Objects of Charity any one should strike.
 What if some God^(m) from Heaven descended be,
 Who oft as despicable seem as He?
 And the World wandring, make a harder shift,
 That they the just from the unjust may sift.

These words *Antinous* did but little touch,
 But poor *Telemachus* was troubl'd much,
 To see his Father beaten, nor forbears
 To wet the marble Pavement with salt Tears;
 Yet he sat silent, working out his Plot.
 But when *Penelope* this News had got,
 That one was struck, she to her Damsels said,
 Would *Phæbus* at his foot Him dead had laid.
Eurynome reply'd; Let me too pray,
 May none of them e're live to see the Day.

Then said the Queen; They all are of one Pack,
 And no invention to our ruine lack.
 But this *Antinous* plaies the Devil and all,
 A Poor Man craves their Charity in my Hall,
 Ready to starve, they fill his Wallet full,
 He takes him ore the shoulder with a stool.
 This sence the Women of the Business had,
 Set in their Chamber, whil'st *Ulysses* fed.

The Queen then thus did to *Eumæus* call;
 Go for that Stranger, sitting in the Hall,
 And bring him straight up hither, I desire,
 That I may bid him Welcom, and enquire,
 If e're our Lord he heard of, or did see,
 Who, like him, a poor Wanderer may be.
 Then he reply'd; Ah! would this prating Throng,
 Madam, were silent, or without a Tongue.
 Such his Discourse, that me he much delights,
 I kept him in my Cotte three Days, and Nights.

L 1

He

(m) It was the opinion of the antients, that the Gods often assum'd a humane shape, in which, they viewed the world, and the actions of mankind. So *Ovid* lib. 1. *Metamorph.* of *Jupiter*,

Contigerat nostras infamia temporis aures,
Quam cupiens falsam, summo delabor Olympo.
Et Deus humana lustris sub imagine terras,
&c.

The Times accus'd (but as I hop'd, believ'd)
 To try, I down from steep *Olympus* slide.
 A God transform'd, like one of human birth,
 I wandred through the many-peopled Earth.
 'Twere long to tell what Crimes of every sort
 Swarm'd in all parts, the truth exceeds report.

These all receiv'd this opinion of theirs from *Homer*, and he from the *Egyptians*, who believ'd the world to be full of Gods, or Angels.

He first escap'd from Sea, to me repair'd,
 All his sad stories yet I have not heard.
 As when some rare Musician sweetly sings,
 Touching from Heaven inspir'd, concording strings,
 Ravishing all with his Celestial Voice;
 So did his sweet discourses me rejoyce.
 In fruitful *Crete*, where *Minos* Off-spring swaies,
 He with *Ulysses* met, who now, he saies,
 Among the *Thesprot*s, living, and in health,
 Prepares to come, and fill his House with Wealth.

Penelope then; Go fetch him hither straight,
 They now are in the Hall, or at the Gate,
 Or where they list, following their various sports,
 Their own Estates preserv'd, in empty Courts,
 Their Servants stinted with Crab Wine, and Bread,
 Whil'st here they on Varieties are fed:
 Our Beeves, and Goats, our fatter Sheep they kill,
 And all the day our richest Wine they swill,
 Havock they make, and none dares be so bold,
 'Mongst their loose Ryots, once to bid them hold.
 None like *Ulysses*, who this Pestilence
 Would quickly, with a Vengeance, drive from hence.
 He, and his Son, if e're He live to see
 His Native Soyl, would soon revenged be.
 This said, *Telemachus* sneez'd aloud, whil'st round
 The ample Hall re-ecchoings resound.

But the Queen smiling said; *Eumæus*, call
 Straight the poor stranger hither, in the Hall:
 See'st Thou not how my Son scarce draws his Breath,
 (ⁿ) Sneezing so oft; the Omen carries Death,
 The Sutors are involv'd in one sad Fate:
 But what I promise, do not Thou forget.
 If Probabilities to me He tell,
 I with a Suit and Coat shall cloath him well.

Eumæus

(n) That sneezing was counted ominous by the *Greeks* and *Romans*, we find by many of their Histories. When *Themistocles* was ready to offer sacrifice to the Gods, there were brought before him three Captives of noble descent, and richly habited; whom when the Prophet *Euphrantides* had viewed, seeing the flame of the Sacrifice large and lucid, and hearing a sneezing on his right side; taking *Themistocles* by the hand wish'd him to make a Victim of those three Youths unto *Bacchus Omestes*, by which he should obtain security and victory. So *Xenophon* relates how the whole Army promised themselves success upon a suddain sneezing. Mention of which is more frequent in the Poets. *Catullus*,

*Hoc ut dixit amor, sinistra ut ante
 Dextram sternuit approbationem.
 Nunc ab auspicio bono profecti
 Mutuis animis amant, amantur.*

*When Cupid this bad spoken, He
 Then sneez'd, good must the Omen be;
 So going from a happy sign.
 The Lovers in affection joyn.*

Eumæus straight *Penelope* obey'd,
And drawing neer him, hapless Pilgrim, said;

The Queen calls for Thee, who though full of Woe
Something about her absent Lord would know,
And She, if her what's probable Thou tell,
With a new Suit, and Coat, will cloath thee well:
Thou shalt no more about a begging go,
What e're Thou want'st, she freely will bestow.

Then thus *Ulysses* said; *Eumæus*, I,
Icarus Daughter well shall satisfie
Concerning him, Her I can well acquaint,
For we a-like felt Miseries, and Want.
But much these Ranters me with fear surprise,
Whose Pride, and Folly, scales the starry Skies;
One struck me without Cause, nor did the Prince,
Nor any here, rebuke his Insolence.
But let the Queen be patient, till 'tis Night,
And I at large shall, what I know, recite
Neer a good Fire; My Cloaths are of the worst,
Which well you know, who entertain'd me first.

Eumæus with this Answer coming in
Without the Stranger, smartly said the Queen;

Why hast Thou not this Guest, *Eumæus*, brought,
Is he mistrustful, fears some Female Plot?
Or is he Modest, in anothers Court?
Blushes not well with wandring Pilgrims sort.

Eumæus then; Madam, th'excuse he made,
Seems what, in Prudence, any might have said,
That he this boyst'rous Crew might better shun,
You would be patient till the setting Sun:
For you t'will be convenienter, best Queen,
To talk with him in private, nor be seen.

Then thus *Penelope* her self exprest;

Sure this is no Buffoon, nor simple Guest,

For never such a Crew together got
Of Mischiefs, that do naught but mischief Plot.
The Queen thus having shew'd her Discontent,
Eumæus thence amongst the Sutors went;
And to *Telemachus* then drawing neer,
He softly whisper'd thus, that none might hear;

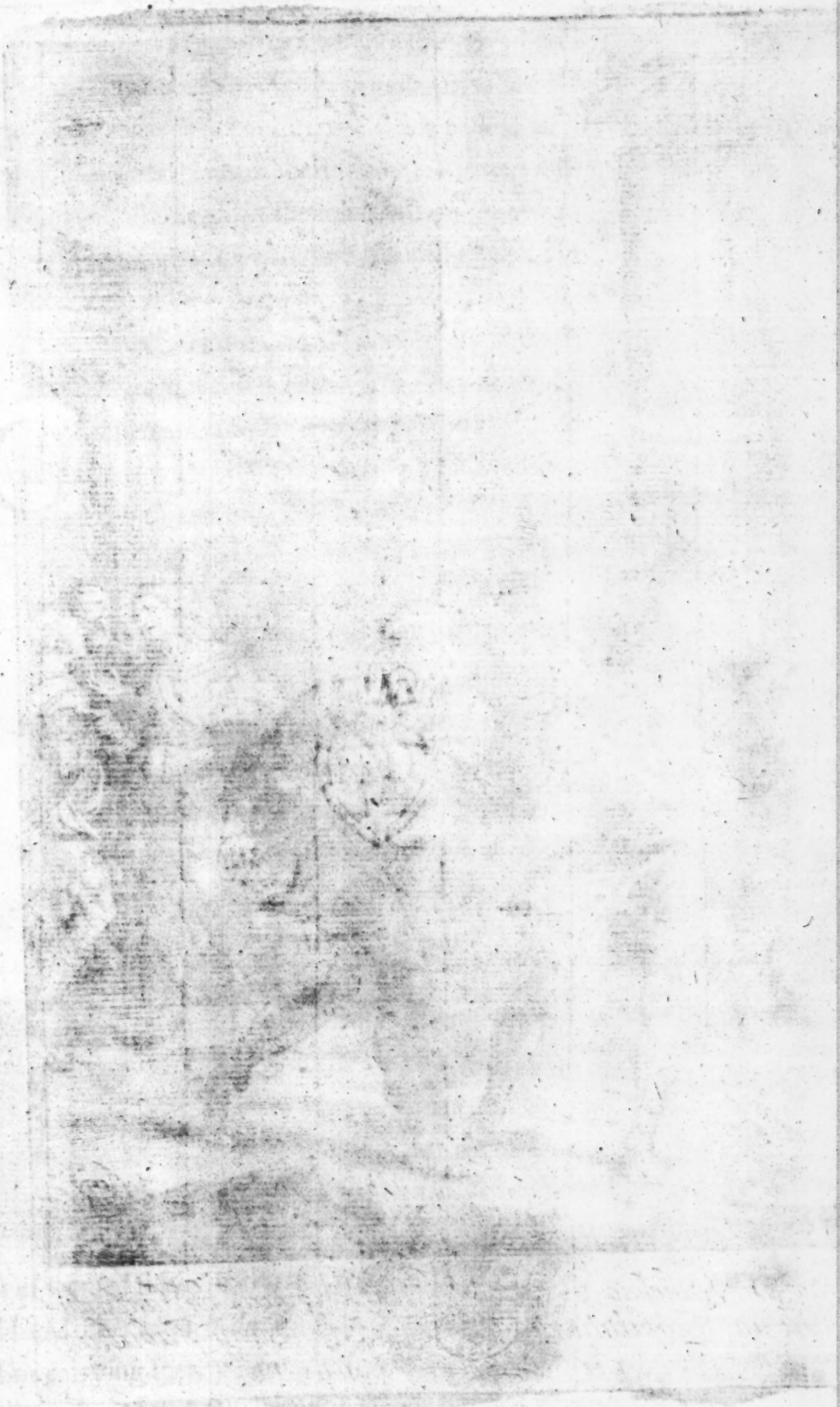
Now Sir, I must unto my Charge repair,
But to your safety look, take special Care:
Many they be, in mischief All conjoyn,
First *Jove* destroy them by their own design.

Then said the Prince, I'll do what you advise,
Just, Father, are your Fears, and Jealousies:
But early bring fat Offerings for our Feast,
And leave t' Immortal Gods, and Me, the rest.

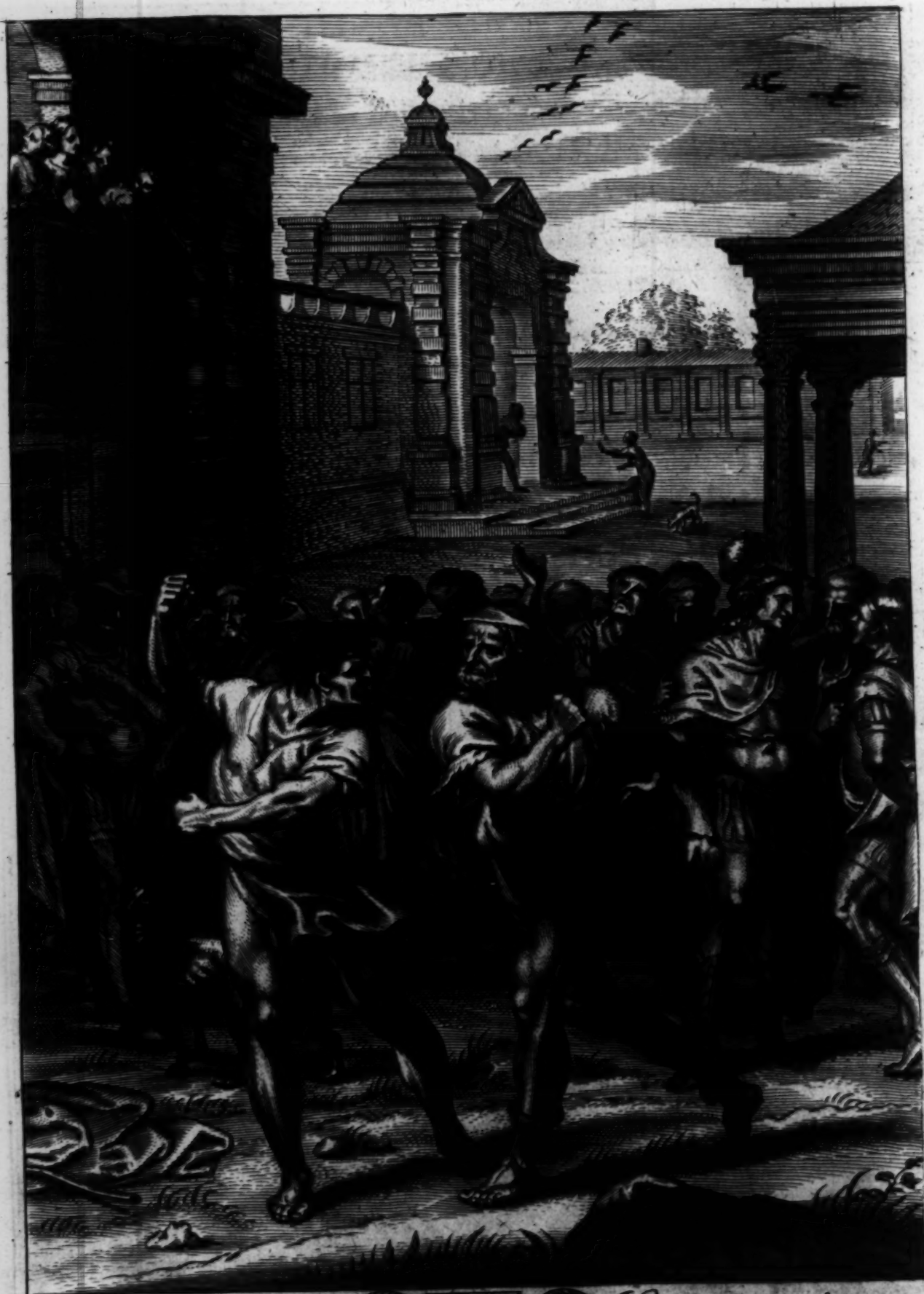
This said, The Prince again resumes his Seat,
Subulcus then fell too, and drank, and eat,
Then walks he to his Charge, and leaves the House,
Full of proud Feasters, who rich Wine carouse,
Dancing, and Singing, Merry to the height,
Till bright-day fled from sable-ensign'd Night.

HOMERS

PLATE VII



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Domino D.^{no} Gulielmo
 Equiti in Comitatu
 hanc LM



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HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE EIGHTEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Irus, a sturdy Beggar of the Town,
Quarrels his King; They fight, He knocks him down.
Publick the Queen in Gorgeous Dress appears,
Where She her Sutors both trappans, and jeers.
A Stool Eurymachus at Ulysses throws:
The loud Disturbance Flowing Cups compose.*



BUT then a Beggar came, who
long in Town,
And through all *Ithaca* begg'd up
and down:
Deep could he Gussle, and much
Gormandize,

Yet wanted strength, though of the largest size.
His Mother Him ^(a) *Arneus* nam'd, whom all,
For carrying speedy Errands, *Irus* call;
Who thought to drive the King from his own Gates,
Whom in a baffling humour, thus He rates;

Dorard,

(a) Eustathius observes that it was the Custom amongst the Grecians, that the Mother should give the name to her Child: which I find confirm'd by *Enripides* in a Fragment preserv'd by the scholiast of *Aristophanes*: *ἔτι τὸν Ἀργεῖον εἰς τὴν δὴ τὴν γενεάν, ἣ ἐς αὐτὴν τὸ ὄνομα ἐκείνου τὸν πατέρα, καὶ δὲ τὸν Εὐριπίδου ἐν Ἀργείῳ.*

τίον μᾶλλον ἐν Ἀργείῳ τὴν γενεάν, καὶ δὲ τὸν Εὐριπίδου ἐν Ἀργείῳ.

What name the Child, the Mother the tenth day.

On the tenth day after the birth of their Children they made a Feast, and then give a name to their Children, according to *Enripides* in his Trag-dy call'd *Agens*.

Dotard, be gon, hear'st not the Feasters sence,
 That I should drag Thee by the heeles from hence?
 Warn'd, I say rise, else we'll the Cause decide
 With dint of fist. He frowning, then reply'd;
 I hurt not you, I hinder none to give,
 Nor any one their Charity to receive:
 Here's room for more; is't fit, Thou snarling Dog,
 Rogues should with one another play the Rogue?
 Heaven make us thankful, here's enough for both:
 No more, lest I begin, though I am loath,
 You'll find too soon, an Old Man's pond'rous Fist
 Shal make your mouth die with fresh bloodyour breast:
 Then I'll alone here till to Morrow stay,
 And you'll scarce take this House more in your way.

Then he reply'd; Rasçal, Thou well canst brag,
 But look'st no better then a wither'd Hag.
 I'll on your mouldy Chops your Pasport sign,
 And drive your Teeth out, as from Corn, the Swine.
 Prepare thy self, that all may here behold
 The Younger Beggar triumph ore the Old.
 Thus sitting, They out in rough Language broke,
 Of which *Alcinous* first notice took,
 Then smiling, thus to his Companions said;
 Yonder's such sport, the like we never had,
 The Beggars ready are to play a Prize,
 Let's set them on. At this they all arise,
 And in their Seats their upper-Garments fling,
 And thronging round the Champions, make a Ring.
 Then said *Antinous*; Hear me I desire,
 Goats Puddings are now lying on the Fire,
 Well stuff'd with blood, and suet, ready drest,
 And he who in this Duel gets the best,
 Shall first make choice, and alwaies with us eat,
 And keep all Beggars else without the Gate.

Alcinous

Antinous motion all the Concourse took;
 When *Ulysses* cautiously thus spoke;
 'Tis hard for me, consum'd with Grief, and Age,
 With such a sturdy Youngster to engage;
 But since the Belly, which ne'r counsels well,
 Says, I must fight, and Hunger doth compel;
 All that are present take the Solemn Oath,
 That none help *Irus* here, but let us both
 Try our own proper strength, two against one,
 Though ne'r so Valiant, may be o'rethrown.
 This said *Ulysses*, and they swore; when thus
 Unto his Father spake *Telemachus*;

Stranger, If Thou by a brave Confidence
 Art mov'd, not doubting but to drive him hence,
 Fear none that stand behind thee, or before,
 Whoe'r strikes Thee, shall fight with many more.
 I, and *Eurymachus*, and *Antinous*, shall
 Be on thy side: This motion pleas'd them all.
 Whil'st up to's twist his Shirt *Ulysses* ties,
 And round his Waist, shewing his brawny Thighs,
 His Breast, and Arms, and spreading shoulders bare,
 Which *Pallas* made more rossid, plump, and fair.
 The Sutors wondring at his Manly make,
 Thus looking then on one another spake;

Irus, I doubt, will by this Bargain lose,
 What Thighs, his Rags now off, the Old man shews!
 Thus said they, whilst the Waiters *Irus* dress'd,
 And lead him forth, with extream Fear possess'd,
 A trembling Ague his whole body shook,
 When thus *Antinous* to *Irus* spoke;

Tremblest Thou boaster (hope for no relief)
 To fight an Old Man, spent with Age, and Grief?
 But this I threaten, and it shall prove true,
 If He the better have, and Thee subdue,

I shall

(b) He was King of Epirus, son of Euboeus and Phlogea, who put out the eyes of his daughter Medea, or Amphissa, corrupted by Echmedicus, and set her to grind Corn, made for that purpose of Iron, saying she should then recover her sight, when she had ground that to flower. Inviting afterwards Echmedicus to a banquet, caus'd all the Members of his body to be cut off: At last falling into extremity of Madness, died by devouring his own flesh. Others say that Echmedicus liv'd in the time of Homer, by whom being ill treated, he Poetically reveng'd himself by this relation, as he did on *Thersites* in his *Iliads*.

I shall transport thee to *Epirus* then,
Where King ^(b) *Echetus* reigns, the worst of men;
Who shall cut off thy Ears, thy Nostrils slit,
And thy raw Dowsets give the Dogs to eat.
These threatnings more encreas'd his agonish Fear,
But in they drew, and high their Hands they rear.
Ulysses then consider'd, for no,
If he should kill the Rascal at one blow,
Or lay him on the Pavement with a Cuff;
The last seems best, and such Rebuke enough:
Lest the Spectators so his strength should find.
Then to't they went, His business thus design'd.
First *Irus* Him on the right shoulder struck;
But Him *Ulysses* such a whirret took
Under the Ear, a Bone broke with the blow;
Straight from his mouth a purple stream did flow,
He on his Back lay, in a deadly Swound,
Gnashing his Teeth, and kicking of the Ground.
Clapping their Hands aloud, the Sutors laugh,
Whil'st by the Heels *Ulysses* drags him off,
And setting by the Wall in th' outward Court,
Gave him a staff, still giddy, to support.

Here Sirrah, Dogs and Swine drive from the Door,
Y' have no Commission to keep out the Poor;
The worst Thou shalt receive from me, Thou hast.
This said, His Scrip he o're his shoulder cast,
Which hung down at a Thong, then on the Floor,
Resumes his place, just where He sat before:
The Sutors then all thronging in, and glad,
Thus to *Ulysses*, much delighted, said;

May Thee great Jove, and the Immortal Gods,
Who hath thus driven from us, and these Abodes,
This sturdy Rogue, this gormandizing Beast,
Grant whatsoe'r Thou shalt of them request.

But

But we'll to *Epire*, ship'd, the Rascal send,
To *Echetus*, who governs like a Fiend.

This said, *Ulysses* at their Vote rejoic'd,
Antinous the Paunch before him plac'd,
Stuff'd well with blood and fat; *Amphinomus* brought
Him in a Basket two Loaves, piping hot,
And with a Golden Bowl presenting, spake;

Bold Stranger, may the Gods thee happy make,
And give such Riches as thou hadst before;
For, Father, now thou art exceeding poor.

When thus *Ulysses* said; Sir, I beleive,
That Character which all your Fathers give,
May be call'd yours, *Dulichian Nisus* aim,
Though rich, was alwaies to preserve his Fame,
Since thou his Offspring, like him, prudent art,
This for a special Maxim I'll impart;
What ever breaths, and on the Earth doth crawl,
Man is th' unworthiest Creature of them all,
Who a defiance to bad Fortune gives,
And saies, he n'r shall suffer whilst he lives:
But when chang'd Fates usher the evil Day,
Then he must bear't with Patience, as he may.
Such vain Opinions 'mongst weak Mortals be,
So Poverty, unlook'd for, fell on me.
I once was rich, so much in Wealth did trust,
I, on meer humour, lov'd to be unjust:
Such Confidence in my Relations had,
None without Pow'r are impiously bad:
But here at plenteous Boards, some ne'r give thanks,
And such you Sutors seem, who play mad pranks,
Courting his Wife, making of all a Spoyle,
Who may e're long, his Friends, and Native Soyl,
With joy revisit: Stay not till he come;
Ah! may some God before conduct thee Home!

M m

When

When ever he returns, your long love-sutes
He'll cancel straight with blood in smart Disputes.

This said, libating first, he Gold turns up,
Returning then with thanks the well-ebb'd Cup.
But he went in, and troubled shook his Head,
Struck with his own presages, almost dead.
Not so he scap'd, but trap'd in *Pallas* snare,
His blood distain'd *Telemachus* his Spear.

Minerva then *Penelope* posselt,
To shew her self, in gorgeous habit drest,
T' inflame the Sutors, and be honour'd more,
Both of her Son and Husband, then before.
Then smiling on *Eurynome* she said ;

A suddain motion doth my mind persuade,
That to these proud Corrivals, whom I hate,
I should appear, and shew my self in state ;
And to inform my Son, that he should not
Converse with them who his Destruction plot.

Then she reply'd ; Madam, I like it well
That your Intelligence your Son you tell ;
Go then, and him with their Designs acquaint,
But bath first, and your Cheeks a little paint,
Appear not blemish'd, those small Trenches fill,
Worn by perpetual tears, and weeping still ;
For such a Son thou shouldst the Gods implore,
To see him grow in Virtue more and more.

When thus to her the Queen straight made Reply ;
Persuade me not to bath, my Cheeks to die,
The Gods that wounding Beauty quite destroy'd,
Since he to *Ilium* went, I then enjoy'd.

Antinoe and *Hippodamia* straight
Call hither, only they on us shall wait,
To go alone will Modesty invade.

Forth goes th' old Matron, and her Queen obey'd.

Then

Then *Pallas* drove a better Plot, and fast
 A sleep *Penelope* too wilful cast,
 Then brought her Heavenly Gifts, Love to acquire,
 That all the *Greeks* her Beauty should admire,
 That *Fucus* us'd to cleanse her Face from specks,
 With which Love's Queen remov'd impeaching frecks,
 When with the *Graces* she intends to dance;
 Then fatter made, Her stature did advance.

To these advantages Her skin did show,
 Whiter then polish'd Ivory, or Snow.
 The Queen thus heighten'd, the Celestial Dame
 From thence departs, and in Her servants came,
 And with their noyse the slumbring Queen did wake,
 Then Her Cheeks drying with her hands, thus spake;

I drowse, in a pleasant slumber fell,
 Would me *Diana* could so sweetly kill,
 That I my Lord no longer might lament,
 Wasting my self with Grief, and Discontent.
 Because his Peer he hath not 'mongst them all.

This said, she straight descends into the Hall,
 Two Damsels her attending: when she drew
 Neer to the Portal, straight the amorous Crew,
 Her Beauty spying through a slender ^(c) Veil,
 Trembling, surpriz'd with conquering Love, grew pale,
 Wishing th' enjoyments of her happy Bed.

Then to her Son *Telemachus* she said;

Thy judgment fails thee, and thou want'st that heart:
 For which, when Thou a Child, so praised wert:

Now Thou art past a Boy, a Man full grown,

That whoe'r sees will say, a Hero's Son

Thou need'st must be, when they Thy Features scan.

When Thou of Him hast but the outward Man,

And nothing of his Vertues know'st at all,

Who such Affronts endur'st in Thy own Hall;

That

M m 2

That

(c) It was the Custom of Greece, as now in Spain, that both Wives and Virgins should have their faces covered. Whence *Libanius*, mentioning the destruction of *Troy*, Τῆς δ' αὖ γυναικὸς γυμνὴ μὲν ἦ κατὰ τὴν παραδόξω τῇ ἀναρτῇ γὰρ αὐτὴν κτείνω κατὰ τὴν. The head of the Woman was without a Veil, for the destruction of her Country had taken away the consideration of Modesty. And this appears out of a Comedy of *Xenarchus*.

Ἀεὶ δ' ἔτ' ἰδὼν ἴσ', εὐδ' ἔρως ἰδὼν οὐδὲν
 Ἀνδρῶν τιμωμένων καὶ φθόνων
 Διότ', ἐν τῇ χεὶρὶ τῆς ψυχῆς ἔχει
 πᾶν, πᾶν καὶ τὸ δίκαιον πούλην Κέρπιδι,
 Βίβλις δ' αὖτις, τὸν Δρυονίδην εὐμαρ
 Ὀπίσθ' ἀναμνήσσει προσηκόντων.

So on the contrary, it was the fashion for Courtizans to walk open faced, as may be seen in *Callimachus*'s hymn on *Venus*, and in the Comedy forementioned. Whence the *Athenians*, who punish'd adultery with death, made this caveat; that whosoever was taken with any Woman, Wife, or Virgin, who walked unveild, should not be counted an adulterer.

That a poor Stranger, who in Charity
We are bound to comfort, should thus injur'd be.
Who ever we receive under our Roof,
From wrongs it should protection be enough;
Thine's the Disgrace, and the example bad.

When thus her Son unto his Mother said;

I'm not offended at your high Discourse,
But yet I understand better from worse,
As well as when a Child, but cannot here,
With greatest Prudence ought distinguish clear:
Me they would ruine, Plots on Plots are laid
For my Destruction, and I have no aid.

By joynt Consent young *Irus*, and our Guest,
This Combat had, the Stranger got the best.

Ah! that great *Jove*, *Pallas*, and *Phœbus*, would
We in like case your Sutors might behold,
Some in the Court, and some within the Hall,
With palsied Heads in Death's Convulsions, fall,

As *Irus* now in th' outward Porch doth sit,
Shaking his Head, as in a drunken fit:

He cannot stand, nor able to come back,

Who locomotive Faculties doth lack.

They such Discourse standing together had,

When to the Queen *Eurymachus* thus said;

Icarus Daughter, fair *Penelope*,

If all our youthful Princes You should see

In this your ^(d) splendor, many Sutors more,

Would early wait to-morrow at your Door;

Since Nature you her Master-piece design'd,

In so much beauty casing such a mind.

Then said the Queen; those parts that I enjoy'd,
Features, and Virtues, deathless Gods destroy'd,
With which I so much took my dearest Lord,
When he with *Agamemnon* went aboard.

(d) The word in this place, *ἄλκιμον*, is a general word for Greece, as *Ἕλλάς* is for the Grecians, which with several Epithets signifies several particular places, as *Ἀχαιῶν* *Ἄργεος* *Θηβαίων*.

Νῆσῳ δ' αὖ τὸν ἱερὸν Ἀχαιῶν Ἄργεος ἱερὸν.

So in this place *ἱερὸν* *Ἄργεος* signifies *Peloponnesus*, or the *Agora*, according to *Strabo*, from *ἱερός*, son of *Zeus*, King of the place.

Would he returning rule this Life of mine;
 My Honour, and my Beauty more would shine,
 Now Fortune's bitterer blasts hath all bereft.
 When he, me, and his native Country left,
 Me by the right hand taking, said; My Dear,
 We shall not all return from *Troy* I fear,
 They say the *Trojans* Valiant be in War,
 Throw Jav'lins well, and able Archers are,
 On foot, or mounted, to no Nation yield,
 Who in a trice will clear a bloody Field,
 Nor know I if my Fate will drop me there,
 Then all that's mine I leave unto thy Care:
 But my dear Father, and my Mother mind,
 Be in my absence, Love, to them more kind:
 And when our Son shall come to Age, espouse
 Then whom thou wilt, and leave to him thy House.
 Now all hath happen'd what my Husband said.
 The Night draws neer, that I the Nuptial Bed
 Must venture in, although so much abhorr'd;
 Since *Jove* hath took away my dearest Lord.
 But something grieves, that now I will unfold,
 The Custom here of Sutors, was of Old,
 Who some great Dame, or rich man's Child, would wed,
 Courting & enjoy the honour of her Bed,
 Fat Beeves, and Sheep, and richer Presents sent,
 To feast her Friends, but not her Fortune spent.
 This over-hearing, made *Ulysses* glad,
 That thus dissembling she did them persuade
 To send their Gifts, and costly Presents in.
 When thus *Antinous* did first begin;
Icarus daughter, fair *Penelope*,
 What ever presents we do send to thee
 From us be pleas'd with kindness to receive,
 Returns ingratul be of what we give.

But

But we'll no other business undertake,
 Till one of us you choose, and Husband make.
 All to his motion gladly condescend,
 Their Heralds with rich gifts the Queen attend,
Antinous sent a Vest, joyn'd to each fold,
 A Button, which a dozen were all Gold.
Eurymachus a golden Chain, so bright
 With Amber, like the Sun it cast a Light,
Eurydamas two servants, Pendants brought,
 Set forth with Orient Pearl, and rarely wrought.
 A Carkenet *Pisanders* Herald bare:
 Each sent her something, beauteous, rich, and rare.
 The Queen thence to her Chamber went, and they
 Who waited, up with Her the Gifts convey,
 In Dancing, Singing spent, and all Delight,
 Till golden Day sunk, vanquished by Night,
 But They went on, still varying several sports,
 Three Lamps were plac'd to light the gloomy Courts,
 Nourish'd with drie materials round about,
 That they might clearly shine, and not go out,
 Which Damsels snuff, and with fresh fuel fed:
 To whom the King offering his service, sed;
 You servants of your absent Lord, go in,
 And there attend the Pleasure of your Queen,
 In Her Apartment silver fleeces cull,
 And carded, her present the purest Wool:
 And I'll supply, and feed these Lamps, should they
 Be merry here untill the Break of Day:
 All pains I conquer, make a sport of Toyl.
 This said, the Damsels on each other smile,
 But first to him *Melantho* gigling said,
Dolius proud daughter, whom the Queen had bred,
 As her own Child, but she a Wanton prov'd,
 At all not at her Ladies sorrows mov'd.
 She

She with *Eurymachus* had don the Fear,
And in uncivil Terms thus on him set ;
Sure thou art mad, nor sleep wilt any more
On a Smith's Forge, or Stall, or at some Door ;
But prat'st amongst Young Princes boldly here,
Nor Symptom hast of Modesty, nor Fear,
But full of Wine, Thou them dost entertain
With trifling Talk, or stories false and vain,
Or prid'st Thou that Thou *Irus* did'st ore throw,
Another comes that will not take it so,
Shall with a Vengeance beat Thee from the Door,
And with thy own blood paint thy Bosom ore.

Then frowning he reply'd ; The Prince shall know,
Bitch, what thou say'st, and Thee shall punish too :
At these his threats they much affrighted, all
From thence ran, trembling, and forlook the Hall,
Saying, they fear'd the Stranger true had spoke.
Then to preserve the Lamps he undertook,
Looking about, contriving in his mind,
How he might finish what he had design'd,
Nor longer temper them did *Pallas* grant,
But that they should him suddainly affront,
That so his Choller they might more provoke.
When first to him *Eurymachus* thus spoke,
And smiling on his Fellows, did begin ;

Hear me all you that court a Royal Queen,
And to the dictates of my Soul attend,
Some God this Man t' *Ulysses* House must send,
His Looks majestick, his Deportment fair,
His Eyebrows thick, not cloath'd with scattering Hair,
Then turning from them to *Ulysses* spake ;

If thou wilt serve, Thee to my Farm I'll take,
Good shall thy Wages be, nor shalt thou want,
To keep my Hedges prun'd, my Trees to plant ;
Sandals

Sandals I shall bestow, and neatly cloath;
 But those who idly live all works do loath:
 Thou rather would'st a begging go, and put
 More Victuals still in thy Ungodly Gut.
 Then to *Eurymachus* *Ulysses* said;

'Twixt us I would there were a Wager laid,
 Or in the Spring, or in the longest Day,
 Which of us with a Syth should mow most Hay;
 We'll begin fasting, nor to labour yield,
 But when Night calls to supper, keep the Field:
 Or let us for the Plough our Cattel Yoak,
 When we have both well fed our big-bound stock,
 Then Thou shalt see me up long Furrows tear:
 Or if *Jove* Peace should turn to cruel War,
 Then to the Battel boldly I'll advance,
 With Cask, and Shield, in either hand a Lance;
 Not as you say to fill my greedy Gut:
 But such Affronts on me you alwaies put.
 You think, forsooth, that no man is your match,
 Who hath convert with none but thy own Batch.
 But should *Ulysses* come, sooner then spy'd,
 These Gates would seem too narrow, although wide,
 To make escape, rather then be engag'd.
 At this Retort *Eurymachus* enrag'd,

Thus frowning, made Reply; Rascal, I shall
 Thee to account for sawcy Answers call,
 Who with such Impudence, and at no rate,
 'Mongst Princes thus unmannerly dost prate,
 And full of drink, thy self dost entertain
 With wondrous Raptures, and Discourses vain;
 Or prid'st Thou that poor *Irus* down you struck?
 Thus talking loud, up he a Foot-stool took,
Ulysses to *Amphinomus* Knee did duck,
 Fearing *Eurymachus*: the Crown *Tripos* struck

A Skincker on the Hand, down on the Ground
 The Goblet drops, the bruised Brims resound :
 He on his back lay roaring, with the Fall,
 Which made a great disturbance in the Hall.
 When one of them thus to another said ;

Ah, would this wandring Rogue had perished,
 E're he came here, quiet we were before,
 This Devils Brat puts all in an uproar :
 Fooling with him the pleasure of our Feast
 We loose, nor well our savory Dishes tast.
 When thus *Telemachus* did his mind declare ;

Your full Bowls work, or you distracted are,
 Or else the Devil in you this stir doth keep,
 Since y' are well treated, pray go home and sleep :
 No man I'll force, but so much I desire.

This said, biting their Lips they all admire
Telemachus, that he so boldly spake :

Whom thus *Amphinomus* did undertake,
 Not any should be mov'd, or take dislike
 At saucy words, nor should a stranger strike,
 Nor any Servant of *Ulysses* Train,
 That are appointed us to entertain.

Now let the Skincker with a full Bowl come,
 And when we have libated, all walk Home,
 And to the Prince his care this Stranger leave.
 This said, the Sutors the advise receive.

Mulius the Goblet carries through the Hall,
Amphinomus Herald, and straight serv'd them all,
 Paying ^(e) Libations to the Powers Divine,
 They troul the goblet full with richest Wine,
 Thus after flowing Bowls, and plenteous fare,
 To rest, they to their severall Homes repair.

(e) *Athenians* observes that in *Homers*, libations to the Gods were usual as well after Meals as before, whom *Plato* follows in his *Συμπόσιον*, for he saies, that after they had sup'd, they made their libations to the Gods, and honoured them with their usual Hymns. The like doth *Xenophon* : only in *Epicharmus's* Banquet no mention of offerings, or libations. Thus far *Athenians*,

SA-1111

The first of these is the fact that the
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HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE NINETEENTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

Ulysses and his Son convey forth all
The Arms and Spears that were about the Hall.
The Queen descends, Her Husband entertains,
Not knows him: He a woful Story fains.
Euryclea bathes his Feet: His Ancient Maid,
Knows her Old Master by a Scar He had.

BUT still within the Hall Ulysses
sat, I saw his Helmets and Shields
Plying with Pallas their proud
Sutors Fate on their heads
Who thus spake to his Son, It will
behoove
That all these Arms we from the Hall remove
And carry in; And if why so they ask,
That we the better may our business make,
Tell Them they are taken down, because the Dust
And Smoke, their bright tools with a solem rust
Hath

(*) He counsels to have the Arms remov'd, lest the very sight of them should tempt the Suitors to a quarrel, as the sight of a Woman a Man unto Lust. *In omni re (saith U/pins) & ad omnem rem multum valent oculi. In, and to all things the Eys are of great prevalency.*

Hath much impeach'd, not like the same they were
Ulysses had, sailing for *Troy*, left there :

Or say a Revelation from the Gods

You had, if they by chance should fall at Odds,
With Wine distemper'd, and turn Nuptial Rites
To bloody Banquets, (*) itch of steel invites.

Telemachus these his Commands obey'd,

For *Euryclea* calling next, thus said ;

In their Apartments, Nurse, the Women shut,
Till the King's arms I in my Closet put :

Soil'd th' are with smoke, which I a careless Boy,
Left hanging here, e're since he went to *Troy*.

When *Euryclea* thus to him begun ;

Ah ! would thou had'st that prudence of a Son,
Who in his Fathers absence being th' Heir,
Should of all Houshold-busineses take care.

But when I'm gon, who, lights you out and in,
When not a Female-waiter must be seen ?

Telemachus then said ; This Stranger shall,
I'll have no idle Persons haunt my Hall :

Whoe'r eats here shall work, be what he may.
His Orders she did punctually obey.

And first, to shut the Gates she had a care,
Whilst in, *Ulysses* and his Off-spring bare
Helmets, and Shields, and Lances, whom before
Pallas in gold a blazing Taper bore.

Telemachus then to his Father said ;

Prodigious beams, oh, Sir ! my Eys invade :

The Walls, the Seats, the Beams, and Pillars shine,

As if they were a fire, some Pow'r Divine

Hath left those Seats, where they in Heaven reside.

When to his Son *Ulysses* thus reply'd ;

Be not inquisitive, nor more enquire,

This oft do they who plant *Olympus* spire,

Go

Go thou and sleep, but here I shall remain,
That I thy Mother, and her Female Train,
May questions ask; she grieves and nothing knows.
This said, *Telemachus* went to his Repose,
Where he in *Morpheus* golden Fetters lay,
And soundly slept untill the blessed Day:

But in the Hall the King with *Pallas* staid,
To finish up the Plot which they had laid.
When the fair Queen down from her Chamber came,
Like bright ^(b) *Diana* or the ^(b) *Cyprian* Dame,
Against the Fire her Chair of state they plac'd,
Which *Ismarus* with Gold, and Ivory grac'd,
And straight a Foot-stool for her they brought in,
Which soon they cover'd with a dappled Skin;
There sat the fair *Penelope* in state,
And all her Damsels round about her wait.

A Table spreading they with Manchet store,
And Cups, in which proud Sutors drank before:
This a Fire kindles, That laies on more Wood,
Which in a Pile might light, and warm the blood:
When thus *Melanthe* at *Ulysses* flew;

Stay'ft Thou still here to see what Women do,
And us thus in our Privacies molest?
Sirrah, be gon, and quickly too, y' are best,
Or we with Fire-brands shall your Passport seal:

Then thus *Ulysses* frowning, on her fell;
Why dost Thou me so spitefully thus taunt,
Minx, is't because I better Garments want?

I poor, crave Alms of those that best can spare,
And many such poor Wanderers there are:

I once had Riches, and a fair Abroad,

A part of which, oft I on those bestow'd

That wanted; Many Servants I employ'd,

What stiles men Rich, and happy, I enjoy'd:

But

(b) He compares her to *Venus* for the beauty of her Face, to *Diana* for the proportions and comeliness of her Body: for in that was her excellence: *Odys.* 6.

Τὴ δὲ (Diana) ἄμα Νύμφαι κῆρας διδὼς Ἀργεῖον
Ἄγχι δὲ καὶ πάλιν, γένετο δὲ τὴν ὀφθαλμοῖς
Παρθένου δὲ ὅμοιόν ἦν ἡ ἑλπίς ἡ μὲν ἔχουσα.

Whom *Virgil* follows *Æneid* the first.

*Qualis in Eurotæ ripis, aut per juga
Cynthi,
Exerces Diana choros, quam mille secun-
ta
Hinc atque hinc glomerantur Oreades,
illa pharetram
Fert humero, gradienſque Deas super-
eminet omnes.*

As on *Eurotas* banks, or *Cynthus* top,
Diana Dances leads; a beauteous
Troop
Of Mountain-Nymphs attend on eve-
ry ſide,
Her golden Quiver at her ſhoulder
ty'd,
Walking, ſhe all the Goddeſſes ex-
ceeds.

But *Jove* was pleas'd my state to ruin quite,
 Therefore take heed to exercise such spight,
 And make of others Poverty a sport,
 Who brave now 'mongst the Maids of Honour art.
 You may be out that now in Favour are,
 The King may come, of whom we not despair,
 But should he not, and if no hope we had,
 He hath a Son, who, by *Apollo's* aid,
 Will suffer no such Gignets in his Court,
 To make of woful Pilgrims thus a sport.

Penelope observing what they said,
 Thus in rough Language rattl'd up her Maid;
 Audacious Drab, how in my Presence dar'st,
 Thou speak such words; nor a poor stranger spar'st?
 On your own head the Plot may fall, you lay,
 Know'st Thou not well, didst Thou not hear me say,
 From him I hop'd Intelligence to have
 Of my dear Lord, would sorrow give me leave?
 Then to *Eurynome* thus spake the Queen;

Bring a Chair hither cover'd with a Skin,
 That I what he can better tell, may hear;
 For Him I'll sit, and question very neer.
 She straight obeys the Orders of the Queen,
 Brought a high Chair, and cover'd with a Skin.
Ulysses there sat down, his Reverence made,
 To whom *Penelope* thus mildly said;

Sir, first be pleas'd to tell me who you are,
 Your Nation, Town, and Parentage declare.

Then he reply'd; Not any You can blame,
 The World your Honour knows, the Stars your Fame;
 Like a Just King, who fearing *Jove's* Commands,
 Maintains in happy Union many Lands,
 Where several Grains they in deep Furrows throw,
 Whose Fruit on Trees beyond Abundance grow,

Pregnant

Pregnant his breed, Fishes the Sea afford,
 His people both with Wealth, and Vertues stor'd.
 Therefore, best Madam, ask not who I am,
 Nor who my Parentage, nor whence I came,
 Lest my own sorrows me too deeply touch,
 Recounting to you, I have suffer'd much :
 In a strange House it fits not to be sad,
 And to weep alwaies, and lament, as bad :
 Some of your Maids may take offence, or you,
 Saying the Maudlin, Wine with Tears can brew.
 Then thus *Penelope* to him reply'd ;
 The Gods my Parts and Beauty then destroy'd,
 When first the *Greeks* 'gainst *Troy* an Army sent,
 And with them my dear Lord *Ulysses* went.
 Should He return to rule this Life of mine,
 My Fame would grow, and more my beauty shine :
 But now in Tears, time, and my self I spend,
 And my Misfortunes follow without end ;
 Whoe'r *Dulichium*, or ^(c) *Same* sway,
 Woody *Zacynthus*, or rough *Ithaca*,
 Court me and vex my House, that no regard
 I Strangers give, nor who attend, reward,
 Nor means *Petitioners* to answer find,
 Still troubl'd for *Ulysses* in my mind.
 Them, hasting Nuptials, still I did deceive ;
 And by some God inspir'd, obtained leave,
 E're any of the Sutors I espouse,
 A curious Web to finish in my House.
 My Princely Sutors, thus to them I said ;
 Since you suppose my dearest Lord is dead,
 Delay our Marriage till that we have don
Laertes Herse-cloath which I late begun,
 Lest I incur some *Grecian* Ladies Hate,
 Without, & interr one of so great Estate.

(c) The name of the Island *Cephalonia*, (in the *Italian* Charts now call'd *Zaplania*) from the chief City thereof.

Thus

(d) What here is ninety, in his *Iliad* is a hundred,

Φαῖστῶν, Ῥιπίων, καὶ ἀργυροῖα Λύκα-
σος.
"Αλλοῖθ' ἐν Κρήτῳ ἐκατόμηνον ἀμυγ-
μῶν, &c.

Phaistians and Rhytians, and who in
Crete,
Did in a hundred famous Cities dwell.
Idomeneus, who did much excel
In feats of War, and bold Meriones,
In forty Vessels brought through briny
Seas

Which dissonancy the antient Writers
have several waies attempted to recon-
cile. Some say the number of the Ci-
ties were a hundred in the time of the
Trojan War, but that *Leucas* King of
the Island demolish'd ten, for terrour
to the remainder. But *Ephorus*, an an-
cient Historian, saies that ten Cities
were built by the *Dorians*, whom *Al-
thimenes* planted there after the *Tro-
jan War*; to whom *Strabo* assenteth.
Others think that the number *hundred*
is used indefinitely for a great many, as
in the Lemma of *Rome*, in an antient
Coyn Ρᾶμῆς ἐκατομῶντος.

(e) That is Natives of *Crete*, such as
came not from other Countries to set-
tle there.

(f) There is great diversity of o-
pinion among the antients in the ex-
plication of this Epithet. *Andron*, one
of the antientest of the *Greek* Histori-
ans, saies that *Doris*, from whence this
Colony came, consisted of three Ci-
ties, and therefore the *Dorians* are
call'd by *Homer* τριχάϊες: which cer-
tainly is the meaning of the Poet,
though *Strabo* admitteth it not: be-
cause, saith he, *Doris* consisted not of
three but four Cities: but both *Thy-
cydides* and *Diodorus Siculus* agree
with *Andron*: the later in his eleventh
book, μετὰ δ' ἡμέρας ἡμέρας ἐν Φαι-
στῶν καὶ Λακεδαιμονίων, εἰκονῶν καὶ πό-
λεως τρεῖς, Κυτίων, καὶ Βορῶν, καὶ Ἐρινῶν.
After a few daies the Phocians wag'd
War against the Dorians; descended
from the Lacedæmonians, who inhabit
three Cities, Cytinium, Bœum and Eri-
neum, lying under the Mountain *Par-
nassus*. After the same manner does the
latter enumerate them in his first book.

Thus I the haughty Sutors did persuade,
By Night unrav'ling what by Day I made.
Three years I mock'd their Hopes, and held them on;
But when the fourth with finish'd months begun,
My careless Women let them in, they chide,
So I must finish what I could not hide.

Now no means left dire Nuptials to avoyd,
No Counsel, neither Friend to be employ'd.

My Parents, they, forsooth, still put me on,
And wasted state of my displeased Son

Now grown a Man, fitting to rule his House,
Whose Cause I hope *Jove* will himself espouse.

But pray Sir, tell me who you are, and Stock?
Y' are not descended from an Oak, or Rock.

Then thus *Ulysses* civilly replies,

O Thou the Spouse of *Laertiades*,

No more me of my Stock, and Parents ask,

Though you on me impose so hard a Task,

To reckon up those sorrows fell so thick,

They like my Tears would pose *Arithmetick*:

I shall declare who have so long been hurl'd,

Banded in sufferings round about the World,

Crete a fair Isle, girt with the Ocean round,

Well planted, and with (d) *Ninety* Cities crown'd,

Greeks, (e) *Eteocrets*, and *Cydones* there commix'd

The (f) triple *Dorians*, and *Pelasgians* fix'd,

Gnosfos the greatest City of that Land,

Where *Minos* nine years *Joves* great Favourite reign'd,

He bold *Deucalion*, and *Deucalion* me,

And King *Idomeneus* got, but He

In the *Armado* that the *Grecians* sent

Against the *Trojans*, with *Atrides* went,

Idomeneus Younger Brother am,

I, whom you see thus poor, *Æthon* my Name:

There

There I *Ulysses* saw, and Him did treat,
 He forc'd by adverse Winds, put in for *Crete*,
 Sailing for *Troy*, bruis'd by rough ^(c) *Malean Waves*,
 He in ^(b) *Amnissus* near *Lucinas Caves*
 Anchor'd, and hardly scap'd with Tempests tir'd,
 And for *Idomenus* straight enquir'd ;
 He said he knew him well, did much esteem.

Ten days on this account I treated him
 With whatsoe'r my Palace could afford :
 Th' eleventh, He with his Followers went Aboard,
 Whom I with Corn, and Wine, and Beef supply'd.
 There in the Bay twelve days Wind-bound they ride,
 So loud rough *Boreas* blew, they could not stand,
 Neither to Sea, nor yet recover Land,
 Kept by displeasure of some angry God,
 The thirteenth day, calm, they forsake the Road.

Thus like the Truth, he fains a handsom Tale,
 At which she faints, and weeps, grows wan and pale,
 Melting like Snow upon the lofty Hills,
 Which milder Wind sends down in pettie Rills,
 Whose muster'd Waves, Rivers to Oceans swell ;
 So from her Cheeks a briny Deluge fell,
 For her Lord weeping ; sitting by her side,
 And pitying her he equal sorrow vy'd ;
 But kept his bright Eys drie, like horn, or Steel,
 Though he within did like Compassion feel.
 When she had wept enough, and dri'd her Eys,
 Blubber'd with briny tears, she thus replies ;

Pray Sir, be pleas'd I may some questions ask,
 Which call'd to mind, will be an easie Task.
 You in your House, you say, my Lord did Feast :
 What Habit had he on, what fashion'd Vest ?
 Such things I long to know : what kind of Man,
 And who those were that him attended on ?

O o

Then

(c) A Promontory of *Peloponnesus* lying South-east, not far distant from *Crete*, where Navigation was so dangerous that it became a Proverb,

Μαλίας ὁ Κάμψας ἀπὸ τῶν οἰκιστῶν.

Strabo also notes, that the *Italian* and *Asian* Merchants chose rather to carry their goods by land over the *Isthmus* at *Corinth*, then trust them to those Seas.

(b) A station for Ships belonging to *Minos* King of *Crete*, according to *Strabo*: others say, it is a River of that Island. *Eusebius*.

Then he reply'd; Madam, 'tis hard to tell
 These Niceties, and to remember well,
 Now twenty years being past, since *Crete* he left;
 But I, well as I can, shall make a shift.
Ulysses then had on a purple Vest,
 With Loops and golden Buttons neatly drest;
 Before he had within a ⁽ⁱ⁾ Landskip drawn,
 A Hound, who greedy, seiz'd a trembling Faun.
 The curious work Spectators all admire,
 The Dog and Hind both wrought in golden wire:
 He seem'd to hold fast by the Throat his Prey,
 The other panting, strove to get away.
 What he wore under shew'd so fine and thin,
 As a drie Onyons perspicable Skin,
 So soft, it like the Sun shot golden Beams,
 Admired much by our most skilful Dames.
 But, Madam, pray this Caution take before,
 I cannot say that here such Cloaths he wore,
 Or that some Friend, or Stranger, did present
 The wondrous Habit, when to Sea he went:
 For many did *Ulysses* much esteem,
 Since few of all the *Greeks* resembled him.
 I Him presented with a curious Sword,
 And purple Vest, and sent them both aboard.
 The Herald that *Ulysses* Ushered,
 Was somewhat older, more his shoulders spread,
 More swarthy his Complexion, curl'd his Hair.
 More of *Ulysses* honour'd then all there
 That follow'd him, his Parts kept up his Fame,
 And as I take't *Eurybates* his Name.
 When this exact Description she had heard,
 A-fresh she weeping, thus Her self declar'd;
 You in sad plight were, when you did attend
 For Alms here, but be now my honour'd Friend.

That

(i) It appears from hence that the art of working all sorts of Animals to the life in Vests, Hangings, and the like, was very antient among the *Grecians*; which surely they must have learn'd either from the *Sidonians*, or *Egyptians*, as they from the *Persians* or *Indians*: for that sort of work was most usual in those Countries. *Aristophanes* in *Ranis*,

ὄνυχ' ἱπποδαμειῶντος ἐπὶ τετραλάρου,
 ἔπειρ' οὐ
 ἂν τοῖς παραπλάσμασι τοῖς Μυθικοῖς
 γράφουσι.

Mine not like yours prodigious Monsters
 be,
 Such as are wrought in Median Tape-
 stry.

The like we find in *Sidonians*,

Peregrina dei supplex
Ctesiphontis ac Niphatis
juga texta belluasque
Rapidas vacante panno,
Acuit quibus furorem
Bene fulta plaga cacco, &c.

From *Ctesiphon* straight get enough,
 And *Niphates* fair household-Ruff,
 Wrought with Hills, and Wild-beasts,
 which

The empty prospect may enrich;
 Who, by well feign'd wounds engag'd,
 Seem more desperately engag'd:
 From Javelin fixed in their sides,
 Blood in bloodless Rivers glides;
 Where the *Parthian* with such art
 Ore his shoulder throws his Dart;
 His Horse now charging, then retreats,
 And flying, so his Foe defeats.

That Vest I him presented, which thou say'st,
 He then had on, with golden Buttons grac'd.
 But him alas I shall behold no more,
 Nor he e're see his House, and Native Shore;
 Who went to *Troy*, enforc'd by cruel Fate,
 That cursed Town, whose very Name I hate.
 To her, *Ulysses* comforting, replies;
 Thou the fair Spouse of *Laertiades*,
 Preserve thy Beauty, nor thy bright Eys blind
 With blubbering Tears, I am not of your mind,
 But any would her former Lord deplore,
 Whom young she married, t' whom she Children bore:
 But you much more, for your dear Husband, may
 Lament, for he was like a God, they say.
 But cease from Grief a while, and list to me,
 I am plain Tell-Troth, and shall be as free,
 Me an assured Information gives,
Ulysses now hard by the *Thesprots* lives,
 'Mongst wealthy People, ready Home to sail
 With store of Wealth, and Goods of great avail;
 But all his Friends, and his stout ship were lost,
 Swallow'd in Waves, neer the ^(k) *Trinacrian* Coast.
 For angry *Jove* and *Sol* them in the sound,
 For slaughtering of his sacred Cattel, drown'd,
 He on his Keel reach'd the *Pheacian* Shore,
 Where him they all did like a God adore:
 Rich Gifts they gave him, would have sent him home
 In safety, who before this might have come;
 But what seems profitable t' him, seems fit,
 By Travelling a great Estate to get:
 None knows more then *Ulysses*, now alive,
 Nor will with him in usefull Science strive.
 This *Phidon*, *Thesprots* King, to me declar'd;
 He swore his Ship was rigg'd, his men prepar'd,

(k) That is, the Coasts of *Sicily*,
 so call'd from its three Promontories,
Pelorus, *Pachinnum*, and *Lilybeum*.

That soon would set him on his Native shore :
 But me he sent in a stout ship before,
 Bound for *Dulichium* : and there your Lord
 Shew'd me a mass of Riches, such a Hoard,
 Which would ten ages his whole charge defray,
 Which safe then in that Kings Exchequer lay.
 He to the sacred Oak in *Dadon's* Grove
 Went to consult the Oracles of *Jove*,
 Whether he should to his desired Home,
 Private, or like himself, in Publick come.
 So he's in safety, and will soon be here,
 Which, if you make a question of, I'll swear
 By *Jove*, the best, and greatest of the Gods,
 E're long he shall behold his own Abodes,
 Where I a stranger find your Charitie :
 What I averr, effected straight shall be.
Ulysses here shall land within a Year,
 Nay, in a Month, or little more, be here.
 Then straight *Penelope* his Answer made ; (said,
 Ah ! would thou could'st make good what thou hast
 With friendship I, and bounty would my part
 So act, that all should say thou happy art :
 But as my mind misgives, even so I fear,
 I never shall behold *Ulysses* here,
 Nor thou get Home ; these Rulers fit not thee,
 Not like my Lord, if any such there be,
 That would each Stranger courteously receive,
 And hardly to depart would grant him leave :
 When he had bath'd, hee'd shew him to his Bed,
 Cause Rugs, and softer Blankets on him spread,
 That warm, He might repose till the approach
 Of bright *Aurora* in her golden Coach,
 And in the Morning wash'd, and would anoint,
 And him to sit with his own Son appoint.

Him

Him whose'er did use with Disrespect,
 Be what he would, He sure was to be check'd,
 How could you know I other Dames excel
 In ord'ring House-affairs, in ruling well,
 If meanly clothed with them thou should'st sit?
 Mans life is short, and if not, should be sweet,
 But those who cruel after Rapine thirst,
 They live to hear themselves by all men curst,
 And after Death have Maledictions store:
 But those who charitable help the poor,
 Strangers shall through the World their Fame resound,
 And be for Liberality renown'd,
 Then thus *Ulysses* to his Queen replies;

O thou the spouse of *Laertiades*,
 I warmer Rugs, and Blankets thought unfit,
 Since I set sail from snow-crown'd Hills of *Crete*,
 Brushing with plyant Oars the briny wave,
 I like such Lodgings as I us'd to have:
 Many long Nights in Cottages I lay,
 Expecting Comforts of the blessed Day,
 I cleansing, nor refreshing Baths think fit,
 Nor any of your Maids should touch my Feet,
 Unless one Old, who woe like mine hath felt,
 And Fortune with her as unkindly dealt:
 That she should wash my Feet, I could abide,
 Then to *Ulysses* thus the Queen reply'd;

You have, dear Sir, so well your self exprest,
 That I ne'r entertain'd a worthier Guest,
 That better spoke, or more discretion had;
 I have a Prudent, and an Antient Maid,
 Which at his Birth my poor *Ulysses* first
 From's Mother took, and diligently nurs'd.

Go, *Euryclea*, and the Pilgrim bath,
 Who Feet, and Hands, so like my Husband hath,
 And

And may with him contemporary be,
They soon look Old who suffer misery.
This said, th' Old Nurse, whilst Tears in rivulets ran,
Which she conceal'd, this woful speech began;

Oh my dear Son! oh cruel *Jove* that dost
Declare thy self' gainst pious men and just;
For none so oft as he the brawny Thighs
Of Bees, and Goats, to thee did sacrifice,
Imploring that his ⁽¹⁾ Glass might longer run,
That he grown Old, might breed his hopeful Son,
But now there's little hope of his Return:

So such proud Giglets made of him a scorn,
When to their House he did for Alms resort,
As now these Minxes make of thee a sport.
Who to avoid these scoffs, and grosser Wit,
Not suffer'd them, but me, to wash your Feet,
Which me the Queen commanding, I obey,
For your own sake, as for *Penelope*,
Since something I'mongst troubled motions call
To mind, I know not what, but out it shall:

Here many woful Travellers have been,
But none so like *Ulysses* have I seen:

Such a shap'd Body, Voice, and Feet he had.

When thus *Ulysses* to th' Old Woman said;

Madam, they say, who ever saw us two;

W' are strangely like, so fancy just as you.

This said, th' Old Woman straight did Water heat,

He neer the Hearth, turn'd from the light his Feet;

For suddainly it came into his mind,

That she the scar above his Knee might find.

His doubts prov'd true, she spy'd it, long before

Made on *Parnassus* by a salvage Boar,

When he t' *Autolychus*, his Grand-fire, came,

Who bore for Cheats, and flight of Hand the Name,

Hermes

(1) This was the only end of all the Devotions, Victims, and Offerings to the Gods among the antients, the happiness of this present life; the particulars whereof are set down by *Juvenal* in his tenth *Satyr*, and *Persius* in his second.

*Da spatium vite, multos da, Jupiter, annos,
Conjugium petimus, partumque uxoris—
Prima fere vota, & cunctis notissima templis
Divitiæ ut crescant, ut opes, ut maxima toto
Nostra sit arca foro—*

Me many years, O *Jove*, and long-life grant,
Marriage we pray, nor Children let us want:
Our first request, and in most Temples known,
We may grow wealthy, and full Coffers own.

So *Persius*,

— O si
*Ebullit patri præclarum funus, & O si
Sub rastro crepet argenti mihi seria dextro
Hercule, pupillumve utinam quem proximis heres
Impello, expungam: namque est scabi-
osus & acris
Bile sumet, Neris jam tertia ducitur uxor.*

Oh that I could my Uncle's Funeral see,
Or silver-pot find, *Hercules*, by thee;
Or that Brat bury t' whom I Heir am next,
That scabby Elf, with itchy Choler vex'd.
Neris hath his third Wife now in-terr'd.

Hermes his Patron gave Him special Gifts,
 That he out-did the World at cunning Shifts.
 Because so often he the brawny Thighs
 Of Lambs and Goats to him did sacrifice.
 Coming to *Ithaca*, his Daughter there
 He found deliver'd of a hopeful Heir.
Euryclea set the Babe upon her Knee,
 Noble *Autolycus*, ^(m) name the Child, said she,
 Hinting that he's of thy renowned Race :
 When thus *Autolycus* to the Parents saies ;
 Dear Son and Daughter, I shall give the Name :
 Who hither, hated by so many, came,
Ulysses call him, and when fit to come,
 Send Him to me, and my Relations, Home.
 Where I shall many Gifts the Youth present,
 Then send him back to you with all Content.
 He went, expecting Gifts of great esteem,
Autolycus and his Son's receiving Him
 With greatest Kindness that can be exprest,
 But more his Grand-mother then all the rest,
 Old *Amphithea* him in strict embrace,
 His fair Eys kiss'd, his Head, his Brows, and Face.
Autolycus his Sons then whispering, bid
 A Feast prepare, which with all speed they did :
 And first an Ox of five years old they got,
 Whom straight they flea, and then in quarters cut :
 Then the divided joynts on Spits they fix'd,
 And roasted well, they drew, and serv'd up next.
 Thus sat they feasting till the Sun did set,
 Nought wanting that could make a noble Treat :
 Grown late, each went unto his own Repose.
 But when the rose-finger'd Morn arose,
Autolycus Sons straight forth a Hunting go,
 Their Dogs with them, and Young *Ulysses* too.

(m) The seventh or tenth day after
 the birth of a Child was the Feast of
 Lustration or Expiation, when, all the
 Kindred being invited to a Banquet, the
 Name was impos'd. The Ceremonies
 us'd at this solemnity are partly ex-
 press'd by *Persius*, in his second Sa-
 tyr,

*Ecce avia, aut metuens Divum mater-
 tera, cunis
 Exemittit puerum, frontemque atque ada-
 labella
 Infami digito & Instralibus ante sali-
 vis
 Expiat, avertens oculos inhibere perim.
 Tunc manibus quatit, & spem macram
 supplice voto
 Nunc Licini in Campos, &c.*

The Grand-mother, or Aunt, the Child
 uptakes,
 On's Lips and Brow an Expiation
 makes
 With Spittle on her middle finger,
 which
 Averts the bane of ill eyes which be-
 witch :
 Then dandling in her Arms prays for
 its health,
 Begs him *Licinius* Lands, and *Crassus*
 Wealth.
 May Kings and Queens wish him th' a-
 dopted Son :
 May him all Virgins love that look up-
 on.
 And whatsoe'r he treads on be a Rose.

but their chief Superstition was in the
 choice of a Name, which they look'd
 upon as an omen of their future Feli-
 city.

And

And soon wood-cloath'd *Parnassus* crown they scale,
 There found a Flat, cool'd with a briezing gale,
 When the Sun, rising from the gentle Main,
 Tinsel'd the Meads, and rip'd the blushing Grain,
 They in the bottom were, before them went
 Their well-nos'd Dogs, who follow'd close the scent.
Autolycus sons with young *Ulysses* were,
 In their strong Hand each brandishing a Spear.
 Here in a thicket lay a huge Boar, where
 No winds could penetrat, nor piercing air,
 Nor could the Sun shoot through one radiant Beam,
 Nor Show'rs that fall in Deluges extream.
 So built it was and roof'd all ore with Leavs:
 The noyse of Dogs, and Hunters he receives,
 As they drew nigh, and scorning to retire,
 Draws forth all brissled, and his Eys like fire.
Ulysses first against him did advance,
 And stoutly charg'd the Monster with his Lance:
 But the Boar gaunch'd Him with a cruel Gash
 Above the Knee, and tore away the Flesh,
 But mis'd the Bone, whilst him *Ulysses* paid,
 And his sharp point ran through his Shoulder blade:
 Down falls the Beast extended on the Ground.
Autolycus Sons straight drest *Ulysses* Wound,
 And binding with a ^(*) Charm, the bleeding stay'd,
 Thence to their Fathers Palace hast they made.
Autolycus and his Sons there curing Him,
 Dismist with many Gifts of great esteem:
 And he to *Ithaca* well pleas'd did come,
 His Parents glad to see Him safe at Home,
 Him many questions ask'd, and how he had
 Receiv'd that Scar, them this account he made;
 How on ^(*) *Parnassus* him a Boar had gaunch'd,
 And how the blood his Cosen-Germans staunch'd,
 Wiping

(*) *Pliny* in his Natural History spends a whole Chapter in enquiry whether Charms are available in Physick or no: while words, as far as they shall tend to our purpose, we think fit to transcribe. *Dixit Homerus profusum sanguinis vulnerato femine Ulixem inhibuisse Carmine; Theophrastus ischiadicis sanari, &c.* Homer hath written that *Ulysses* being wounded in the thigh staunch'd the blood with a Charm: and *Theophrastus* testifies that there be proper spels to cure the Sciatica. *Cato* hath left in writing, that there is a special Charm for dislocation, whereby any bone put out of joynt may be set again. *Attalus* avoucheth for a certainty, that if a man chance to espie a Scorpion, and do no more but say this one word *DUO* (that is, two) the Serpent will be still and quiet, and never shoot forth his Sting.

(*) A Mountain in *Achaia*, call'd by the later *Greeks* corruptly *πάρναξ*.

Wiping his legs. This th' Old Woman found;
 And letting fall, the Chargers sides resound,
 Down drops she backward, and the liquor sheds,
 Sorrow and Joy at once her Breast invades,
 Her Eys brimful of Tears, she could not speak,
 At last, from troubled thoughts thus forth did break;

Thou art *Ulysses* sure, that Prince I Nurs'd,
 And though I bath my King, knew not at first.
 This said, she turn'd to th' Queen, and did prepare
 To tell her that her dearest Lord was there:
 But her the Queen not in this posture spies,
Pallas on other Objects cast her Eys:
 Whilst on her Throat her hand *Ulysses* lay'd,
 And thus, her drawing neerer to him, said;

Dear Nurse, why will you ruin me, who bred
 Me with such care, and at your Nipple fed?
 Who through a World of Miseries and Toyl,
 The twentieth year, have reach'd my Native soil:
 But what Thou know'st, what God puts in thy Heart,
 There lock up, nor to any one impart:
 For this I'll promise, and it shall be don,
 If the proud Sutors are by me ore-thrown,
 Although my Nurse, thy Life I shall not spare,
 But thou shalt like these flouting Gigglets fare.
 Then *Euryclea* thus her self declar'd;

How scap'd these words thy Teeth, that Ivory gard?
 You know my Constancy and Courage well,
 My Bosom firm as Rock, my Heart as Steel,
 But I'll inform what's fit for you to know,
 If fove so please the Sutors you ore-throw:
 I'll point out all those Harlots in your Court,
 That you dishonour, making Crimes their sport.

Then he reply'd, Nurse, who they are ne'r tell,
 That pains I'll spare thee, them I know too well,

noqU

P P

And

And all their Characters; Pray silent be,
 And the whole business leave to Fate and Me.
 This said, a Laver to the Hall she bore,
 For all the Liquor she had spilt before.
 When with pure Oyl she suppled had his Feet,
 Ulysses to the Fire then drew his Seat,
 And ore the Cicatrice his Garment spread:
 When thus Penelope to her Husband said;

I here in talk, Sir, longer you would keep,
 But now the time draws nigh indulging sleep,
 Which should to wasting Sorrow give relief,
 But my sad Fortune aggravates fresh Grief.

All day my flowing Tears scarce find an ebb,
 Viewing my Servants how they ply their Web.
 But when Night comes, and all the House at rest,
 A thousand Sorrows sting my troubled Breast.

As when ^(p) Pandareus Daughter in the Spring,
 Perch'd 'mongst thick branches, doleful notes doth sing,
 Her Son lamenting *Itylus* in vain,

^(q) *Zethus* fair Off-spring, in her fury slain.

So I with wand'ring thoughts perplexed am,
 Should I my Husbands Bed, and my own Fame,
 My Son's Estate, Servants, and House, preserve;
 Or wed some Prince, who best might me deserve,
 And with a wealthy Joynter me endow.

My Son whilst, under age would not allow
 That I should wed, and leave him here alone;
 But now a man, he prays me to be gone:

And much incens'd, rather desires my Room,
 Because my Sutors his Estate consume.

Sir, you have skill in Dreams, I'll mine repeat,
 I twenty Geese picking up Corns of Wheat,
 With pleasure look'd upon, when from the Hill
 A mighty Eagle with a dreadful bill

On A

P

Upon

(p) *Terens* King of *Thrace*, infected with the vice of his Country, burns with love of *Philomela* (daughter of *Pandarus*, according to *Homer*, by others call'd *Pandion*) his Wife's Sister, and in the heat of his Lust ravish'd her. Which his Wife understanding, studies a strange revenge, murders her own son *Itylus*, or *Irys*, and feasts her Husband with his flesh: Which being made known to him, he pursues the two Sisters, who are feign'd to have been chang'd into Birds, for their speedy flight unto *Athens*, by which they escaped the revenge of *Terens*; *Philomela* into a Nightingal, and *Progne* into a Swallow: in that no Nightingals are seen in *Thrace*, as hating the Countrey of *Terens*; nor Swallow ever builds there, as is observ'd by *Pausanias*. The Nightingal chanting in the solitary Woods, is feign'd to bemoan the death of her son *Itylus*, by which the Poets generally express extream grief, and lamentation. The whole story is elegantly describ'd by *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*, but 'tis too large to be here transcribed.

(q) This story is otherwise related here then amongst the late *Greek* and *Roman* Writers, thus; *Pandarus* had three daughters, *Merope*, *Cleuthera*, and *Aëdon*; *Aëdon* was married to *Zethus*, by whom she had *Itylus*, whom she slew out of a mistake, intending to have murdered *Amaleus*, son of *Amphion*, her Husbands Brother.

Upon them falling, the whole Flock there flew,
Breaking their Necks, but he thence mounting, flew.

I in my sleep much griev'd, did weeping lie,
And many Women more as well as I,

Because the Eagle had so many slain :

But he sat perching on the House again,

And with a humane Voice to me thus said

Icarius daughter, be not so dismay'd,

This not a Dream, no fleeting Fancy this,

But certain Truth : The Sutors are the Geese,

And I that then appear'd to thee a Bird,

Am now arriv'd, *Ulysses* thy dear Lord,

On all thy Sutors just Revenge to take.

This said, the wond'rous Dream did me forsake;

But looking out my Cacklers I did see,

Feeding on Corn, where they were wont to be.

Then he reply'd ; Madam, there is no need
To clear your Dream, himself *Ulysses* did ;

Who said, your Sutors by his hand should fall,

Nor one escape a woful Funeral.

Then she reply'd ; Dreams hard are to explain,
All prove not true, but idle some, and vain:

(*) Two Gates there are of Sleep, One made of Horn ;

The other polish'd Ivory doth adorn,

From whence vain words their flattering hopes pursue,

But Visions issuing through the Horn prove true ;

So this sad Dream I hope may prosperous be,

And joyful prove both to my Son, and me.

But with one secret more Thee I'll entrust ;

When that unhappy Day shall come, which must

Me separate from my *Ulysses* Court,

I'll for my self provide a little sport ;

In order I'll set Axes in my Hall,

Each of them hath their Annuets, twelve in all,

P p 2

With

(*) This enigma of the two Gates of Dreams is several waies resolv'd by the Interpreters. *Porphyry* saies that the Soul being free from the employments of the Body in time of sleep, is busied about other Objects, which yet it views not perfectly and clearly, but as it were through a Veil drawn before it by that dark Nature to which it is united : which when it admits the sight of the Soul into the truth of the Objects, it is said to be of Horn, whose substance is of that nature that being attenuated it is pervious to the sight ; but when it hinders and repels it, it is said to be of Ivory, which is of so solid and compact a body, that after most accurate attenuation it remains impenetrable to the Eye. Others by the horny Gate understand the Eys, whose first tunicle is said to be *Kapsaloides* like Horn ; by the Ivory Gate, the Teeth : signifying that what we speak may be false ; but what we see, is infallibly true. This expression of our Poets, *Virgil* follows in the sixth of his *Æneids*,

Sunt geminae somni porta ; quarum altera fertur Cornea ; qua veris facilis datur exitus Umbris ; Altera candenti perfecta nitens elephanto, Sed falsa ad cœlum mittunt insomnia Manes.

There are two Gates of sleep ; One made of Horn, Through which, true Visions to the Skies are born ; The other Ivory, polish'd purely bright, Whence false Dreams sally to æthereal light.

And *Ansenius* in his *Ephemeris*,

Divinum perhibent vatem sub frondibus Uloni Vana ignavorum simulacra locasse soporum, Et geminas numero portas : qua formisæ charno Semper fallaces glomerat super æra formas, Altera qua veros emittit cornu visus.

The Poet plac'd dull Dreams (as fame receives) And fancies flight, under an Elms thick leaves, Two Gates close by ; the one of Ivory, where Deceitful forms pass to æthereal air ; The other Horn ; from whence true Dreams go forth.

With which at distance he a shaft could shoot ;
Now to this Tryal I'll the Sutors put :
And he that best my Husbands Bow can bend,
And through a dozen Rings his arrow send,
Him I will marry, and forsake this House
Furnish'd so well, although my former Spouse
In Dreams will haunt me. Then the King reply's;

Thou the dear Spouse of *Laertiades*,
Put off this Tryal, since the time draws neer,
Madam, that your *Ulysses* will appear ;
Lest practising, they by experience know,
As well as he, to draw your Husbands Bow.

Then spake the Queen ; Here I could stay all Night,
And less in sleep, then thy discourse, delight ;
Though woful Mortals that on Earth reside,
Must Rest and Toyl alternately divide.
But I'll to my Apartment now retreat,
Where I with nightly Tears my Pillow wet,
E're since *Ulysses* went to th' *Trojan* War,
Whose very Name, to mention, I abhor,
There I'll repose: For you we'll Carpets spread,
Here on the Floor, or help you to a Bed.
This said, to her Chamber straight she did ascend,
Her Maids in order the fair Queen attend :
There weeping for her Lord she lay, till fast
In deep and pleasant Sleep her *Pallas* cast.



Thomæ Stanley de
Hartford Arm Tabulam

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HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE TWENTIETH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Revengeful Cares awake Ulysses keep :
He hears his Queen in her own Chamber weep.
Pallas appears, advising Him to rest.
Ominous Thunder prologues a sad Feast.
Theoclymenus fore-tels the Sutors Fates,
For which, they Vote to turn Him out o' th' Gates.*



U T in the Porch the King
to take Repose,
First ore himself a Bullock's raw,
hide throws,
Next Sheep-skins that were new-
ly slaughter'd, got :

*Eurynome over all casts a warm Coat,
He Plots contriving, long awake did lie,
Until the Sutors Mistresses came by,
Laughing, and talking of their Young Amours
He much concern'd at these so impudent—*

Be-

Bethought himself should he do well or ill,
 Such Harlots in their high debauch to kill,
 Or let them yet be prostituted Drabs.
 His Heart did seem to bark, it fetch'd such Throbs,
 Like a fierce Spannel suckling of her Whelps,
 A Stranger spying, rages, snarls, and yelps,
 Ready to seize; such thoughts his troubled Breast
 With tumult fill'd, when thus himself h' exprest;
 Be patient, Thou hast worser things endur'd,
 By *Polyphemus*, in his Cave secur'd,
 When six of thy Associates he devour'd;
 Yet his huge strength by Prudence I ore-pow'r'd,
 And those expecting the like death, did save,
 And with my self freed from the Monsters Cave.
 The swelling passions of his Mind, this said,
 He strove to settle, they his Will obey'd:
 But he still waking lies, and tost, and rowls,
 As one a Pudding broils upon the Coals,
 Well stuff'd with fat, and blood, lest it should burn,
 Ne'r lets it rest: So did he restless turn,
 Contriving how the Sutors to destroy.
Pallas descending then from seats of Joy,
 Like a fair Lady, drawing neer him, spake;
 Why troubled thus keep'st thou thy self awake?
 This is thy House; thy Wife, and Son, are here;
 A Son, that should by thee be prized dear.
 Ulysses then reply'd; Celestial Maid,
 Thou to the purpose hast divinely said:
 But how alone I should (that makes me watch)
 So many proud Corrivals over-match;
 Who alwaies are, as in a body, joyn'd.
 Besides, this, more then that, distracts my mind,
 How to come off my self, if *Jove* decree,
 That singly I of all revenged be.

Then

Then *Pallas* said ; Should any mortal give
 Thee Counsel, Him Thou rather wouldst believe,
 Though His advice were impotent and lame,
 Then me, although I thy Protectress am.
 But what I tell thee now, I shall make good ;
 If fifty drawn up Squadrons round thee stood,
 Thou shouldst disperse them with thy sword and shield,
 And drive their Sheep and Cattel from the field.
 Wave troubled thoughts, and take some small Repose,
 Oft from much wanting high distempers grows.
 This said, she clos'd his eys, which done, retires
 To seats of bliss, that Crown *Olympick* Spires.
 Mean while his Queen vex'd with like Cares, and Fears
 Sitting, her soft bed drowns with briny Tears.
 When she had wept till she could weep no more,
 Thus she the Chast^(a) *Diana* did implore ;

Virgin; *Jove's* Daughter, grant me this Request,
 To shoot thy deadly arrow through my Breast,
 Or snatch me hence with a swift Heurican,
 Far as the confines of the flowing Main :
 There let me be 'mongst dismal mansions hurl'd,
 And Seats of Darkness in the lower World,
 Such be the Storm as that the Gods imploy'd,
 When the *Pandarian* Parents they destroy'd,
 And left their tender Orphans almost dead,
 Fair *Venus* them with Cheese, Wine, Honey, fed :
 But *Juno* gave them 'bove all Women, place,
 Adding to beauty a majestick Grace,
 To them *Diana* granted other parts,
 And *Pallas* skilful made in her own Arts,
 Whilst Heaven bright *Venus* scal'd, of *Jove* to know,
 The great dispenser of our Weal and Woe,
 With whom these beauteous Virgins should be match'd
 Them *Harpyes* in a winged Tempest snatch'd,
 And

(a) *Penelope* doth properly invoke *Diana* here, because she was reputed to be the authour of sudden death to Women, as *Apollo* to men ; as we have already observ'd. The imprecation of the *Danaides*, rather then to marry with the sons of *Pelagius* their Cousin-Germans, is not unlike to this, in *Æschylus*.

Θάλασσα δ' ἄν ποταμὸν
 βέβηκεν τυχὸν ἐν σαργάναις
 περὶ ἀνδρῶν ἀνδράσδε
 τῶν δ' ἐγγυρθεύων γαμοῖσιν.
 Πόθεν ἂν μοι γάμος ἂν αἰδῶται θεῶν
 Πρὸς δὲ νύμφη δὲ ἰδρυμένη γυνήσιν ἄνδρ., &c.

Ab let me die now'd in a fatal Chord,
 Ere a loath'd Husband I receive as
 Lord.

First let the Devil rule, let him me bear
 Into the middle region of the Air ;
 Or else a fulture Rock all over hide,
 Before against my Will I am a Bride.
 Or may I food for Dogs and Vulturs be,
 From such dire mischiefs death will set
 me free.

Come Death, come cruel Death, conclude
 my Fate,
 Rather then Nuptials with the Man I
 hate.

And to th' infernal Hags presented straight,
 That they on them, and their dire works might wait:
 So may the Gods snatch me to shades of Woe,
 Or chaste *Diana* kill me with her Bow,
 That I my dear *Ulysses* may behold.
 Ah, let the earths dark Bosom me infold,
 Before that I a meaner Person wed.
 What's worse then Day and Night thus Tears to shed,
 And when all else drown'd in forgetful sleep,
 Their Daily cares, I thus sit up and weep;
 Methought this Night One to my Bed did come,
 Like him that sail'd from hence to *Ilium*:
 I over-joy'd, believ'd all to be true.
 This said, from *Eastern-Hills* the Morning grew:
 But her *Ulysses* heard, whilst Tears she shed,
 And dreamt-like her, with him she was in Bed.

Straight rising, in the Chairs the Skins he plac'd,
 And the Ox-hide into the Portal cast,
 And thus to *Jove*, with hands up lifted, pray'd;

O *Jove*, who me ore Sea and Land convey'd,
 Some human Voice within, ah, let me hear;
 Without, another sign let strike my Ear.

Thus pray'd *Ulysses*, and *Jove* heard his Prayer;
 Answering in ^(b) Thunder from a serene Air.

The happy Omen made the King rejoyce,
 When at the Mill he heard a Womans Voice.

Alternatly there twice six Damsels still,
 Six taking their Repose, six ply'd the Mill;
 Grown'd Wheat and Barley, and all kinds of Grain,
 Mans marrow, which doth human life sustain:

But this the weak ft, her Task yet had not done,
 Who wond'ring at the Thunder, thus begun;

O *Jove*, thou King and Father of the Gods,
 Thou thunder'st strangely, when there are no Clouds.

This

(b) That Thunder was a testimony of prayer being heard and answered, we find a pertinent example in *Virgil*, where when Old *Anchises*, seeing the lambent flame upon his Grand-Child *Iulus*'s head, lifted up his hands to Heaven, and prayed to *Jove* for help and direction, he was thus answered,

*Vix ea fatus erat Senior, subitoque fragore
 Intonnit laetum, &c.*

Scarce had the grave Sire spoke, when suddenly
 It thunder'd prosperous, &c.

So does *Claudian* make Thunder a token of the Divine approvement of the election of *Probus* and *Olybrius* to their Consulships,

*Ut sceptrum gessere manu, membrisque
 regentes
 Aptaverit togas, Signum das summus
 Iulica
 Nube Pater, gratamque facem per, in-
 ant rotantes
 Prospera vibrati sonnerunt omina nim-
 bi.*

As soon as rob'd and scepter'd, *Jove* aloud
 His signal favour thunders from a Cloud:
 Successful Lightning through heavens
 arches shines;
 Both at th' Inauguration happy signe.

This signifies, make good thy happy sign,
 And I a wretch will in my wishes joyn;
 Let this day be to all the Day of Doom,
 That feasting here *Ulysses* state consume;
 Who me have tir'd with Toyl, and sitting up,
 To grind, and sift; Ah may they never sup.

Jove's Thunder and her Vote the King ore-joy'd,
 His hopes confirming, all should be destroy'd.

The Damsels then began themselves to show:
 Some bring in Wood, some make the Fire and blow.

Telemachus then from his Bed arose,
 Puts on his Vest, and ore his Falchion throws,
 Buckles his Sandals, up his Jav'lin takes,
 And going forth, to *Euryclea* speaks;

Hadst thou for this our Guest so small esteem,
 That thou not with a Bed wouldst furnish him?
 My Mother better Lodgings would provide
 For meaner Persons. Then th' Old Nurse reply'd;

Blame not thy Mother; here the Pilgrim sat
 Drinking rich Wine, eating whilst he could eat,
 And when grown late, she to her Damsels said;
 Go make the Pilgrim's Bed; which he forbade:
 But he, as one Unfortunate and Poor,
 Refus'd well-furnish'd Lodgings for the Floor.

He in the Porch on an Ox-hide did rest,
 Cover'd with Skins, and I threw ore a Vest.

The Prince went forth, this said, arm'd with a Spear,
 Two Dogs his Guard, and bold Attendants were,
 Unto the Counsel; when the antient Maid
 Grave *Euryclea*, to the Damsels said;

Dress up the Hall with speed, and ^(d) perfumes get,
 And purple Cushions put in every seat:
 Let some the Boards with Sponges neatly clense,
 Others the Cups, and golden Goblets wrense,

Q q

And

(d) That is, perfum'd Oil to be
 sprinkled about the room: which
Eustathius upon the place, notes to be
 an antient custom from these Verses
 (whose Author he names not)

Ἀλλὰ ξανθὰς δρυὸς, καὶ ῥάρον δόμας,
 Στρώσιν τι κόπας, καὶ πυρὸς ἐλίσσον μίτρον,
 Κερατῆς δ' ἄρ' ἄρου, καὶ τὸν ἡδίστον κίον.

Open the Lodgings, make the Chambers
 sweet,
 Then make the Beds well, and a good
 Fire get,
 And then a bowl of pleasant Wine me
 fill.

And *Athenaus* saies of *Demetrius Pha-
 lerens*, Governour of *Athens*, that he
 ἐδάμασα μύρον ἀνίστην ἐπὶ γῆν caused
 sed perfum'd oil to be sprinkled upon the
 ground.

And fetch pure Water for the Rival Guests,
 The Prince this day highly intends to feast.
 Thus gave she order ; They, the ancient Maid
 Their Governess, saluting first, obey'd.
 Twice ten went to the Fountain, others drest
 The stately Hall, whilst in the Sutors prest,
 Who Billets cleave ; others came from the Spring.
Eumæus in did three fat Porkers bring,
 Which had at freedom plentifully fed ;
 Who smiling, thus then to *Ulysses* said ;

Art thou in Favour with the Sutors more,
 Or use thee scornfully as heretofore ?

The King then to *Eumæus* thus reply'd ; (pride,
 Would Heaven take Vengeance on them for their
 That with such insolence thus ryot here,
 Against all Conscience, Modesty, or Fear.

Melanthius came, whilst thus *Ulysses* spoke,
 And brought fat Goats, the primest of the Flock :
 Them to the Portal fast two Herders made,
 Who drolling then thus to *Ulysses* said ;

What Good-man Troublesom, art thou here yet,
 Know'st thou not how out of these Doors to get ?
 Thou who so saucy art 'mongst Lords and Peers,
 Stay'st thou until th' art pluck'd out by the Ears ?
 Will nought but blows serve such a greedy Guest ?
 Are there no other Houses where they feast ?

Ulysses thus affronted nothing said,
 But kept down struggling rage, and shook his Head.

Philetius third, amongst the Swains a King,

A ^(c)Barren Heifer, and fat Kids did bring,
 (The Vessel brought them ore that goes betwixt,
 Carrying all Persons over who came next)
 And them did neer the ecchoing Portal tie,
 Thus spake, then to *Eumæus* standing by ;

What

(c) For the Oxen, and other of the Cattel, were fed in *Epirus*, the Continent over against *Ithaca*, as appears from these Verses in the 14 book,

Δώδευ' ἠνέειν ἀγέλας τῶν ποταμῶν,
 Τῶν ἐνὶ στήνῃ τῆς αἰνέλιας πλατὺς αἰγῶν
 Βιόσκουσιν ἔσθαι τὴν αὐτὴν βόσκειν αἰετῶν.

The Island itself being an unfruitful and barren Country : betwixt which and the Continent there was but a narrow passage.

What Stranger's this hither so lately came,
 What Country, who his Parents, what his Name?
 Though poor he seems, his Looks majestick are,
 They often suffer Want who wander far;
 And Gods do Kings oft sad Examples make.
 Him by the Hand then taking, thus he spake;

Welcom grave Father, may'st thou Wealthy be,
 Who now art pinch'd with Want and Misery.
 O *Jove*, of all the Gods thou tak'st least Care,
 For woful Mortals though thy Race they are,
 And giv'st them as their Birth-right Toyl and Grief:
 When I remind, how wanting all Relief,
Ulysses may thus wander up and down,
 Without a Vest, my Cheeks salt Rivers drown;
 If yet he live, but he, alas, is dead
 Long since descended to th' infernal shade:
 Thinking of him I almost am distraught,
 A Boy he me from *Cephalenia* brought
 His Herds to wait on, now a numerous Breed;
 And these forsooth must proud Corrivals feed,
 Who scorn his Son, and Providence deride,
 And will our absent King's Estate divide.
 My Bosom prompts me something should be don,
 Lest cureless Mischief light upon his Son,
 To drive his Cattel amongst Strangers, where
 More dangerous it can not be then here,
 And from these proud Corrivals, though long since,
 (Intolerable is their Pride and Insolence)
 To have escap'd: But still I hop'd the King
 Might Home return, and their Destruction bring!

Then thus *Ulysses*; Swain, thou prudent art,
 Discovering both a Bold and Loyal Heart:
 This I shall say, and what I say I'll swear,
 By *Jove*, and by this House, in which we are,

And all the boards of Hospitality,
 Ere long thou here shalt King *Ulysses* see,
 If so thou wilt Audits with them to clear,
 In bloody reckonings paying for their Cheer.

Then he reply'd ; Oh ! *Jove* but make this true,
 Then should'st thou see what I for him would do :
 And so *Eumæus* pray'd to all the Gods,
 To see *Ulysses* in his own Aboads.
 Whilst these amongst themselves discours'd thus,
 They plotted how to kill *Telemachus* ;
 But as the place and manner they discust,
 An Eagle, bad the sign, a Pigeon trust.
 Startled at this, *Amphinomus* then said ;

Let your what e're Contrivance off be laid,
 And for a plenteous Feast your Humours fit.
 This said ; they to his Counsel all submit,
 And the whole Gang straight to the Hall repairs,
 Laying their Mantles down on Stools, and Chairs.
 Sheep, Goats, and Swine, the Heifer there they slew ;
 And th' inwards rosted, dealt to each his due.
 Their Wine well mix'd, their Bowls *Eumæus* fraught,
Philetius Bread in curious Baskets brought,
Melanthius diligent Skinks about to all,
 Their Meat serv'd up, they to the Dishes fall.

The Prince dire Plots contriving, then thought fit
Ulysses at a little Board should sit,
 His Meat before him, in a golden Cup
 Wine pouring, thus he cheers the Pilgrim up ;
 Drink now with Princes here, I'll thee maintain,
 'Gainst whoso'er thy Poverty shall disdain :
 Nor shall this Palace prostituted be,
 My Father built it for himself and me.
 To spare your Tongues and Hands I all advise,
 Lest Quarrels from Disturbances arise.

All

All bite their Lips, and him no answer make,
The Prince admiring, who so boldly spake.

Then said *Antinous*; Princes, keep your Seats;
And though he threaten, not regard his threats;
Since 'tis *Jove's* Pleasure him a while to save,
Let us till then Revenge and Answer wave.

Telemachus car'd not what *Antinous* said,

The Heralds ^(f) through the City then convoid
A Hecatomb; People in Throngs attend,
And towards *Apollo's* Grove th' whole Concourse bend.
When all the Meat was roasted, dish'd and mels'd,
Down sat the Princes to a plenteous Feast,
Of which *Ulysses* had an equal share,
The Waiters by the Prince so order'd were.
But *Pallas* the proud Rivals urg'd once more,
With Scoffs and Taunts, such as they us'd before,
To move the King, and his Revenge inflame.

A cross-grain'd Sutor, *Ctesippus* his Name,
Whose Father had in *Same* a fair House,
Trusting Paternal Wealth, he to espouse
Absent *Ulysses* Wife, 'mongst others, made
Common Address, thus to the Sutors said;

Hear me you Princes, what I shall declare,
This Stranger hath with us an equal share,
Nor is it fit to question whose he is
Telemachus treats, or hither makes repair:
But we may add; I'll something more bestow,
That he may give a servant ere he go,
Of's Liberality to be a proof.
This said, at him he threw a *Bullocks* Hoof,
Snatch'd from the Basket; he his Head declin'd,
Avoids the Blow, much troubled in his mind:
The cloven-foot rebounds against the Wall.
On whom *Telemachus* thus did roundly fall;

(f) This was the first day of the month, or New-moon. (for the ancient Greek months were Lunar) which was a publick feast-day among the *Grecians*, and therefore fitly contriv'd for this action of *Ulysses's*, that while the whole City was abroad at their publick Entertainments, the Sutors might find no assistance from thence. *Didymus* *Thw* *πομπήν* *πρώτην* *τῶν* *ἡμερῶν* *τοῦ* *μαζαρέου* *ἡμέρῃ* *ταύτῃ* *καὶ* *οἱ* *ἐργαστοὶ* *ἀνέστησαν* *διὰ* *τὸ* *πρῶτον* *αὐτῶν* *ἔχειν* *τὸ* *πλῆρες* *σάκος* *καὶ* *τὰς* *ἀρχαῖς* *προσθήσαν* *αὐτοῖς*, *ὅπως* *μικροῦν* *τις*, *καὶ* *τὰς* *οἰκίας* *τὰς* *ἀναρχαῖς* *καὶ* *τὰς* *δοῦς* *ἀποδοῦναι*, &c. They conceive that the New-moon is sacred to all the Gods, for our Ancestors dedicated it to the Gods, because it was the first of the Month, attributing justly all beginnings to them; whence they offer'd their First-fruits to all the Gods. Now it was proper that that day should be consecrated to *Apollo* (that is, the Sun) he being the cause of light.

Your

Your Actions, and your Breeding, seem alike,
 Or else you would not a poor Stranger strike,
 'Tis well he scap'd, else Thou thy due desert
 Shouldst have, and this my Spear should pierce thy Heart;
 Then for thy Nuptial Rites thy Father should
 Have made thy Tomb, or any who so bold
 Durst in my House commit a Crime so vild,
 Know now I am of Age, and past a Child,
 And can distinguish Good from Bad : but yet,
 You may behold me here with patience sit,
 Whil'st you devour these Cates, my Wine drink up,
 'Tis hard for one with many men to cope :
 Therefore I wish you would more civil be,
 For Death it self seems better far to me.
 Should you all thrust your Swords in me at once,
 That would be easier then these high Affronts ;
 To strike our Guests, our Women to abuse,
 As if this Palace were a Common Stews.

This through the Hall a general silence made,
 When thus at last Young *Agelaus* said ;
 When words are spoke, so well with Reason sure,
 Sharp Reparties avoid, and rough Dispute ;
 For shame, t' affront a Stranger, Sirs, forbear,
 Or any Servant that Attendants are :
 But to *Telemachus* and the Queen I'll make
 A motion, which may both parties take ;
 As long as we believ'd *Ulysses* might
 Return, and here enjoy his Native right,
 So long she might refuse : that he should land,
 We cannot now expect, or understand,
 Therefore move thou thy Mother to espouse,
 Whom best she likes, then shall we leave thy House,
 And thy Paternal State, thy Self to guide.
 Then thus *Telemachus* to him reply'd,

BY

By

By *Jove* and my dear Fathers wants and Woes,
 Who dead, or wandring lives, I'll not oppose
 My Mothers Nuptials, but use all my Power
 Her to persuade, and to secure her Dowre :
 But 'gainst her Will I would not her remove,
 Such acts not acceptable are to *Jove*.

Here *Pallas* stirr'd loud laughter in the Hall,
 All merry were, but knew no cause at all.
 Their Meat straight bloody grew, and briny lakes
 Stood in their Eys. *Theoclymenus* then speaks ;

Ah, Sirs, you are involv'd in mists, sad Shreeks
 Invade my Ears, salt Tears run down your Cheeks,
 The Walls with Blood besprinkled, red the Posts,
 Thicker then Atoms walk infernal Ghosts
 About the Porch, the entrie, and the Hall,
 The Sun's eclips'd, and Darkness covers all.
 At these expressions they extreamly laugh'd,
 When thus *Eurymachus* the Stranger scoff'd ;

This Fellow's mad ; Go lead him to the Gate,
 That he may Home, because he thinks it late.
 Then *Theoclymenus* thus to him replies ;

Send none to lead me out, for I have Eys,
 And Ears, and Feet, I thank you, and each Sense,
 I without leading shall depart from hence :
 Because I see that your Destruction's neer,
 Not one shall scape just Vengeance that are here,
 Not one of you who in *Ulysses* Court,
 Make of uncivil Actions thus a sport.

This said, he went, without once taking leave,
 Whom straight ^(b) *Pireus* kindly did receive.
 The proud Corrivals laugh, and look about,
 And both *Telemachus*, and Strangers flout.

When to the Prince a haughty Youth thus spake ;
 None worser choice in chosing Guests could make,

(g) This is he to whom *Telemachus* recommended *Theoclymenus* when he left his Ship, and went into the Country to his servant *Eumais* ; *Odys.* 15.

A Wanderer, One that loyters in thy Hall,
That eats and drinks, but never works at all,
An Idle person, a vain load of Earth;
Th' other a Prophet, and forsooth holds forth:
But I'll advise, which may advantage be,
Let them be ship'd with speed for *Sicily*;
There for no little sum they may go off.
Thus said he, but the Prince not minds his Scoff,
But look'd on's Father when with stretch'd out Arm,
The Sutors charging, he would give th' Alarm.
But fair *Penelope* in her Chair of State,
In private, at convenient distance sat;
Where her Gallants she could distinctly hear,
Mixing their Bits and Cups with many a Jeer,
They had abundance, and so merry made,
But never sharper sawce their Dishes had:
A Goddess, and a Valiant Prince decreed,
They for accumulated Crimes should bleed.

HOMERS



Edvardo Sherborne
hanc LM



Armigero Tabulam
D.D.D.I.O. Lib. 25.



HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE TWENTY FIRST BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Ulysses Bow all Love-sutes must decide:
The Queen will be the ablest Archers Bride,
But none the Bow could bend: for Lard they call:
But strive in vain, the tough Yew baffles all.
Ulysses takes the Bow, Jove from the Skies
Thunders, He shoots, and bears from all the Prize.*

BUT Pallas here carrying on
Plots design'd,
Then puts it in Icarus Daughters
mind
To fetch the Sutors down Ulysses
Bow,

To try their strength, and prove their over-throw.
And up she hastens drawing forth a Key,
The Handle wrought with brass and Ivory;
Her Maids attending her in order, they
Ascended where Ulysses Treasure lay,

R r

Gold,

Gold, Brass, and polish'd Steel, a glorious show,
Thence takes she forth his Quiver, and his Bow,
And deadly Shafts, when he to Sparta went,
Him *Iphitus* meeting did to him present,
At *Ortilochus* Court, where they in *Messen* met.
Ulysses came to claim a publick Debt,
Three hundred Sheep, and Shep-herds too, which they
Had to ^(a) *Messena* ship'd from *Ithaca*.

Him Young, his Father, and the Peers oth' Land
Sent thither, satisfaction to demand:

But *Iphitus* came upon his own affairs,
Seeking twelve sturdy Mules, and twice six Mares,
Which after that his sad Destruction prov'd,

(He came to visit *Hercules*, who mov'd
On some pretence, him at a Treatment kill'd,
And hospitable Boards with blood defil'd,
Then the same Mules and Mares, his prize he made,
And in's own Stables as good Boory staid)

Which then he sought when he *Ulysses* met.
He this Bow gave him, which before the great
Eurytus drew, who when of life bereft,
To his dear Son in his own Palace left.

Ulysses him a Lance gave, and a Skain ;
But neither either e're did entertain :
For at the Table great *Alcides* flew
Renown'd *Iphitus*, at an enterview.
Of this *Ulysses* had so much esteem,
He would not bear it to the War with him :
But kept in the remembrance of his Friend,
And never did but in's own Country bend.

But when she came up to his Room a-part,
Well-floor'd with Oak, and planish'd with much art,
Whose Portals and fair Thresholds had no match,
There she puts in the Key, and draws the Latch :

The

(a) *Pausanias* observes that *Messene* here is not the name of a City, but of a Country. Πρὸς τὴν μέγαν δὲ Θηβαίων τε καὶ Λακεδαιμονίων ἐμάχησιν, πόλιν ἱερμίαν πρὸς ἀλλήλους αἰσχροῦ δόκῳ Μισσηνίων, οὐκ ἔστι δ' ἔχ' ἡμεῖς Ὀμήρῳ τίς ἔστιν ἐν μὲν γὰρ ἀναγράφει τὴν ἐς Ἰλίου ἀφικόμενον Πύλῳ καὶ Ἀρήνῳ, καὶ ἄλλας καταλήγων, ἱερμίαν πρὸς Μισσηνίων ἐκλάσαν, &c. Before the battel at *Leuctra* between the Thebans and Lacedaemonians, I think there was no City call'd *Messene* I do partly conjecture so from the Verses of *Homer*, who in the Catalogue of those that went against *Troy*, reckoning *Pyle*, *Arene*, and others, makes no mention of *Messene*. The Verses are these,

Ὅς δ' Πύλον τ' ἐν ἱερμίοισι καὶ Ἀρήν τ' ἐρα-
τοῖον
καὶ Θρήον Ἀλφειῷ πόρον, καὶ ἱερμίον Ἀρ-
πύ.
καὶ Κυπαρισίῃ καὶ Ἀμφίγυναι ἔσαν,

Who dwelt in *Pyle*, and those *Arene*
for'd,
And *Thryos*, where *Alpheus* you may
for'd
Who did in *Epy's* lofty Walls reside,
In *Cypariss*, and *Amphigen* abide.

But it is more apparent (saies he) in his
Odyssees, where speaking of the Bow of
Iphitus.

Τὰ δ' ἐν Μισσηνῇ συμπαύειν ἀλλήλους
Ὀμήρῳ Ὀρτίλοχον —

At *Ortilochus* Court they in *Messene*
met.

For *Ortilochus's* house was not in the Ci-
ty *Messene*, but at *Pheræ*, which himself
declares in *Pisistratus's* journey to *Me-
nelaus*.

Ἐς Θερὰς δ' ἔκαστο διελθὼν πρὸς δῶμα
τὸν Ὀρτίλοχον —

This Country receiv'd its name from
Messene daughter of *Triopas*, Wife of
Polycron.

(b) *Hercules* took them not from
Iphitus, but had bought them of *An-
tolycron*, who had stoln them from him.

The Bolt shot back resounds, whilst she unlocks,
As in the Meadows lows a well-fed Ox.
The Queen then enters, where in Cedar Chests
Her Ward-robe lay, store of perfumed Vests:
There straight, *Ulysses* Bow and Quiver she
Takes down, and sitting, laies upon her Knee,
Weeping a main: but when sh' had eas'd her Woe
With briny Tears, down went she with the Bow,
Quiver, and Shafts, of which some deadly were.
Two Damsels down the ponderous Coffer bear,
Where the King's Annulets, Brass and Silver lay.
The Queen when neer the Sutors, makes a stay,
Just at the Entrance of the stately Hall,
There casting ore her Cheeks a slender Vail;
On either hand attended by a Maid,
She boldly thus to the Corrivals said;

Proud Sutors, hear me, You in this my House
Dayly feast high, and richest Wine carouse,
In my Lords absence, I'll no more delay,
Nor by pretences cause your longer stay:
But you that me would marry, and now Court,
Let's end our serious Difference in Sport;
And here *Ulysses* Bow shall be your Law,
Which, who can handle best, and ablest draw,
And through these twice six Annulets shall shoot,
He shall my Husband be without dispute:
I'll Home with him, this House no longer keep,
Which still I shall remember in my sleep.

This said, She bids *Eumæus* carry in
The Bow and Annulets where they might be seen,
Which he plac'd, weeping when the Bow he spy'd,
Whose Tears thus proud *Antinous* did deride;

Pox on thee Coxcomb-Rustick, why dost cry,
Wherefore, forsooth, put finger in thy Eye?

To move the Queen, who, now her Husband's dead,
 Shall find fresh comfort in another's Bed :
 Eat thou thy meat in quiet, or else go
 And whine without, and leave with us the Bow.
 The Prize propounded will be hard to bear,
 As 'tis to bend *Ulysses* Bow I fear :
 Not one of us but seems a meer Jack-straw,
 To what *Ulysses* was when him I saw,
 Whom I remember well, when but a Boy.
 Thus said he, hoping though the Prize t' enjoy,
 Who was the first *Ulysses* Arrow felt,
 And with him most dishonourably delt,
 And more then others did the rest provoke.
 To whom *Telemachus* thus boldly spoke ;
 Sure *Jove* hath made me mad, my Mother saies,
 And her but seldom idle passion swaies,
 That she will marry, and this House forsake,
 Yet I'm not troubled, but still merry make.
 Well Sirs, begin, she's ready, such a piece
 You shal not match though you should search all *Greece*
 In ^(c) *Argos*, nor *Mycene*, nor in *Pyle*,
Ithaca it self, *Epire*, or any Isle.
 Which you all know, I need not speak her praise.
 Now lay by all Excuses and Delaies,
 Nor hancker long that you your Dooms may know,
 But first I'll try if I can bend this Bow,
 The Prize endanger by my Strength and Art,
 Nor when my Mother shall from me depart,
 I shall not grieve, nor of her loss complain,
 But take the Prizes which I shall obtain.
 This said, his purple Mantle off he threw,
 And standing up laies by his Falchion too,
 First he the Rings sets in so just a Line,
 That their Circumferences, and Centers joyn,
 Then

(c) If *Argos* in this place signifies *Peloponnesus*, as some interpreters do conjecture, then by a Poetical figure he enumerates some of the parts together with the mention of the whole : for *Pylus* and *Mycene* are Cities in *Peloponnesus* : which figure is very frequent in *Homer*. So *Iliad*. 2.

Οἱ δ' ἐν Δυλίου καὶ Ἐχινάδων ὄρεσσιν.

These from *Dulichium*, and the *Echinades*.

for *Dulichium* is one of the Islands of the *Echinades*. So *Odyss*. 11.

— δὲ τὴν Ἑλλάδα καὶ τὴν Φθίαν.

Through *Greece* and *Phthia*.

The like we find in the Poets who next followed him. *Hippodamus*,

Κυπρίων δὲ καὶ Πάφου καὶ Ἀμαθύνων πόλιν.

And *Alcman* in his Lyrics,

For both *Amathus* and *Paphus* were Cities of *Cyprus*. But it may here be taken for that part of *Greece* peculiarly so call'd, or for the City *Argos* it self.

Then fix'd in Earth, all wonder he excell'd,
In ordering what he never yet beheld.

Then standing forth he twangs the string, then hales;

Three times he tries his strength, as often fails;

Still high his hopes, the Prize he should obtain.

His fourth attempt then had not prov'd in vain,

But that *Ulysses* wink'd, and took him off;

When thus *Telemachus* at himself did scoff;

I shall but prove a dull and heavy Beast,

Or else too young am, not fit to contest

In martial sports, whom any one may worst:

But who here stronger are than I, draw first.

Against the Wall he set the Bow, this said,

And on the floor close by the Arrow laid,

Then reassum'd the place he had forlook,

When thus *Antinous* to the Concourse spoke;

Let us in Order move, and all conjoyn,

That he shall first begin sits next the Wine.

Antinous thus advising, none oppose:

Liodes first, *Oenops's* Off-spring, rose;

Who was their Priest, and next the Goblet fate,

Who much did them and their abuses hate.

He first receiv'd the Bow and Shaft by Law,

Then standing forth attempted it to draw,

But fail'd; his Hand the stiff string weary made;

Not us'd to shoot: then thus to them he said;

Some other take this Bow; it will not bend,

This to the Shades will many Sutors send:

And better die then live; thus with a Scoff,

After a long sute to be shaken off:

And here perhaps are some that hope to win,

Then bear in triumph hence the beauteous Queen;

But this Bow try'd will finish all Dispute,

Remove your Leagure, & other Dames make sute,

And

And let her marry whom she please. This said,
He on the Board the Bow and Arrow laid,
When thus *Antinous* his mind declar'd;

How scap'd these words thy teeth, their Ivory guard?
Must to the Shades this many Sutors send,
Because thou want'st the strength the Yew to bend?
Thy Mother no such person bore, that can
Handle an able Bow, and play the Man:
But here are several brisker Youths that shall.
This said, he to *Melantheus* thus did call;

A little Fire go in and quickly get,
And close before a Chair and Cushion set;
Then bring the rowl of Lard that lies within,
That warm they may the suppling stuff work in:
Then we may bend the Bow, and get the Prize.

This said, a Fire he kindles in a trice,
A ^(d) Chair and Cushion set, and brought the Lard,
They fall to work, no pains the Sutors spar'd:
To make it yield, with chafing in grown warm:
But all in vain, none had so good an Arm.

Antinous and *Eurymachus*, who were
The Sutors Princes, and the strongest there
Attempted; not as if concern'd at all,
Eumæus and his Swain stole out oth' Hall:
After these two some hast *Ulysses* made,

And to them, past the Gates, and Entrance, said;
Eumæus and *Bubulcus*, Friends you be,
Shall I now hold my Tongue, or else be free.
What if your King should suddainly appear,
By some strange Miracle transported here.
Would you the Sutors, or *Ulysses* aid?
Say what your Inclinations would persuade.

Bubulcus then reply'd; O *Jove* wouldst thou
Bring this to pass, that's thus in question now,
And

(d) The Chair was for the Archer to sit in, when he shot, the scope or mark being too low for them to shoot standing. And this appears afterwards when *Ulysses* takes the Bow,

The Lard serv'd to moisten and mollifie the drie Bow, that thereby it might the easier yield and bend; not to anoint the Arms of the Archers, that their Nerves being thereby corroborated they might draw it with the greater strength; a great mistake in *Zuinger* and *Spondanus*.

And that some God would hither him transport,
 Then thou shouldst see that I would make some sport.
Eumæus so implor'd then all the Gods,
 To see *Ulysses* in his own Abodes.
 After he found he faithful Servants had,
 Thus he to them himself discovering, said;
 I that so much have suffer'd now am here,
 In my own Country after twenty year,
 I know that none of all my Servants do
 Wish that I should return, but only you:
 For which, what I'll confer I'll not declare;
 If by *Jove*'s means these Roysters conquer'd are,
 I'll give you Wives and Wealth, your Houses build,
 And you shall both be Friends, and Brothers styl'd
 To my dear Son: but you not to deceive,
 Behold the mark which me the wild Boar gave,
 When with *Autolycus* his Sons I went
 A hunting ore ^(c) *Parnassus* steep ascent.
 Here he to them the Cicatrice did show,
 Which after they beheld, and well did know,
 They weeping hung about him in embrace,
 Kissing his Shoulders, and his Head and Face:
 Such Complements they had not finish'd yet,
 Shedding glad Tears, at last till Sun had set,
 Had not he thus forbid, lest any should
 Come forth, and in this posture us behold,
 And tel't within; no longer kindness show:
 And now let's in, but not together go,
 First I, then you, and this shall be the sign.
 For the proud Sutors, as one man conjoyn,
 I shall nor Bow nor Quiver touch at all:
 Bear them to me *Eumæus*, through the Hall,
 And put them in my Hands; The Women tell,
 That they must shut their Doors, and bar them well:

But

(c) A high Mountain in *Achaia*.

But if that any of them hear within
 Sad Groans and Cries, with a confused Din,
 Let them not stir, nor what's the matter ask;
 But there in quiet go on with their Task.
*Phileti*us, of the Palace Gates take Care,
 Locking them up, well bolt and strongly bar.
 Back to the Hall, this said, *Ulysses* goes,
 And re-assumes his seat from whence he rose.
 Next in *Eumæus* and *Phileti*us go:
 When bold *Eurymachus* takes up the Bow,
 And at the Fire well suppling, warm'd, but had
 The same success; at which extremely mad,
 With a deep sigh his Passion thus express;
 I for my self not mov'd am, nor the rest,
 Nor to be baffled thus, nor much it galls,
 By which we lose expected Nuptials:
 Address our selves to several Dames we may
 In other places beside *Ithaca*,
 But that none here can draw *Ulysses* Bow,
 This to our shame Posterity will know.
 Then thus to him *Antinous* reply'd;
 Not so grieve, Sir, we better shall provide,
 Now is *Apollo's* Festival you know,
 Who farthest shoots, and draws the silver Bow:
 Let us compose our selves, these trinkets all
 Stand, as we leave them, in *Ulysses* Hall;
 None I suppose will meddle with them there:
 But let the Skinker Wine in bowls prepare,
 That we Libating may take up the bow,
 And let *Melanthius* the Goat-herd go
 Early for Goats, the best of all the Flock,
 With which we'll offer *Phœbus*, and invoke;
 Then we shall venture once more for the Prize.
 They all approve *Antinous* advice.

For

For their Hands water straight the Heralds brought,
Others got Wine, and empty Goblets fraught,
When they had drank, and their Libations pay'd,
Ready for Action, fly Ulysses said;

You bold Corrivals, hear what I'll impart,
Although the sudden Dictates of my Heart;
Eurymachus and *Antinous*, I request,
Because the last said well, and counsel'd best,
Early let *Phæbus* Victory bestow
Where he shall please, but let me touch the bow;
That I may by Experience find, if still
I have the same dexterity and skill
I once enjoy'd, or whether they are lost
In misery, wandring thus from Coast to Coast:

This word did all their angers much incend,
Mistrusting he the able bow might bend:
To whom in ranting Terms *Antinous* said;

Unlucky Stranger, art Thou still stark mad,
Is't not enough with Princes here to feast;
All priviledges having of a Guest,
And hear'st our Table-talk, which none before
Enjoy'd, like thee, a Vagabond and Poor?
Wine put into thy Head this fond design,
Distempers rage that rise from too much Wine.

So Wine ^(f) *Eurytion* in *Pirithous* House
Distracted, taking a too deep Carouse;
When on the *Lapithæ* he mad did fall,
Raising so high Disturbance in the Hall:
But they inflam'd with the like raging fit,
Cropt both his Ears, and up his Nostrils slit,
And by the Heels they dragg'd him out a Door,
After mix'd slaughter had imbrew'd the Floor,
But for his insolence he first did pay.

I in proviso this shall only say;

S I

If

(f) *Pirithous* was King of the *Lapithæ*, a people of *Thessaly* dwelling about *Pindus* and *Othys*, who invited the Centaurs, not far distant from him, to his Nuptials; one of whom, *Eurytion* here (by others call'd *Eurytus*) inflam'd with Wine, and surpriz'd with the incomparable beauty of the Bride, offer'd to make a rape upon her, which bred a sudden Quarrel betwixt the Centaurs and the *Lapithæ*, describ'd at large by *Ovid* in the 12 of his *Metamorphosis*.

Now *Eurytus*, more heady then the rest,
Foul rapine harbours in his salvage breast,
Incens'd by beauty and the heat of Wine.
Lust and Ebriety in out-rage joyn.
Straight turn'd up Boards the Feast profane, the fair
And tender Spouse now haled by the Hair.
Fierce *Eurytus* *Hippodame* - all took
Their choice, or whom they could;
sack'd Cities look
With such a face. The Women shriek,
we rise,
When *Theseus* first; O *Eurytus* un-
wise!
Dar'st thou offend *Pirithous* as long
As *Theseus* lives? in one, two suffer
wrong.
The great-soul'd Heroe, not to boast
in vain,
Breaks through the throng, and from
his fierce disdain
The rape repris'd. He no Reply af-
fords,
Such facts could not be justify'd by
words, &c.

The Centaurs from the navel down-
wards carried the shapes of Horses,
begotten by *Ixion* on a Cloud, formed
like and mistaken for *Juno*: represent-
ing the vain pursuit of imaginary glo-
ry, attempted by unlawful means, and
the prodigious Conceptions of Ambi-
tion.

If thou but offer it once this Bow to touch,
 No longer Thou shalt cram and swil so much
 Amongst us here ; but shipping, thee we'll send
 To King *Echetus* to man-kind no Friend ;
 Which if you would avoid and quiet are,
 With us sit still, but not with us compare.

Antinous, then *Penelope* reply'd ;

It is not fit thus strangers to deride,
 If once th' are Guests, and we them Favour show.
 Think'st Thou if he should draw *Ulysses* bow,
 That therefore him I should my Husband make ?
 He cannot hop't, feed no such gross mistake.
 When to the Queen *Eurymachus* thus sed ;

We not believe, Madam, that him you'll wed :
 But we fear scandal, when the baser sort
 Our actions shall thus to our Shame report.
 Such Princes who would value at a straw,
 Who court his Wife, whose Bow they cannot draw ?
 Others will say, a Beggar thither got,
 And through the Annulets his Arrow shot :
 Which shall infix a high disgrace on us.

Then said the Queen ; Not so *Eurymachus*,
 None ever found the peoples favour yet,
 And thus deboshing, up their betters eat.
 How can they you disparage then at all ?
 He hath a goodly Person, strong, and tall,
 And him to be of fair extract we know :
 Let him then try his Strength, and take the Bow.
 If *Phæbus* please that he obtain the best,
 I shall present him with a Coat, and Vest,
 A Sword, a pair of Sandals, and a spear,
 That he nor Dogs nor Men shall need to fear,
 And I'll his Passport sign for him beside.
 Then to his Mother thus her Son reply'd ;

Madam,

Madam, none here more powerful are then I,
 Whom I think fit, my Fathers Bow shall try :
 Not any of the Chiefs of *Ithaca*,
 Nor those that in more fertile *Elis* sway,
 Shall drive me from my resolution, so
 If me it please, him I'll present the Bow.
 But Mother, now be pleased to walk in,
 Look to your Webs, see how your Damsels spin,
 Leave Mens affairs to me ; Sure in this Hall
 'Tis my concern to rule and order all.
 The Queen, her Son's direction much admires,
 And straight to her Apartment thence retires,
 There for *Ulysses* weeps, till her at last,
 Into a pleasant Sleep *Minerva* cast.
 But straight *Eumæus* lifted up the bow,
 At which, the proud Corrivals angry grow :
 When some of them thus to *Subulcus* said ;
 Since Thou to bear the Bow down art so mad,
 Thee thy own Dogs shall eat, those which thou breed'st,
 And with such care amongst thy Porkers feed'st,
 If *Phæbus* and th' immortal Gods to us
 Be at to morrows Feast propitious.
 In the same place the Bow again he sets
 Thus ranted out, amazed at their Threats.
 The Prince then from another side oth' Hall,
 Thus rated him ; Obedient unto all
 None well can be, take up the Bow, be gon,
 Else thee, although I'm Younger, hence I'll stone
 To thy own Farm : Ah ! could I but as well
 With these that riot here as with thee deal,
 I with a mischief soon would send them hence,
 Who act with so much pride and insolence.
 When here the jolly Sutors not retort,
 But smile, converting anger into sport.

And to the King the Bow the Swain convaid :

Then from the Prince to *Euryclea* said ;

Shut fast your Doors, and if you hear within
Sad Groans and Cries with a confused Din,

Let them not stir, nor what's the matter ask,

But there in quiet go on with their Task.

The Prince thus ord'ring, she with speed obey'd,

And all the Doors fast in an instant made.

As soon *Phileti*us steps out of the Hall,

Locks up the Gates, and outward Portals all.

There he the Cable of a Vessel found,

With which he faster all the former bound :

Then entring, sits down where before he sat,

The King observing ; who the bow had got,

Turning and tossing left the ^(g) Horn were bor'd,

With eating worms, in th' absence of its Lord.

When one amongst them him observing, spake ;

Sure by this bow he would another make,

He turns it up and down so in his Hands ;

Skilful in mischief are most Vagabonds,

He'll take a Pattern, he looks on't so oft.

Whom thus another proud Corival scoft ;

May Fortune him a special Favour send,

And not before, until this bow he bend.

Thus jeer'd the Sutors whilst *Ulysses* bore

The able bow perusing it all ore.

A Skilful Harper so, before he sings,

Winds up and down with ease concording strings,

Pitching the Sheeps-gut either high or low :

As did *Ulysses* ordering his strong bow.

Then taking up, he twangs the well-stretch'd string,

Which like a Swallows shriller Voice did ring :

At which, the Sutors pale as ashes look,

And, thundering, *Jove* them with more Terrour struck:

But

(g) *Eustathius* on this place, κατέ-
πνευσε τὸν ὄρνιν, ὡς φαίνεται, τὸ ὄρνιν, ὃ
μὲν κατὰ τὰ πάλαι Σκυθικά, ἔστανον.
The Bow they say, as it appears, was
made of Horn, not like the antient Scy-
thian Bows, of Wood: But I see no ne-
cessity for this interpretation, because
the Horn may be understood of the
two tips of the Bow, which usually
were made of that material.

But the dire Omen glad *Ulysses* made,
Because the God thus promis'd him his aid.
And up he takes a Shaft lay on the Board,
His Quiver after many did afford,
Which 'mongst the Sutors must as Favours go,
Then with strong Arms he drew the yielding Bow:
The well-aim'd Shaft through the first Annulet sent,
Through all the rest just in the Center went,
And so a free and easie passage made.
When to *Telemachus* *Ulysses* said ;
Not any here, Sir, now your Choice should scoff,
I've done the business, and am well come off :
My former strength, nor old experience wants,
I am above the scornful Sutors Taunts.
But now 'tis late, and supper-time invites
To singing, musick, and what else delights ;
Which more then Cates concern a liberal board :
Then wincks on's Son, who straight puts on his Sword,
His Javelin takes, then draws in Arms compleat,
Down to his Father standing neer his Seat.



*Gulielmo Ford Armigero
 Joannæ filie Henrici
 Tabulam hanc*



*et Dxon Ipsius
 Dent de Biker Arm
 L M D D D I O 1622*



HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE TWENTY SECOND BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

The King Antinous shoots; All think it Chance.

Eurymachus Quarter asks. The Prince's Lance

Amphinomus kills; He to his Father gets,

Who with a few on all the Sutors sets.

Pallas appears: Corrivals slaughter'd all.

Women dress up, and clense from Blood, the Hall.

B

UT now the King himself from
tatters strips,

And with his Bow and well-fill'd

Quiver leaps

On the broad-threshold; out his

Shafts then shakes

Before his Foot, then to the Gang thus speaks;

This Game is won, though difficult to win,

But now a harder match we must begin;

Which will, if *Phæbus* help, make up two Games.

This said, a Shaft he at *Antinous* aims,

Who

(a) *Dionysius the Thracian* notes that from this place of *Homer*, where *Antinous* is slain whilst he is lifting the Cup to his mouth, grew the Proverb among the *Grecians*,

Πολλὰ μετὰ πόλεω κώλετο, ἢ χόλετο
ἀνὴρ.

Many things hap betwixt the Cup and
Lip.

Who by both handles held a ^(a) golden Cup,
In jocund posture, ready to turn up,
And take a deep Carouse, then little thought
At's Elbow Death should spoil so sweet a Draught.
The Prince of Sutors, 'mongst his merry Mates,
Of slaughter little dreamt, and fullen Fates.
Ulysses Shaft found in his Throat no check,
Till the sharp point transpierc'd his tender Neck.
He stag'ring backward, down the Goblet throws,
A purple Fountain conduits from his Nose.
Down comes the Table, spurn'd ore with his Feet,
Making a muls of Drink, and Bread, and Meat.
Up start the Sutors as they saw him fall,
And sudden murmur flies about the Hall:
About the Walls they look, and search each where,
If they could find a Shield or single Spear.
When thus enrag'd they *Ulysses* blame;
Thou dost not well, Villain, at Men to aim;
No more shalt thou 'mongst us for Prizes shoot:
Th' hast kill'd a Person, who without dispute
Was Prince of all the Youth in *Ithaca*:
Therefore on Thee shall Dogs and Vultures prey.
The Sutors blabber'd thus, supposing still,
That he had slain *Antinous* 'gainst his Will:
Nor did it in Consideration fall,
Now one Calamity would swallow all.
When frowning, thus *Ulysses* made Reply;
No more, you Dogs, shall you believe that I
Will ne'r return to my own House, from *Troy*:
Who wast my Goods, and would my Wife enjoy,
Her Women prostituting when you please,
Jove slighting, and th' whole Court of Deities,
Nor injur'd men regard, nor future Fame:
Death without mercy I to all proclaim.

This

Against his shafts, for Targets Tables take,
 Imbodied sure we something on't shall make.
 If many can from one once cleer the Hall,
 The Town alarm'd we'll to assistance call,
 And He shall soon this undertaking rue.

This said, *Eurymachus* his Falchion drew,
 And raging like a tempest on Him set :
Ulysses shoots Him under-neath the Teat,
 Which in his Liver fix'd, he drops his Sword,
 Water and Wine down tumbles with the Board ;
 His Fore-head, struck against the Earth, rebounds,
 His Seat, with clattering of his Heels, resounds ;
 Whilst an eternal Darkness clos'd his Eies.

Amphinomus next at stern *Ulysses* flies,
 Drawing his Sword, so his Escape to make :
 But Him *Telemachus* ran through the Back,
 As he against his Father did advance :

Out at his Bosom came the Handsel'd Lance,
 Whilst with his Fore-head He salutes the Floor,
 The Spear *Telemachus* draws blushing with Gore,
 With all the speed he might, fearing least they
 Should get that Lance, or wound Him in his way.

Then to his Father swift as Lightning made,
 And drawn up to Him, thus rejoycing, said :

Sir, I shall straight for you a Target get,
 And with two Javelins, and a Helmet fit :
 And that these Swains may better stand the storm,
 I shall as soon them both compleatly arm.

Then said the King : Dear Son, no time neglect,
 Fetch them whilst these my Arrows me protect ;
 Left, when alone, they force me from the Gate.

This said, the Prince went to his Chamber straight,
 Where Hung the Arms ; From thence He laden bears
 Four shields, four Helmets and eight glittering Spears :

First

First he himself, and then his Servants arms,
 To guard their King, dispensing feather'd storms.
 But He, so long as any Shafts he had,
 So well he aim'd, that each shot left one dead;
 And thick they lay, weltring in purple gore.
 But when the shooting King had Shafts no more,
 Against the Wall his useless Bow he sets,
 And ore his shoulder his bright Target gets,
 And with a glittering Cask his Brows impails,
 Grac'd with a waving Grove of Horses Tails:
 And straight each Hand arms with a glittering Spear.
 Above the Threshold two fair Windows were,
 Under, a Path; which through the Palace lay,
 To the next Town a neer and privat way:
 Good, this *Ulysses* bids *Eumæus* make,
 When *Agelaus* to the rest thus spake;
 O Sirs, let one up to the Window get,
 And call aloud for Help; some hope there's yet,
 That he who kill'd so many, we may kill.
 Then out *Melanthius* cry'd; you counsel ill,
 For neer that passage stands yon sturdy Lout,
 Who will not let you once your Head thrust out.
 But I will arms down from the Chamber bear,
 For sure the Son and Father left them there.
 This said, *Melanthius* hastens up the Stairs,
 And thence twelve Shields, and plumed Helmets bears,
 And twice six Lances: straight the Sutors arm.
Ulysses trembled at this fresh alarm:
 Seeing them shine in steel, and Javelins shake.
 He a hard task had now to undertake,
 Then to *Telemachus* he said; Ah! Son,
 Some of the Women hath this Mischief don,
 Or else *Melanthius*. Who made this Reply;
 Sir, 'tis my fault, no others, only I

To blame am, that the Chamber Door's not lock'd,
Nor to so great a Charge no better look'd;
But dear *Eumæus*, go, and straight them shut,
And mark, if any Women were in Plot,
Or if this feat were by *Melanthius* plaid,
Whilst 'mong themselves they such Conjectures made,
Melanthius went again more Arms to bring.

Eumæus, spying him, drew near the King,

And to him said, *Melanthius*, that vile wretch,
Whom we suspected now, went more to fetch:

What shall I do? if I the stronger be,

Shall I dispatch, or bring him down to thee?

That to a strict account Thou him may'st call,

Till in just punishments he pays for all.

To whom *Ulysses*, troubled, answer'd thus;

The Sutors I must, and *Telemachus*,

Keep here within, who would be gon; Him take,

And tie his Hands and Feet up to his Back:

Then up a Pillar draw him with a Chain,

To linger there in worse then ^(b) dying pain.

What they commanded were, they straight obey,

And at the Chamber Door in ambush lay,

Whilst he about did search, more Arms to get,

They on each side the Entrance close beset:

When to the Door he came, his Armes well-fill'd,

Bearing a stately Crest, and antique Shield,

Which had of old youthful *Laertes* been,

But now the braces ript were from the Tin.

They took and dragg'd him in, then on the ground,

Him backwards by the Hands and Feet straight bound,

And as *Ulysses* them commanded had,

Then with a Chain fast to a Column made,

Him hoysting up unto a Beam they tie.

Whom thus *Eumæus* scoffs; There may'st thou lie,

As

(b) *Ulysses*, it seems, thought not Death a sufficient punishment for those grand misdemeanors, of his Servant, unless accompanied with torture: whose example is generally followed by more severe Princes. *Suetonius* doth write thus of *Tiberius* the Roman Emperour, *Sed et Tiberius mori valentibus vim adhibuisse vivendi dicitur; Nam mortem adeo leve supplicium putabat, ut cum audisset unum ex eis, Carnulium nomine, anticipasse eum, exclamaverit, Carnulius me evasit: It is reported that Tiberius used to force those to live that desired to die: for he thought Death so slight a punishment, that when he understood that Carnulius had died in prison, he exclaimed, Carnulius has escap'd me. So when a prisoner desired of him that he would hasten his death, he answered, that he was not yet friends with him. Which *Seneca* in one of his Tragedies has well express'd,*

*Qui morte cunctas luere supplicium jubet,
Nescit tyrannus esse: diversa irroga,
Miserrum veta perire, felicem jube.*

He that all punisheth with death, not knows
To act the Tyrant, different waies impose,
To th' happy Death, life to him full of woes.

Whence *Minerva* complains *Odysseus* 1. that *Neptune* studying to revenge the execration of his Son upon *Ulysses*, would not put him to death,

*Ἐκ τῷ δὲ Ὀδυσῆα Ποσειδάων ἐνὶ κλισίῳ
ὄντα καταλίσσιν, πάλῃ δ' ἀπὸ πάλῃ δ' αἶψα.*

Neptune not kills *Ulysses* on this score,
But forc'd him wander from his native shore.

As on a Bed all Night, till the approach
Of bright *Aurora* in her golden Coach :
Then 'twill be time in thy fat Goats to drive,
To feast the Sutors, if thou art alive.

This said, They left him hanging in the Chain,
Then arm'd, and the Door locking, went again

Down to *Ulysses* : Thus encourag'd more,
They now so many fac'd that were but four.

To their assistance the illustrious Dame
Minerva, then transform'd to *Mentor*, came.

Ulysses seeing her, rejoycing, said ;

Let, *Mentor*, now old friendship thee persuade,
And former Kindness here with me t'engage
Against this Crew ; we are of equal Age :
But he suppos'd it was *Minerva* yet.

On th' other side, as much the Sutors threat :

T' whom first thus rattling *Agelaus* said ;

Mentor, let not *Ulysses* thee persuade
Him to assist, and against us to fight,

Since we resolve on thee to wreck our spight.

When we the Father and the Son have slain,

Then thou shalt die, that dar'st his Cause maintain :

Thy Head lopt off, thine and *Ulysses* states,

We'll share, and drive thy Sons out of thy Gates ;

Nor shall thy Daughters, nor thy Wife here stay,

They shall be banish'd out of *Ithaca*.

Pallas at these expressions more enrag'd,

Ulysses thus with harsher Terms engag'd ;

Thou not so strong, nor so courageous art,

As when nine years so well thou play'dst thy part

At *Troy*, the beauteous *Helen* to re-gain,

And hast so many Valiant Heroes slain,

And by thy Stratagems took'st strong bul-wark'd *Troy* :

Thou coming now thy Kingdom to enjoy,

Dar'st

(e) The reason why he likeneth her to a Swallow, is, lest the Sutors should suspect the appearance of some God for the assistance of *Ulysses*, which they could not now reasonably do; it being agreeable to the nature of those Birds to be conversant among the Beams of Houses.

Dar'st not engage with these; Come stand by me,
And what these Braggars are thou soon shalt see;
And how I'll former Benefits repay.
Thus said she, though not gave them yet the Day,
But let *Ulysses* and his Off-spring trye
Their Strength and Valour 'gainst the Enemy.
Up to a golden Beam she takes her flight,
And like a ^(e) swallow perch'd to see the Fight,
When *Agelaus* Old *Damastors* Son,
Eurynomus, and Young *Amphimedon*,
Demoptolemus Polydorides
And *Polybus*, amongst the Sutors, these
For Strength and Courage did the rest transcend,
And living yet, did well themselves defend,
The rest slain with *Ulysses* Arrows were,
Thus to renew the Fight did others cheer.

Mentor is fled, who talk'd and seem'd so stout,
And they are left alone to fight it out.
We six, each at *Ulysses* cast his Lance,
Him let us wound, and then defie all Chance.
At once all threw, as he did them enjoyn,
But straight *Minerva* frustrates their Design.
This on the threshold lights, another stuck
Fast in the Gate, the fourth the Wainscot struck.
When they had scap'd this threatening storm of Spears,
Ulysses thus those were about him cheers;
At Random throw amongst that impious Throng,
Who us would kill, whom they before did wrong.
This said, They all at once their Javelins threw,
Ulysses, *Demoptolemus* first slew,
The Prince *Euryades*, *Eumeus*, *Elate*,
Pisander from *Philatius* meets his Fate,
These on the floor in Deaths Convulsions lie,
The rest with-drawn into a Corner lie:

They

They follow plucking Javelins from the slain,
 Whilst the Corrivals throw their Spears in vain.
 What e're th' attempt, *Pallas* made fruitless all;
 This hits the Floor, the Gate this, that the Wall,
Telemachus Hand *Amphimedon's* Javelin rac'd,
 The point the Skin scarce piercing, over-past.
Eumæus shoulder; *Ctesipus* his Lance,
 Flying ore his Target, did a little glance,
 And scarce blood fetching, lighted on the Ground,
 Groves of faln Spears hedg in *Ulysses* round,
 Which the whole Gang of Sutors at him threw;
 Amongst them then *Eurydamas* he slew,
 The Prince *Amphimedon*, *Eumæus* *Polybus*,
Philetus on the Breast hit *Ctesipus*,
 And with these words persu'd his well-aim'd Spear;
 Thou lov'st high Language and delight'st to jeer,
 Leave boasting speeches, fitter for the Gods,
 Who can perform, and have of thee the Ods;
 Take this return for th' hospitable Hoof
 Thou sent'st *Ulysses* under his own Roof,
 Craving thy Alms: But then *Ulysses* slew
Agelaus running with his Javelin through,
Telemachus *Leocritus* struck there,
 Quite through the Navel with a driv'n Spear,
 Reeking the point, in's Back a passage found,
 Who falling, with his fore-head beats the Ground.
 Then *Pallas* on a step her Target rais'd,
 At which, all were confounded, and amaz'd;
 Who like a Herd of Cattel take their flight,
 When in the Spring the ^(d) Fly doth them affright:
 But th' other *Paris* on like Vultures rush,
 When the affrighted Quarry leaves the Bush,
 And them t' escape from Heaven so hard beset,
 Takes the Champaign, and falls into the Net:

(d) By this similitude of an Ox molested with the Fly call'd *Oestrus*, or *Asilus*, is represented the extremity of terror and affrightment. So *Virgil* in the 3. of his *Georgicks*,

*Et lucos Silari circa, ilicibusque virentem
 Pluribus Alburnum volitans, cui nomen
 Asilo
 Romanum est, Oestrus Graii vertere vocantes,
 Asper, acerba sonans, quo tota exterrita silvis
 Diffugiunt armenta.*

A Flie about the Groves of *Silarns* haunts,
 And high *Alburnus*, green with stately plants,
Asilus call'd by *Romans*, but the same
 The *Greeks* stile *Oestron* by an antient name,
 Extremely fierce and loud, whose spight to shun,
 To sheltering Woods affrighted Cattel run,
 And with their bellowing strike Heavens arch'd round.
 Which Groves and shallow *Tanagrus* resound.
 With this dire Monster, *Juno* long ago
 Her spight did on th' *Ionian* Heifer show,

No

(e) *Jupiter* *Ἡρακλῆς*, so call'd from *Ἡρα* signifying the enclosure or out-wall encompassing the Court-yard: for, as *Athenaeus* observes, *αὐλά* is constantly to be taken in *Homer* for the Court-yard; which afterwards among the later Comedians signified a Palace: as in *Diphilus*,

*Ἀυλὰς Ἡρακλῆος ἵκη, ὡς ἱμὸς ἀκτῆ,
ἢ πυλῶν, ἢ ποικίλος, ἢ μαστύλι.*

*Favour in Palaces to seek to have,
Is for a Beggar, Exile, or a Slave.*

In this place was the Altar of *Jupiter* *Ἡρακλῆς*; for when *Ulysses* had commanded *Medon* and *Phemius* to leave the Hall, and go *εἰς αὐλάν*,

— τὸ δ' ἔπειτα χεῖρας μαχάρων κούρῃ,
ἔλκετο δ' ἄρα τὸν Διὸς μεγάλα πύλιν
κοῦρον.

*They straight obey'd, and the dire Hall
forsook,
And to the Altar of great Jove they
make.*

So is the Altar whither *Hecuba* and *Priam* fled, described by *Virgil* to be sub *Dio* in the open Air,

*Ad huc in mediis, nudoque sub aetheris
axe
Iugens Aya fuit, juxtaque veterrima
laurea
Incumbens Aya atque umbra complexa
penates:
Hic Hecuba & nata nequidquam alta-
ria circum
Præcipites atra cum tempestate columba
Condensa & Divum amplexa famula-
cræ tenebant.*

Amidst the Palace, in the open air,
An Altar stood, an ancient Laurel near
Embrac'd the Gods with a declining
shade:

Here *Hecuba* and all her Daughters
fled,
As Flocks of Pigeons from a Tempest
halt,
And round the Statues of the Gods
embrac'd.

Now that this Altar was that of *Jupiter* *Herceus* appears from *Tryphiodorus*

At th' Altar of *Herceus* sick of breath,
Bold *Pyrhus* put the aged King to
death.

And *Ovid* in his *Ibis*, speaking of *Pri-
am*,

Cui nihil Hercei profuit ara Jovis.

Whom th' Altar of *Hercean* Jove not
sav'd.

No Quarter there, no hope in Strength or Flight,

They kill them straight who in such sport delight:

So they promiscuously upon them all,

Breathless and panting, without Mercy fall,

Dashing their Heads together, the whole Floor

With Bodies fill'd, and stain'd with purple Gore.

Liodes then *Ulysses* knees imbrac'd,

And thus himself on the King's Mercy cast;

Me I beseech you hear, and pitie shew,

I with your Women never had to do,

I sat amongst my Patrons, and still bid

Them to abstain from those foul acts they did;

And now they suffer for their Pride and Lust,

At acts, I alwaies scrupled, were unjust,

With them let not their guiltless Chaplain lie,

No such Example make Posterity.

Then frowning on Him, thus *Ulysses* said;

Art thou their Chaplain? Then Thou oft hast pray'd

In my own Court, far off the Happy Day

Might be, of my Return to *Ithaca*,

That thou might'st wed, and pregnant make my Wife;

Expect not therefore I will save thy Life.

Then from the Ground He up a Falchion catch'd,

Which *Agelaus* drop'd, by Him dispatch'd:

With this He took him on the Neck so just,

His Head lop'd off lay muttering in the Dust:

But *Phemius*, who the Sutors 'gainst his Will,

Forc'd both to sing and play, He did not kill;

Holding his Harp he stood by th' upper Gates,

And of two waies, which best was, cogitates;

Should he for Refuge to *Joves* Altar run,

Where old *Laertes* and his only Son

So oft had sacrific'd; or whether He

Should cast himself down at *Ulysses* Knees:

The

The last of these advices seem'd most sound.
 'Mongst Claps and dumbled Chairs upon the Ground
 His Harp he leaves, since dangerous are Deliries,
 And thus his Knees embracing, Quarter prais;

Save me *Ulysses*, and my Blood not spill,
 You'll soon Repent, if *Phemius* you kill,
 Who sings to Men and Gods; *Jove* doth inspire
 My Muse, and adds a spirit to my Lyre:
 I'll chant like *Phœbus*, a celestial air
 Shall ravish Thee; ah! Sir, my life then spare.

Telemachus thy Son will tell thee all,
 How I against my Will play'd in thy Hall,
 Enforc'd, I sung at their disorder'd Feasts,
 Ore-pour'd by many, and uncivil Guests.

Telemachus heard how he for Quarter pray'd,
 And hasting neer, thus to his Father said;

Hold Sir, ah! hold; Him Innocent, ah! spare;
 And *Medon* too, who still of me took Care,
 If by *Philatus*, or *Eumæus*, He

Not yet be slain, nor in the Charge by Thee:
 Him *Medon* heard, who skulking lay unseen,
 Under a Chair, wrapt in a Bullock's Skin:

Straight up he starts, and throws off his disguise,
 And at his Prince's Knees, thus Quarter cries;

Ah! I am here, thy Father, ah! engage,
 Lest me he kill, persuing in his Rage,
 On the proud Sutors score, who his Court spoil'd,
 And thee contemn'd, as if thou wert a Child.

Then smiling, said *Ulysses*; Take my Word,
 And since my Son hath sav'd thee from the Sword,
 Learn this that thou and others may beware,
 Good Deeds successful more then Wicked are:
 But go thou forth, and *Phemius* take along,
 And sit without, free from this slaughter'd Throng:

U u Then

(f) This is a most exact description of the Grecian *ὑποψυγιστής*, that I wonder there should be that difference among the ancient Grammarians, in his explaining of it.

Then I'll an end here of this business make,
 Both straight obey'd, and the dire Hall forsake,
 And by the Altar of great *Jove* they sat,
 Looking about, expecting still their Fate.
Ulysses then strict search made every where,
 If any had escap'd, and living were.
 Many he found weltring in Dust and Gore,
 Like new-drawn Fishes lying on the Shore,
 Wishing their watery Coverlet in vain,
 Whilst the hot Sun concludes both Hope and Pain :
 Just so in heaps the slaughter'd Sutors lay.
 When thus *Ulysses* to his Son did say ;

Call *Euryalea*, my *Telemachus*,
 That she may take some orders straight from us.
 The Prince his Father with all speed obey'd,
 And the Door opening to his Nurse thus said ;

Dear *Euryalea*, who here govern'st all,
 My Father calls, make hast into the Hall.
 His Voice she hearing, opens straight the Door,
 Following *Telemachus* who went before ;
 Where 'mongst the Dead the King she found, all ore
 Besmear'd with blood, sprinkled with Dust and Gore ;
 Like a huge Lion, who a Bull had slain,
 His shaggy Breast and Cheeks warm blood did stain,
 Who with a terrible aspect appear'd,
Ulysses Hands and Feet were so besmear'd :

Soon as the dismal business she did spie,
 She straight began to raise a joyful Cry
 At the dire work, *Ulysses* straight forbade,
 And Her with kind words comforting, thus said ;

Conceal your Joy, and dearest Nurse refrain,
 From triumphing ore these that here lie slain :
 Fate, for foul Crimes, presents them this reward,
 Whose Pride not any Person living spar'd :

Be they or Good or Bad, be what they may,
 For their offences now in Death they pay.
 Straight number up those Women, who my House,
 And me dishonour'd, and my vertuous Spouse.

Then *Euryclea* said; Dear Son, I shall,
 I'll give you in a strict Account of all:
 Twice twenty five young Damsels are within,
 All taught to work, to card, to weave and spin.
 Amongst these only twice six faulty be,
 Who scorn thy chaste *Penelope* and me:
Telemachus, but now of age, not yet,
 His Mother thought to govern Women fit.
 But I will up and tell the Queen, who fast
 Asleep some gentle Deity hath cast.

Then he reply'd; Wake her not yet, but all
 Those your kind-hearted Women hither call,
 Who in my absence here have been so bold.
 This said, She went and the Kings Order told.
Eumæus, and *Philæti*us, and his Son
 He calling to him, thus to them begun;

Bear hence these Bodies, bid the Women come,
 And cleanse the Seats, the Tables, and the Room,
 And with wet Sponges every Chink make clean:
 And when the House is put in order, then
 Lead forth those Strumpets, twixt the Hedge and Gate,
 And there with Steel cool their intemperate Heat,
 Until their lustful Blood the Pavement warms,
 Who hugg'd the Sutors in lascivious Arms.

By this the faulty Female-Troop appears,
 A loud complaining, drown'd in trickling Tears.
 But first they bore the Bodies from the Hall,
 And laid in private by the Palace-Wall.

Ulysses bids the Women, when th' had renc'd
 The Chairs, and Tables, and with Sponges clens'd,

U u 2

That

(g) It is generally deliver'd by Historians that *Epimenides* first brought into *Greece* the Rites and Ceremonies of cleansing or expiating Houses and Fields polluted with human blood. So *Diogenes Laertius* writes in his life: but we find here some foot-steps of that superstition long before the time of *Epimenides*. Of personal Lustration the most accurate description, now extant, is this of *Claudians* in his panegyrick to *Honorius* the Emperour,

*Leſtalem ſic triſte facem, cui lumen
 odorum
 Sulphure cœruleo nigroque bitumine ſu-
 mat,
 Circum membra rotat doctus iurganda
 ſacerdos,
 Rore pia ſpargens, & dira ſugantibus
 herbis,
 Numina terriſcicumque Jovem Trivi-
 amque precatus
 Trans caput averſus manibus jacula-
 tur in Austrum
 Secum capturas cantata piacula tedas.*

The Luffral fire brand so, whose blazing
smoak
With Pitch and Sulphur black and azure
look,
The Priest, well-skill'd in Expiations,
bore
About his Limbs, and sprinkled him
all ore
With holy Dew, and Herbs expelling
bane,
The Gods imploring, *Jove* and bright
Diana,
Then ore his Head into the South he
throws,
With which all Spells and dire enchant-
ment goes.

When any Country or City was to be cleans'd, the Sacrifice was first led round the fame, as appears out of *Polybius*, *ἡ ἑσθλαὶ μὲν ἐπιθούσῃ, ἡ σφάγια περιήνευαν τῆς πόλεως ὡκυλῇ ἡ τῆς χάρας πύλαις*, They appointed a purgation, and led the Victims round about the City and Country adjacent : whence those *sacra* were call'd by the Romans, *Ambarvalia*. But that Sulphur was peculiarly us'd we have the testimony too of *Pliny* in his Natural History, *Sulphur habet et in religionibus locum ad expiandas suffitu domos*, Sulphur is employed ceremoniously in hallowing of Houses : for many are of opinion that the fume and burning thereof will drive forth all Enchantments : and of *Juvenal*, Satyr 2.

Tot bellorum anima, quoties hinc talis
ad illos
Umbra venit, cuperent instrari si qua
darentur
Sulphura cum radis, & si foret humida
laurus.

That they the Lumber, Spears, and Targets all,
Promiscuous fallen should bear out of the Hall.
The Prince and his two Swains swept clean the Floor,
The Dust the Damsels carried out oth' Door ;
The House well-deck'd, the guilty Females they
Betwixt the Quick-set, and the Gate convey.
There drove them up, from whence they could not fly.

Then said *Telemachus* ; They shall not die
Here by the Sword, that is a Death too brave,
Who both on me, and my Dear Mother, have
Cast such Reproach, our Palace common made,
Where lewd Pranks they with lustful Gallants plaid.
This said, a Rope on a cross Beam he bound,
High, lest their dangling Feet should touch the ground,
So their expanded Wings, a Dove, or Thrush,
Shakes in the Net, conceal'd within a Bush,
Entring the Hedg catch'd in unhappy Beds,
So noos'd, in woful order hung their Heads,
Shaking their Feet, till suffocated Breath
Fate finish'd in dishonourable Death.

Next to the place they forth *Melanthius* get,
There cropt they off his Ears, his Nostrils slit,
His Members they cut off, his Hands and Feet,
And raging threw for hungry Dogs to eat.

After that they had wash'd and finish'd all,
They to *Ulysses* went, yet in the Hall ;

Who thus to ancient *Euryclea* said :

Bring ⁽²⁾ Sulphur straight, and let a Fire be made,
To air the Room ; And then entreat the Queen,
With all her chaster Damsels to come in ;
Not one of all her Train must stay behind.

She thus reply'd; This is not well-design'd;
But I'll a Robe first, and a Mantle bring;
Such Weeds not fit the Person of a King,

You

You must not so appear. Then he reply'd ;
However Fire and Perfume straight provide.
Old Nurse, this said, dispatch'd, and in a thought,
Fire in a Censer, and sweet Sulphur brought.
Whilst he the Hall and Chamber did perfume,
She went and told them all, the King was come ;
They came with Tapers, clustering in a Throng ;
About his Neck, his Hands and Shoulders clung,
Kiss'd and embrac'd, glad Tears their Cheeks bedew.
He takes all well, who their Affections knew.



Georgio Wharton
hanc L.M.



Armigero Tabulam
D.D.D.I.O. Lit.



HOMERS ODYSSES.

THE TWENTY THIRD BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Old Nurse ore-joy'd up to the Queen doth go,
And waking, tells, Ulysses stay'd below.
Penelope, with female Fancies fed,
Long scruples, till the King describes their Bed.
Transported then she leaps into his Arms :
Pallas Night almost spent prolongs by Charms.*



U T Old Nurse hasts up to the
drawing-Room,
To tell *Penelope* the King was
come.

Nimbly she trip'd, not feeling
strength decay'd,

Then standing neer her Pillow, thus she said ;

Rise dearest Daughter, rise *Penelope*,

That thou may'st him behold thou long'st to see,

Ulysses, who, though late, at last is come :

Those Roysters all are kill'd, who here at Home

Devour'd

Devour'd his state, and did his Son deride.

The Queen, her not believing, thus reply'd ;

Dear Nurse, the Gods thus make thee rave, who can
Make Wisemen Fools, and wise the Foolish man,
They Hand in Hand conjoyn Follie and Wit,
They thus distract thee, who wert once Discreet.

Why didst Thou wake me grieving, from so deep
And pleasant, such a golden-fetter'd sleep ?

(*) *Ulysses*.

I never had the like, since (*) all my Joy
Went to that hateful Siege of cursed *Troy*.

Leave me : If any else had been so bold
To break my Rest, and me such Tydings told,
I should have sent her back with worser News :
But, *Euryclea*, Age shall Thee excuse.

Then thus Old Nurse reply'd ; I wrong not you,
My dearest Daughter, all I say is true :

The King is come, and now within thy Court,
That Stranger whom the Sutors made their sport.

Telemachus knew all before, but hid
The whole Concern, as Him his Father bid ;
That the proud Crew examples might be made.

At this ore-joy'd, she leap'd out of her Bed,
And the Old Woman shedding Tears embrac'd,

Dear Nurse, then said, Is this all true thou say'st ?
How came He hither ? How could He alone
The Rivals worst, so many against One,
Who alwaies ready, stood upon their Guard ?

Then she reply'd ; I neither saw nor heard,
More then their dying Groans, we trembling, all
Our Chambers kept, till me your Son did call
Down to his Father, where the King I found
Hem'd in with heaps of slaughter'd bodies round.
You had admir'd to see, how there he stood,
Like a stern Lyon smear'd all ore with Blood.

In

In th' outward Court they lie heap'd in a Pyre,
 The Room's perfum'd : He standing by a Fire,
 Entreats your Presence, and sent me to call ;
 Make hast, that there we may be joyful all :
 Now make glad periods to all Sorrows past,
 Since what so much you long'd for 's come at last.
 He is in Health return'd to his own House,
 Finds well his hopeful Son, his Virtuous Spouse,
 And all the Havock which the Sutors made,
 For't with their Lives they have full dearly paid.
 Then thus, Dear Nurse, *Penelope* reply'd ;

Boast not, nor my Credulity deride.
 Thou know'st that nothing can more welcom be,
 Then his Return, both to our Son and Me :
 But 'tis not as thou say'st. This cursed Crew
 Some God incens'd, for their Offences, slew ;
 Since they all Strangers us'd alike, nor had
 Regard to any either Good or Bad :
 They justly suffer'd, but *Ulysses* lost
 Will ne'r, I fear, review his Native Coast.

How scap'd such words thy teeth, their Ivory guard?
Euryclea said, You'r of Belief too hard.
 He in the Hall stands by the Fire, nay, more,
 I saw his scar got by a Salvage Boar,
 When Him I bath'd ; which I to you had told,
 But on my Throat, he starting up, laid hold.
 Come, follow me, and if I tell a Lie,
 Let me with new-invented Torturs die.

Then she reply'd ; No Mortal e're could sound
 The Gods Decrees, nor plumb those Deeps profound.
 But let us go that I may see my Son,
 The Sutors kill'd, and Him by whom 'twas done.
 This said, the Queen descends, much troubled, should
 She question Him, and at some distance hold,

Or leap into her dearest Lord's embrace.
 But through the Hall she passing, took her place
 Against th' oppos'd Wall, a little higher,
 Where by a Column stood, before the Fire,
 The King, expecting when the Queen would speak;
 But long she sat, nor once would silence break,
 Gazing on him, whom, in mean Garments clad,
 She knew not, when *Telemachus* thus said;

My Mother, no, ah! thou too cruel art,
 Why sitt'st thou from my Father thus a-part,
 And wilt not speak, nor the least Question ask:
 For any other Lady 'twere a Task,
 Too hard, from her dear Husband to abstain,
 Now after twenty years return'd again,
 Through Worlds of toyl, of misery, and want;
 You have a Heart harder then Adamant.

Then thus reply'd the Queen; Dear Son, I find
 Such strange Confusion in my troubled mind,
 I cannot speak, nor question what I would,
 Nor dare look up his Face once to behold.
 If this *Ulysses* be, which yet I doubt,
 Rather in private I would find Him out:
 He hath some marks, which if we were alone,
 Would better be to me, then others, known.

Ulysses at the Queries that she made,
 Smiling, thus to *Telemachus* then said;

Son, her advise with me a-part to go,
 Then we may one another better know:
 Shabby my Looks, so mean my Garments be,
 Now for her Lord she'l not acknowledge me.

But now let us consult what's to be done,
 If any 'mongst these People kill but ^(a) One,
 Seldom but few in his behalf will stand,
 He flying, straight forsakes his Native Land:

But

(a) He alludes to the Laws of the Athenians, who punish'd all Homicide, though unwittingly committed on the meanest of the people, with Exile for one year. This appears from these Verses of *Euripides* in his *Hippolytus*,

Ἐνὶ τῷ Θανάτῳ Κερματίας ἄντι χθονί,
 Μίσσηται γὰρ γυνὴ Παλλὰς Ἰδίου
 Καὶ τῶνδ' αὖ δέμας τε ναυτοῖν χθονί,
 Ἐνταυτοῖς ἰσχυρὸν αἰθέρας οὐρανόν.

When *Hercules* in his distraction had slain two sons of *Iphiclus*'s and one of his own, as soon as his passion was over, he was desir'd by *Iphiclus* and *Licymnius* to absent himself for one year ἀπὸ τοῦ ἱεῖ (saith *Nicolaus Damascenus*) as the Custom is, and then to return to *Thebes*, again. pag. 202.

But we have many slain, the greatest too,
In *Ithaca*, resolve whats best to do.

When to his Father thus his Son replies ;

You, Sir, best know, you'r ablest to advise,

No Mortal whosoe'r, as goes the Fame,

Better then you, Sir, plaies an after-game :

Lay you your Plot, and we'll do what we can,

Nor Valour want we, if it be in Man.

When thus the subtile King himself exprest ;

I'll speak my Judgment, what to me seems best :

First let us bath, then put rich Garments on,

The like must be by all the Women done :

Let *Phemius* march before us in great state,

As if we Dances were to celebrate ;

That some may say without they Nuptials hear,

As they pass by, or those inhabit neer,

E're flying Fame the City give th' Alarm

Of this their Deaths, or we walk to the Farm,

And there consider in the shady Grove

What's best to do, and what seems best to fove.

Their King they, as the Oracle, obey'd ;

All bath, and in rich Habits ready made :

The Women drest themselves in gay Attire,

And *Phemius*, as at Nuptials, touch'd his Lyre :

Sweetly he sung, their light Feet beat the Ground,

And Dancing, make the arched Hall resound :

Then some did say that heard without the Gate,

The Queen had chosen now a Princely Mate,

And would no longer keep so great a House,

Nor more expect her so long-look'd-for Spouse :

So some did say, but nothing knew. Mean while

Eurynome baths, and noints with purest Oyl

Ulysses, and in Royal Habit clads,

And to his Face and Person, *Pallas* adds

(b) As the Poets feign'd all Artists in general to receive their skill from *Minerva*; so in particular those that dealt in Metals, from *Mulciber*, that is, *Vulcan*: and therefore they are both nominated in this place. What the Ancients meant by *Vulcan*, we find in these Verses of *Orpheus*,

Νύμφαι ὕδωρ, αἶψ' Ἡφαίστος, αἶψ' Ἄρτεμις
μήτηρ.
Ἦ δὲ Σάλασσα Ποσειδάων μέγας, ἠδ' Ἐρὸς
εἰχδον.

Nymphs water, Vulcan Fire, Ceres Grain,
But Neptune and Enosichthon are the Main.

Whence because all Metals are by the medium of Fire subjected to the Artists, they were esteem'd to be under the protection of *Vulcan*.

Beauty and Size, and on his Tresses sets
Lustre that shone like purple Violets:
As Gold and Silver by some Artist wrought,
Whom ^(b) *Mulciber* or bright *Minerva* taught,
On's Head and Shoulders she such splendor strow'd,
That from the Bath he march'd out like a God,
And where he sat, that place resumes again:
Then thus he spake unto his self-will'd Queen;
Beyond all Women thou unhappy art,
Since Heaven hath so obdurate thy Heart.
What other Woman would be kept off so,
From her dear Lord, who, through a world of Woe,
The twentieth year himself to her address'd?
Nurse, go and make my Bed, that I may rest:
Thy soul is steel, or else thy Heart would ake.
When to the King *Penelope* thus spake;
I never, Sir, affected was with Pride,
Nor Rich admire, nor thee, though Poor, deride:
But I remember well what then thou wert,
When me thou left'st, if such a one thou art.
But *Euryclea*, go and make that Bed
In the great Chamber which *Ulysses* made
Himself, with so much Art, soft Blankets let
Be put on straight, and a rich Coverlet.
Thus said the Queen, her dearest Lord to trie.
But He offended, made this rough Reply;
Strangely you talk, your Order's something odd,
Who can remove that Bed, unless some God?
Celestials may by their Supernal Power,
But never Mortal shall, though in his Flower:
This as a signal fram'd I with much Art,
And greatness, none but I perform'd that part.
A stately Olive in my Court did sprout,
With spreading branches, like a Beam about.

This

This, when I had our Wedding-Chamber built,
 With well-lay'd stone, well plaister'd, seil'd, and guilt,
 Made able Doors, close by the Root I lopt,
 And off luxurious Boughs, and Foliage cropt;
 Then with an Augre bor'd, and by a line
 I cut and joyn'd whate'r I should conjoin:
 So of this Olive I my Bed-sted made,
 With Ivory, Silver, and with Gold in-laid,
 And strongly corded then with ^(c) purple Thongs,
 This the great signal which to me belongs;
 Nor know I, Madam, if you us'd it yet,
 Or else remov'd it in some sullen fit.

(c) It seems in the time of our Poet, before the use of Cordage, they bound their Beds with Thongs of Leather; beautified with colour; answerable to the quality of the Person.

Thus doubts remov'd, weeping, she quits her place,
 And throws her self into her Lord's imbrace:

There she with Kisses smothering Him, his Neck

Imbracing, said; Thy rage, *Ulysses*, check,

Since thou so prudent art, and know'st that we

Shar'd equal Woes, divorc'd by Fates Decree,

From joys of Marriage in a spiteful hour,

I, in my prime, Thou in thy sparkling Flower:

Be not offended that I thus delaid

Thy dear imbrace, that alwaies am afraid,

Lest some (for many such Contrivements lay)

Me with dissembling Language should betray.

^(d) *Helen* had ne'r offended as she did,

And chang'd her Husband's for a forein Bed,

Had she but dreamt the *Greeks* should e're transport,

From *Ilium*, her to *Menelaus* Court:

But *Jove* into that error let her fall,

Because she not considered at all

The mischiefs that might happen, which hath wrought

So strongly, and on us these sorrows brought.

Your Bed, which you describ'd, I not deny,

Me hath convinc'd, which none but you, and I,

And

(d) This similitude, consisting of seven verses in the original, is generally accounted spurious by the Grammarians, as not answering to what preceded: some there be, who by another sort of interpunction make another sense corresponding with the argument, thus; *Helen* had never consented to the enticements of a Stranger, had she consider'd what I have said, but because she was cheated (*Venus* representing *Paris* in the form of *Menelaus* her Husband) the *Greeks* undertook the expedition for her recovery: pardon me therefore if I be solicitous to know your person before I acknowledge you for my Husband.

And *Aëtoris*, (my dearest Fathers Gift,
 When I his Roofs for this your Palace left)
 E're yet beheld; She keeps lock'd up and barr'd.
 Now I believe all what before seem'd hard.
 This said, a gentle Grief his Wrath disarms,
 He weeps, his Queen imbracing in his Arms:
 As when the Skie after a Tempest cleers,
 And Coast to storm-strest Mariners appears,
 A few escaping swim unto the Land,
 And their bulg'd Vessel bedded, leave in Sand,
 Their bodies wrapt in Weeds, the shore they reach,
 Their weary Limbs reposing on the Beach;
 So glad was she her Husband to behold,
 Nor could her Arms from his embrace unfold:
 And in this Posture they had been till Day,
 But that *Minerva* stop'd *Aurora's* way,
 Not suffering her from th' Ocean to approach,
 Nor her swift steeds joyn in her golden ^(c) Coach,
Lampus and *Phaeton*, who quick Light convey
 To Mortals, call'd the Horses of the Day.
 When thus *Ulysses* to his Queen begun;
 My Dear, our business yet we have not done,
 A world of several Labours we must through,
 All which necessity compells unto:
 For so *Tiresias* me foretelling, said,
 When I descended to th' infernal shade,
 How we in safety might return t' enquire:
 My Dear, in private let us now retire,
 Where we may please our selves in gentle rest.
 When thus the Joyful Queen her self exprest;
 Your Bed shall ready be, Sir, when you please,
 But since the Gods you convoy'd through the Seas,
 To your own Palace, and your Native Land,
 Since well your future state you understand:

(c) The Poets attribute a Chariot to the Sun in regard of the swiftness of his motion, and to express what is beyond the object of sense by that which is subject unto it. His Horses, as their names express, are no other then Light and Heat, whereof the Sun is the fountain. Homer here allows him but two, but the rest do generally attribute four to him: *Ovid* in his *Metamorphosis*,

Interea volucres Pyrois, Eous, & Aethon,
Solis equi, quartusque Phlegon hinni-
tibus auras
Flammiferis implent, &c.

Mean while the Suns swift Horses, hot
Pyrois,
 Light *Aethon*, fiery *Phlegon*, bright
Eous
 Neighing aloud, inflame the air with
 heat,
 And with their thundering Hoofs the
 barrier beat.

Now

Now tell me what I must here-after hear,
Better to know, then not know, what to fear.

Then he reply'd, Why my ensuing Fate
Would'st thou, dear Wife, that I should now relate?
But I shall tell thee and the Truth recite,
Which neither me nor you will much delight.
I many populous Cities must explore,
Still carrying in my Hands a handsom Oar,
Untill I find a People saw not yet
The swelling Main, nor ^(f) Salt use with their Meat,
That know not how to steer with sails a-trip,
Nor handle Oars, that Wings are to a ship,
My sign shall be when first I meet a Man,
Mistakes the Oar I carry for a Van:
Then in the Countrey I should fix my Oar,
And there great Neptune, th' Ocean's King, implore,
Offering a Lamb, a Bull, and pregnant Sow;
From thence then Home, to my own Palace go,
And there whole Hecatombs must sacrifice,
To all the Gods who plant the ample Skies.
Then Death, from Sea, shall me, grown Old, arrest,
When I am happy, and my People blest.

I this response had from Tiresias shade:
Then to the King Penelope thus said;

If Thee thy Age the Gods more tranquil Doom,
Then we preceding Sorrows may ore-come.
Betwixt themselves they such Discourses had,
Mean while, their Bed, Nurse and Eurynome made,
And lighted Lamps; when they had finish'd all,
Back Euryclea goes into the Hall,
Eurynome, bearing a Taper, led
Them to their Chamber, and their Marriage-Bed,
Then left them to themselves, where th' ancient Ecst,
Love's sweetest Lesson, they with joy repeat.

When

(f) I find that the Antients generally interpreted this place of Epirus, not far distant from Ithaca. So Pausanias in his description of Africa, *ἡρώδης ἰσ' ἰατρῶν, Καρχηδόνι δὲ Σαλαμὶν τῶν τῶν Καρχηδόνι μάλιστα ἔχον ἰατρῶν.* &c. Pyrrhus being highly celebrated of his strength, encountered the Carthaginians (the most expert of all the Barbarians, being descended from the Phenicians) in a Naval Fight, his Armada consisting only of Epirots, who when Troy was taken knew not the Sea, nor use of Salt, as Homer testifies. These that knew not the Sea, were ignorant of the use of Salt, according to our Poet: whence it may be conjectur'd that he knew of no other Salt but what was made of Seawater. The other token of their ignorance of the Sea was, that they should not know an Oar, but call it by the Name of an instrument wherewith they winnowed Corn.

When the Young Prince, and his bold Swains forbid
 Them longer Dance, as order'd, so they did.
 Thence, weary, then to their Repose retir'd,
 But when they had enjoy'd what both desir'd,
 They fell into Discourse; his well-pleas'd Spouse,
 Tells him how much she suffer'd in his House;
 What Revel-rout the Sutors there did keep,
 Devouring his best Beeves, and fattest Sheep,
 Drinking whole Tuns of Wine: but he relates,
 A Series of his Sufferings, and sad Fates,
 Pleas'd with his Tale, in sleep she could not fall,
 Nor close her Eys, till he had told her all.

(c) The *Ciconians* were a people that inhabited *Ismarus*, a City of *Thrace*, as we have already seen in the 9 of the *Odyssees*. They were assitant to the *Trojans*, reckon'd up among *Auxiliaries*.

Εὐφῆμος δ' ἄρχ' ἐκείνων ἢ ἀρχαίων
 Τὸς Τροίηνων ἀντιπρὸς Κίχων.

Euphemus led the valiant Cicons on,
 Grand-Child to glorious Ceas, Troi-
 zen's Son.

(b) The *Lotophagi* were inhabitants of the Island *Menynx*, which lies before the lesser *Syris*, so call'd, because they fed on the fruit of the *Lotus* tree, of which there is great abundance in that Isle.

(i) Of these Giants, see *Odyss. 10.* where the story is deliver'd at large.

Who first recounts, how the ^(c) *Ciconians* he
 Ore-come; next, what the ^(b) *Lotophagi* be;
 How *Cyclops* us'd him, how he Him did treat,
 Who without mercy his Companions eat.
 How *Æolus* Home, him kindly feasting, sent,
 But Fate did his arrival then prevent;
 Back from his Native shore a Heurican
 Bore him, lamenting, through the boysterous Main:
 Of ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Læstrygonian* Gyants he tells then,
 How they destroy'd his Ships, and all his men:
 How with one Vessel he escap'd to Sea:
 Next, tells her *Circe's* Charms and Subtilty:
 Then how he went to *Pluto's* Dismal Gates,
 What of *Tiresias* he enquir'd, relates:
 There all his Friends and Mother he beheld,
 Who bore and foster'd him a little Child:
 Next, *Syrens* heard, *Charybdis* rocky Cape,
 And *Scylla* past, whence seldom any scape:
 Then how his men the *Swine's* fair Cattel slew;
 How *Jove* his Vessel up with Lightning blew,
 All his Associates swallow'd in the Sound;
 How he escap'd, the Isle *Ogygia* found,

Where

Where fair *Calypso* Him to be her Lord,
 Long courted, treating both at Bed and Board:
 That Him she would immortal make she said,
 Ne'r to be Old, but all would not persuade.
 Next how He came to the *Phœcian* shore,
 Whom there they all did as a God adore:
 Of Gold and Garments a rich Present made,
 And then by Sea to *Ithaca* convey'd.
 As thus he talk'd: sleep seiz'd him unawares
 In golden Chains, which cures Heart-eating Cares.
 But *Pallas* then another Plot contriv'd,
 When sleep enough his Spirits had reviv'd,
 And his dear Wife's embraces; Daun's approach,
 From Sea she hastens in her golden Coach,
 Conveying Light to Mortals: from his Bed
Ulysses rising, to his Queen thus sed;

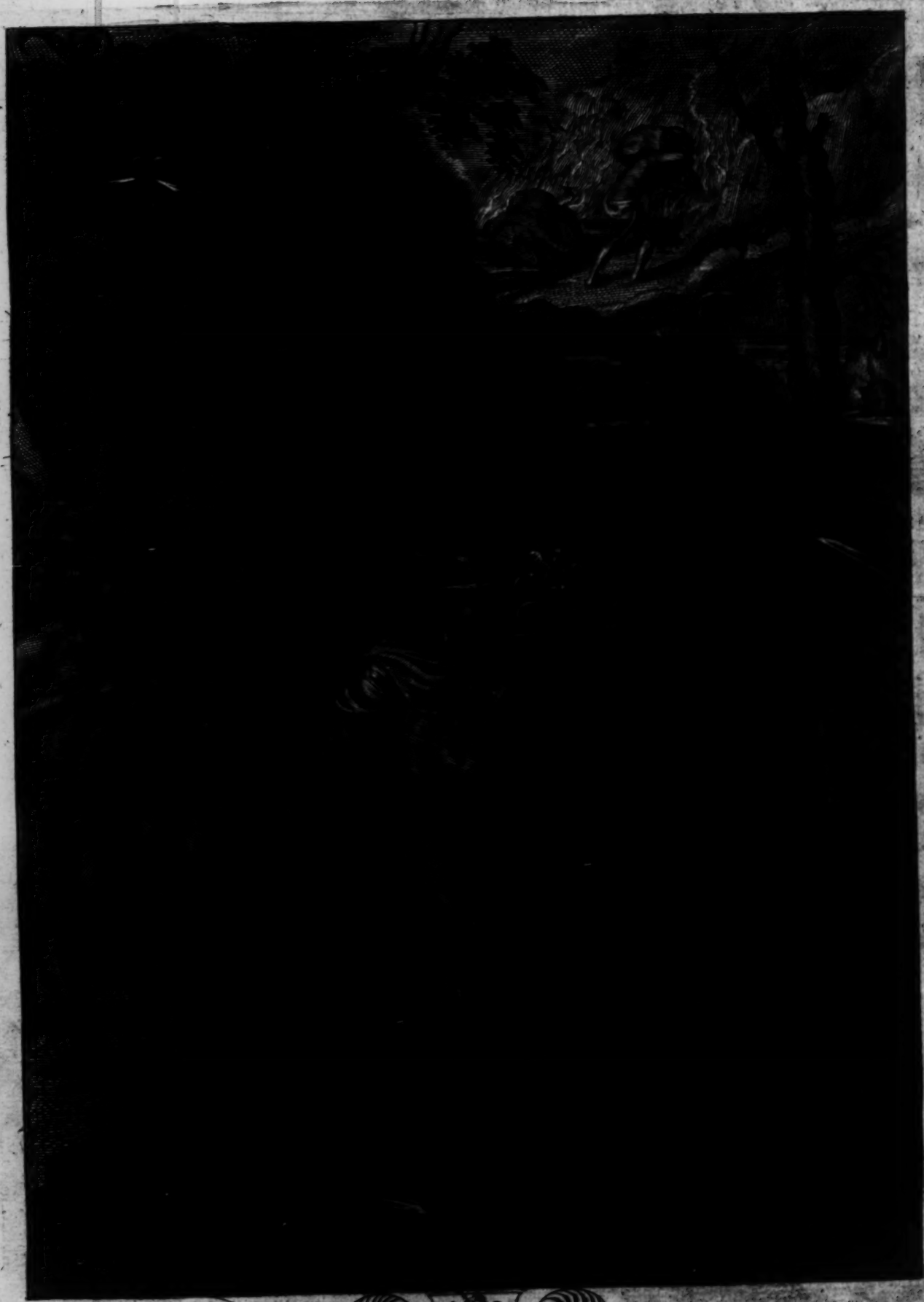
We both have surfeited with Grief, my Dear,
 Thou in my absence many troubles here;
 But me the Gods wearied with Woe and Toyl,
 Crossing my Passage to my Native Soyl:
 Now in one Bed we former Comforts find,
 Next to Domestick cares let's turn our mind.
 What sheep the wasting Sutors did consume,
 I'll take so many as shall fill their Room:
 The *Greeks* that number shall for me provide,
 Till all my Coats and Stals are re-supply'd:
 But I must go now to the Field, to give
 My Father Comfort, who for me doth grieve.
 But, Dearest Wife, Thee I command, although
 Thou art Discreet (for straight the Fame will go
 Of these proud Sutors slaughter to the Town)
 To keep within thy Chamber, nor come down,
 Nor see, nor speak with any there. This done,
 He arms himself, the like commands his Son,

Y y

Eumæus

Eumæus, and *Philetius*, and all there,
 That straight in glittering Armour they appear,
 All clad in Steel were, straight their King th' obey'd,
 Open'd the Gates, whom forth *Ulysses* led:
 Now the Sun rose, whom *Pallas* though convey'd
 Forth from the City cover'd with a shade.

HOMER'S



Johanni Markham
hanc L.M.



Armigero Tabulam
D.D.D.I.O. Lib. 24



HOMER'S ODYSSEES.

THE TWENTY FOURTH BOOK.

THE ARGUMENT.

*Hermes conducts to Shades the Sutors Ghosts,
Greek Heroes meet them on th' Infernal Coasts.
Amphimedon and Agamemnon talk.
Laertes found in his own Garden walk.
A War begins. Eupitheus sad Decease.
Pallas like Mentor makes a lasting Peace.*



CYLLENIAN^(a) Hermes

leads to th' infernal Strand,
The Sutors^(b) Ghosts, arm'd with
his golden Wand,
With which He feels up Mortal's
Eys from Cares,

And opes again to follow their Affairs.
He drives them on, they after murmuring flock
Like Bats, who in the belly of a Rock,
When any one drops from their Order, out,
All fluttering, rise; and Humming, fly about:

Y y 2

Sa

(a) He has this Epithet attributed to him from the Mountain *Cyllene* in *Arcadia*, where he was especially worshipped.

(b) *Mercury* was feign'd to pass between *Jupiter* and *Pluto*, fetching Ghosts from the under-shadows, and carrying them thither, because he taught that no man came into the World, or went out of it, without the Divine appointment. Which office we find generally attributed to him by the Poets. *Virgil, Æneid. 4.*

— *hæc animas ille evocat Orco
Pallentes, alias sub tristia Tartara mis-
sit:
Dat somnos adimitque, & lumina mor-
te refingat.*

With this pale Souls from *Erebus* he calls
And others in sad *Tartarus* inhales.
Procures, and Sleep repels, shuts dy-
ing Eys.

So *Hermes* lead them muttering through broad waies:
 They reach th' effluxes of the swelling Seas,
 Then *Leucas* rock, thence on their Course they keep
 To the *Sun's* Portals, and the Town of sleep,
 And straight they enter in a flow'ry Mead,
 Where, after Death, departed souls reside:
 And first the shades they of *Achilles* found,
Patroclus and *Antilochus* so renown'd,
 And *Ajax* for his Valour honour'd most,
 Except *Pelides* of the *Grecian* Host.
 About Him neerer the pale Sutors drew,
 And *Agamemnon* with his slaughter'd Crew,
 Lamenting, who were by *Ægisthus* slain,
 To whom *Achilles* shade did thus complain;
 Atrides, we suppos'd that thundering *Jove*
 Most Thee, of all the *Grecian* Chiefs, did love:
 Because so many thou did'st lead, and such,
 Who *Troy* subdu'd, where they endur'd so much,
 And wert Thou, ah! so barbarously destroy'd?
 But none that's born can fullen Fate avoyd.
 Would Thou hadst dy'd with Honour in Command,
 And met thy destiny on the *Phrygian* Strand,
 Then had the *Grecians* bravely Thee interr'd,
 And Thou great Glory on thy Son conferr'd:
 But now on Thee a sadder Death did seize.
 Then He reply'd; Renown'd *Æacides*,
 Thou far from *Greece* fell'st on the *Trojan* Plain,
 Many on both sides in thy Rescue slain,
 Whil'st in a dustie Whirl-wind Thou did'st lie,
 Thy Valour lost, forgot thy Chivalrie:
 All day we fought, and had not then giv'n back,
 Had not *Jove* scar'd us with a Thunder-crack:
 Then off we bore Thee laying on a Bed,
 Bath'd and anointed, on thy Corps we shed

Rivers

Rivers of Tears, and offer'd Thee our Hair :
Thetis with all her *Nymphs* then did repair,
 For they our Sorrows to the Sea could hear,
 Such Vollying Groans arose from Grief, and Fear ;
 And we had thence with our whole Navy fled,
 But that Old *Nestor*, grave in Counsel, did
 Our rashness stop, and thus to us did say ;

Fly not for shame, once valiant *Grecians*, stay ;
 His Mother, with her Sea-*Nymphs* in a Train,
 Comes to lament her Off-spring, from the Main.
 These words straight dissipate their Panyck fears,
 Th'old ^(c) Sea-gods daughters thronging round thy Horse
 Their Grievs with Cries and floods of Tears exprest,
 Covering thy Corps with an immortal Vest.

There the nine *Muses* sung alternatly
 Thy Funeral-song, thy woful Elegy.

Thou could'st not see an Ey of all were there,
 So sweet, so sad their Notes, without a Tear.

There seventeen Daies, and Nights, we never slept,
 Whil'st the immortal Gods, and Mortals wept ;

On th' eighteenth we kindled thy lofty Pyre,
 Casting fat sheep and Cattel on the Fire,

And thee imbalm'd with Honey and pure Oyl,
 And the Gods Vests consum'd upon the Pyle ;

Both Horse and Foot, compleatly arm'd, surround
 The crackling Flames, whil'st doleful Cries resound.

The Fire once out, thy ^(d) Bones we gather up,
 And early luting in her golden Cup,

With Wine and Oyl thy Mother we present,
 By *Vulcan* wrought, which her ^(e) *Lyæus* sent ;

In this promiscuously thy Bones they laid,
 With thy *Patroclus* reliques, but they had

From *Antilochus* distance, whom thou honour'd'st most
 After thou had'st thy dear Companion lost.

Over

(c) *Nereus*, from whom the Sea-
Nymphs were call'd *Nereides*.

(d) It was an antient and long con-
 tinued custom, among both *Greeks* and
Romans, to burn the bodies of the dead,
 to put their ashes into Urns either of
 Stone or Metal, and to enclose them in
 their Sepulchres. *Iliad* 23.

Ὀψέ γ' ὅττι νῦν ὅμῳ σαρὲς ἀμφοτέρωσιν,
 χιυῖσθ' ἀμφοτέρωσιν, πῶς τις πύρρῃ πύρρῃ
 μένῃ.

Ab! in that golden Urn our Reliques
 save,
 Which thee thy Goddess-Mother *Thetis*
 gave.

Soon as the Ashes fell, with tears and
 groans,
 They in a golden Urn enclose his bones,
 Which wrapt in Linnen as *Achilles* Tent
 They leaving, next design the Monu-
 ment.

The same we find in use among the
Romans, mentioned by *Tibullus*,

— Non hic mihi Mater
 Qua legat in mœstos ossa perusta sinus.

compared with these of *Ovid* in his
Metamorphosis,

Quodque regis superest una requiescit
 in Urna.

And what the fire had left lay in one
 Urn.

(e) This Cup was given *Thetis* by
Bacchus for her kind treatment and
 reception of him, when being pur-
 su'd by *Lycæus*, he took sanctuary
 in the Sea. Which *Vulcan* bestowed
 on *Bacchus* for his entertainment gi-
 ven him in the Island *Naxos*.

(f) *Strabo* saies that the Tomb of *Achilles* was extant in his time, at the Promontory *Sigeum*, with a Temple also dedicated to him; the Tombs also of *Patroclus* and *Antiloehus*; to all of whom the inhabitants of new *Ilium* sacrific'd.

Over your Urns we did a Mountain rear,
 And consecrated then your ^(f) Sepulcher
 Neer the broad *Hellepont*, that all may see
 That now sail by, or shall here-after be.
 Thy Mother grac'd with Games thy Funeral-Rites,
 And to rich Prizes our prime Chiefs invites.
 I have seen many Heroe's Obsequies,
 And Princes emulous to win the Prize,
 But none like Thine, Thou would'st admire t'have seen,
 What *Thetis* there the silver-footed Queen
 Plac'd for Rewards, so thy immortal Name
 Stands in the Records of eternal Fame.
 But what gain'd I by War, that lost my Life,
 At my Return by *Aegisthus* and my Wife.
 Thus they discours'd, when the pale Sutors Ghosts
Hermes had brought to the infernal Coasts:
 All wonder'd at them much when neer they drew.
Amphimedon, *Atrides* shadow knew:
 For Him in *Ithaca* He treated had,
 To whom thus first pale *Agamemnon* said;
 Melanthius Son, what to the shades hath sent
 These of one Age, all Persons eminent?
 None that their handsom-*Mein*, and Habits see,
 Can judg them less then Princes Sons to be.
 Whether did *Neptune* them with storms engage,
 And swallow'd 'mongst rough Billows in his Rage?
 Or by Prophane at th' Altars lost their Lives,
 Or fighting for their Country, and their Wives?
 Pray tell me, for I boast my self your Guest,
 Since to your Palace I my self address,
 Moving *Ulysses* there with us to Joyn,
 And *Menelaus*, on our ^(*) grand Design.
 A moneth at Sea, and lingring there we stay'd,
 Ere we the City-sacker could persuade.

(*) *Trojan War*.

When

When thus *Amphimedon's* shadow made reply ;
What thou rememberst now I not deny,
But I to thee our Tragedy shall relate,
And how we suffer'd under cruel Fate.
We long did court absent *Ulysses* Spouse ;
Marriage, though loathsom, she would not refuse,
Nor yet comply, but fostering secret Hate,
Our Death's she plotted, by untimely Fate:
But thus her Sutors first she did deceive ;
She had forsooth a curious Web to weave,
And thus to all said ; Though my Lord be dead,
Suspend your sute, and urge me not to wed
Till this be wrought, that when his sad Fates call,
Must serve *Laertes* for his Funeral Pall :
So shall no *Grecian* Lady me asperse,
That I with naught adorn'd his Funeral Hearse.
Thus did the Queen our easie minds persuade,
By Night unraveling what by Day she made,
Holding three Summers thus, and Winters on :
But when the fourth year's gliding Spheres begun,
One of her Women her design reveal'd,
And buisie her, unweaving we beheld.
Discover'd thus she ends what she begun,
And shew'd it us more glorious then the Sun.
Fortune at last *Ulysses* Home convoid ;
Some time he at his Swine-herds Cottage staid,
There came his Son *Telemachus*, mean while,
In a stout ship, return'd from sandy *Pyle*.
Where they, as soon as he had thus arriv'd,
Th' unhappy Sutors woful Deaths contriv'd.
They to the City came, *Ulysses* last,
But first *Telemachus* to Court made hast ;
By *Eumæus* led, the King came strangely drest,
Like an old Beggar in a tatter'd Vest,

Leaning

Leaning upon a Staff, not any there
 Knew him disguis'd, though they our Elders were:
 In his own House him did we strike and scoff,
 Yet he bore all, and patiently came off,
 And well our Buffoonries and Drolling took,
 But when incens'd *Jove* did him provoke,
 That He his Son bid all his Arms convey,
 And keep in Private under Lock and Key,
 Moves his dear Wife to fetch his Bow and Steel,
 To shoot for her, which after we did feel,
 Which our Destruction prov'd and Over-throw:
 For none of us could draw *Ulysses* Bow,
 Nor bend, had not of it the left Command.
 But when the tough Yew came into his Hand,
 Then we all ranted not to let him ha'it,
 Though he should ne'r so much for it intreat,
 Only *Telemachus* bids Him try his skill:
 He bends the Bow, and shoots through all the steel:
 Then standing up, he forth his Arrows got,
 And frowning direly, first *Antinous* shot,
 Then deadly shafts dispensing through the Hall,
 Many he kills, thick they together fall.
 Aloud they groan, and falling smear all ore
 With reeking Blood, and Brains, the marble Floor.
 Thus finish'd we our woful Destiny,
 Our Bodies in his House neglected ly,
 Nor none of all our Friends know where they are,
 That they might of our Funerals take care.
 Then thus *Atrides* Ghost to Him replies;
 Oh Thou renowned *Laertiades*,
 Thou by thy Prowess hast thy Wife regain'd,
 And she hath well her Chastity maintain'd,
 For which, *Penelope* shall bear the Name,
 For ever in the Registers of Fame.

Songs of *Icarus* Daughter they shall write,
 Shall Mortals, and Immortal Gods delight,
 But ^(g) *Tyndarus* Daughter, my accursed Spouse,
 Her own dear Lord murder'd in his own House.

Scriblers of thee shall hateful Ballads frame,
 Th' whole Sex aspersing with eternal shame.
 Amongst themselves such sad Discourse they found,
 In *Pluto's* dismal Kingdoms under ground.

But they went through the City to the Field
Laertes had with so much labour till'd ;
 There stood his House with Cottages beset,
 Where all his Servants sleep, and drink, and eat ;
 There was an ag'd *Sicilian* Woman there,
 Who of the Old Man took especial Care :

Then to his Son and Swains *Ulysses* spake ;
 Go to yon House, and a fat Porker take,
 One of the best, and there for supper dress ;
 But to my Father I'll my self address,
 To try if He, when I my self shall show,
 After long absence, me at first will know.
 He to his servants gave his Arms, this said,
 Then to the Palace with all speed they made.

Mean while *Ulysses* march'd the Garden round,
 Yet in those spacious Walks not *Dolius* found,
 Nor any of his sons, nor servants there,
 At Hedging they and trimming Quick-sets were :
 But found his Father ^(h) pruning of a Plant,
 A sordid Mantle on, both thin and scant,
 About his Ankles coarse Gamashoes ty'd,
 Which He 'gainst scratching Brambles did provide,
 On his Hands Mittens, lest they might grow red,
 A Goat-skin Bonnet on his woful Head.

Ulysses knew Him straight with sorrow pin'd,
 And Age, that loads the Body and the mind,

Z z

Weeping

(g) *Clytemnestra*, daughter of *Tyndarus* and *Leda*, who slew her Husband at his return from *Troy*, as is already deliver'd. *Odys.* 11.

Ἀλλὰ καὶ Αἴγιός τε καὶ Δαναὸν τε μέ-
 γας τε
 Ἐξέτα σὺν ἐλομένη ἀλόχῳ —

But *Aegisthus* and my wicked Wife
 slew me.

(h) *Cicero* in *Catone majore* mentions this place thus, *At Homerus Laertem colentem agrum & cum sicciorantem facit* : He seems to have read *ἐν πύλαις τε*, otherwise it is a slip of his Memory.

Weeping he neer a stately Pear-tree stood,
Contriving with himself whether he should
Kiss and embrace his Father; and mean while,
Tell how He came unto his Native Soyl;
Or else enquire of him, and Questions ask:
The last seems best, and the more easie Task,
His Humour first with rugged tears to try:
To whom *Ulysses*, this resolv'd, drew nigh,
Who digging round a Plant, hung down his Head,
When to his Father thus *Ulysses* said;

Old Man, thou play'st most skilfully thy part,
That shew'st such Care, such Industry, and Art:
No Plant, no Fig-tree, Olive, Vine, nor Pear,
But both in rank and file well-order'd are;
Yet let me tell Thee, nor be angry though,
Small Cultrature dost on thy self bestow:
Thee Age and Melancholy hath decay'd,
Thou shew'st in tatters thus as thou wert mad,
Or doth thy Master in such weeds thee cloath,
As due rewards of Negligence and Sloath?
There's Majesty on thy Brows, thy Limbs are large,
A Kingly Office fitter to discharge,
If thou would'st bath, and eat, and drink; for Rest,
And soft Repose are for the Aged best.

But Old Man, tell me, and the Truth impart.
Whose Garden keep'st thou, and whose Servant th' art?
And one word more, that I inform'd may be,
If I'm in *Ithaca*, as one told me,
A simple Rustick, whom i'th' way I met,
And could no more out of the Fellow get.
About a Friend, alive, if still he breath,
Or Dead, descended to the House of Death.
Pray listen, Sir, and well me understand,
I fairly treated him in my own Land,

Not

Not any Guest did e're to me resort,
 Found kinder Entertainment in my Court :
 He told me he was born in *Ithaca*,
Laertes was his Father he did say.
 When to my House himself he first addrest,
 I lead him in, though I had many Guests ;
 And hospitable Gifts, such as I could,
 Presented him, ten talents of pure gold,
 A silver Goblet graven, and refin'd,
 Twelve Tap'stry pieces, twelve fair Vests, unlin'd,
 As many Robes and Mantles for his wear,
 And four young Damsels, all well-bred and fair,
 Which he himself selected from the rest.
 His Father weeping, thus himself exprest ;
 Thou art a Stranger sure to this our Coast,
 That ask'st such questions ; all thy Gifts are lost,
 Since here unjust and wicked People reign,
 And whatsoe'r he had, thou gav'st in vain ;
 But had'st thou found Him living here, he would
 Have made a fair Return of what he could :
 For He is just, and scorns ungrateful shifts,
 Had loaden thee with hospitable Gifts.
 But, good Sir, say, and do not me deceive ;
 How long since is't your Friend you did receive,
 He was my Son, though most Unfortunate,
 Whom far from Friends, his Countrey, and Estate,
 Or Fishes have devoured in the Sea,
 Or Beasts, and Birds, a-shore, have made their Prey :
 Nor could his Parents weep upon his Herse,
 Nor his dear Wife, whom Fame could ne'r asperse,
 Deplore him dying, nor close up his Eys,
 Which honourable makes his Obsequies.
 So much be pleased I may you engage,
 To tell me where you dwell, and Parentage,

Where lies your Vessel, that you hither brought,
Or did some Strangers ship you hither freight?
Then hoysing sail you on this Coast did leave.
Then said the King, a brief account receive.

(i) *Alybas*, or *Alyba*, a City in Italy, afterwards call'd *Metapontium*. *Eustathius* observes that the proper names in this place are on purpose feign'd by the Poet. *Alybas* from *ἄλυσ*, to denote his Wandrings abroad, *Aphidas*, to signify his munificence, which appears in his present to *Ulysses*, and *Polyppemon* to denote the multitude of his sufferings in these his Travails.

King *Aphid's* son from ⁽ⁱ⁾ *Alybas* I came,
As *Sicily* I past, *Eperitus* my Name,
Missing my Course, against my Will I stood
For *Ithaca*, my ship lies in the road.
Five years 'tis since from me *Ulysses* went,
Glad Omens to his Voyage gave consent:
We of each other joyfully took leave,
Hoping to give rich Presents, and receive
When next we met. This said, a dismal Cloud
Of darkning sorrow did his Temples shroud;
With both his Hands ^(k) Dust on his Head he threw,
Poud'ring his silver Hair, deep sighing too.

(k) Casting of Dust upon their heads seems to have been a symptom of extremity of grief and sorrow among the ancients. So is *Achilles* describ'd lamenting the death of his dear *Patroclus*, *Iliad* 18.

τιν' δ' ἄχθ' νεφέην ἐκάλυψε μέλαινα
ἄμ' ὀφρύσιν δ' ἄρ' ἔπειτα χεῖρας αἰδανέσας
χέουσ' ἄλ' καὶ κεφαλῇς —

A Cloud, this said, upon his Brows he hung,
Dust on his manly Face and Fore-head flung,
Then falling down, his golden Tresses tore,
And with his Royal habit swept the floor.

Whom *Virgil* follows *Æneid* 12.

*Demitunt mentes, it scissa veste Latini
Coniungis attonitus fati, urbisque ruina
Canicium immundo persusam pulvere turpans.*

Their Courage fails, the King his garments rent,
At his Wifes fate, and ruin'd Town struck dead,
Throwing foul Dust upon his silver-head.

At this *Ulysses* mov'd, short breath did draw,
When Him he in so sad a posture saw,
He kissing, and imbracing, said; I'm here,
Whom, Sir, you have not seen in twenty year:
Now weep no more, no longer thus complain,
The insolent Corrivals are all slain,
And dearly pay'd for all their mischiefs done.

Then said *Laertes*; If thou art my Son,
How cam'st thou hither? I'll some token see,
That I may be persuaded thou art He.
Then to his Father thus the Son replies;
Sir, on this Cicatrice first cast your eys,
Got by a Boar, when I a hunting went,
Where you, Sir, and my dearest Mother sent
Me to her Father, promis'd Gifts to have,
Which his word keeping there he kindly gave.
All Plants within thy Orchard well I know,
What Trees I begg'd, and which thou did'st bestow:
When

When I a boy, with thee went up and down,
 Their several names thou told'st me One by One,
 Pear-trees thrice ten, twelve apple, fourty Fig,
 Vines fifty, gave me with full clusters big:
 Of every sort, you some on me bestow'd,
 Which seasonable showrs with Fruit did load.
 This said, He trembling did the Scar behold,
 Then did his Child in strict embrace infold,
 Who fainting, then supported by his Son,
 Recovering Spirits thus ore-joy'd begun;

I know, O *Jove*, now Gods in Heaven reside,
 Since these proud Sutors punish'd are for Pride,
 We stand must on our Guard, for much, I doubt,
 Against us the whole City will draw out,
 And send to th' ⁽¹⁾ *Cephalenians* for aid.

Fear not, *Ulysses* to his Father said;
 Nor such things Valew I more then a Pin,
 But to yon House we'll go upon the Green,
 My Son, *Eumæus*, and *Philæti* there
 I sent, that they our Supper should prepare.
 This said, they walk'd together, as design'd,
 Where with *Telemachus* the rest they find;
 Then dressing Meat, and mixing Wine; mean while
Laertes Maid him baths, and 'noints with Oyl,
 Cloath'd in a Royal Vest, whom *Pallas* straight
 Made Plump, and Fatter, adding to his Height.
 Come from the Bath, his Son admiring stood,
 To see his Father look so like a God:

To whom he said, Some Power with wondrous Art
 Hath made Thee Fat and Fair, as e're thou wert.

Then He; Would *Jove*, *Phæbus*, and *Pallas*, make
 Me such as when I ^(m) *Nerius* did take,
 When I the *Cephalenians* did sway,
 And had well-arm'd with thee been Yesterday:

Those

(1) For the *Cephalenians* were Masters of several Isles; *Cephalenia*, *Ithaca*, *Zacynthus*, &c. as appears from the enumeration of them *Iliad* 2.

Ἀλλὰ τὸν Ὀδυσσεὺς Κεφαλληνίας περὶ
 οἰκίᾳ Ἰθάκῃ, καὶ Νηλεὺς ἀντι-
 ποδῶν,

Ulysses the stout *Cephalenians* led,
 Whom *Ithaca*, and steep *Neritus* bred,
 Who in the *Crocyl* and *Egylipe* dwell,
 And those that *Samos* and *Zacynthos*
 till.

(m) *Nerius* is the antient name of the Island *Lencas*, which *Strabo* calls ἀντὶς ἡπειρῶς, which at first was a peninsula under the command of the *Acarmanians*, but afterwards made an Island by the industry of the *Corinthians*, call'd *Lencas* from *Lencadius* the brother of *Penelope*.

Those Sutors I my self had all destroy'd,
 And thou thy Palace had'st with joy enjoy'd.
 Thus they discours'd amongst themselves : mean while
 The Rusticks come from their agrestick Toyl.
 Supper prepar'd, they down in order sat
 On several Seats, and fall unto their Meat :
 When *Dolius* and his Sons enter the Hall,
 Weary, the old *Sicilian* them did call,
 And special care of Him and His she took,
 And much to *Dolius*, antient grown, did look.
 When they *Ulysses* saw, and knew, they all
 Stood wonder-struck, like statues in the Hall :
 To whom *Ulysses* in kind Language said ;

Father, sit down, and be not so dismay'd,
 Fall to your Supper now, no time neglect,
 We tarried for you, and did long expect.
Dolius, this said, no longer wond'ring stands,
 But to *Ulysses* running, kist his Hands,
 And thus ore-joy'd, unto his Master spoke ;

Sir, since y'are come, for whom we long did look,
 Some God hath brought you to your Native Soyl,
 Let him convert to joy all former Toyl.

Knows, Sir, *Penelope* that you are here ?
 If not, let me the joyful message bear.

When thus *Ulysses* said ; Old Man, she knows,
 Fall to thy Victuals, and no time now loose.
 This said, down sat he in his polish'd seat ;
 Whilst *Dolius* Sons about *Ulysses* get,
 And his Hands kissing, thence they straight retire,
 And sat in order neer their aged Sire.

Thus they at Supper sate, whil'st flying Fame
 Did through the Town the Sutors Deaths proclaim.
 Soon as they heard, together all resort,
 And sighing went up to *Ulysses* Court :

Then

Then they the bodies carrying, straight interr.
 To other Cities some transported were
 In Fisher-men, who home their Bodies sent :
 Which done, they all to Consultation went.
 When they conven'd a frequent Court had made,
Eupithes rose, and to the Concourse said ;
 He for his Son ready with Grief to burst,
Antinous, whom *Ulysses* slaughter'd first,
 When thus he spake, Tears trickling down his Cheeks;
 Great works this Prince hath finish'd for the *Greeks*:
 He lanch'd a Royal Navy from our Coast,
 Mann'd with brave men, and them and all hath lost,
 And now hath many *Cephalenians* slain,
 But ere he *Elis*, where th' *Epeians* reign,
 Or *Pyle* shall reach, let's his Escape prevent,
 Or else for ever we may all repent:
 This our Posterity will brand, if you
 Not punish those your Sons and Brothers slew.
 I shall in Life no longer pleasure have,
 But with Grief loaden sink into my Grave :
 Let us his Transportation straight prevent.
 This said, they all the Business much resent :
 When to the Council *Medon* made resort,
 And *Phemius* early from *Ulysses* Court :
 Then standing in the midst, all were dismayd,
 When *Medon* thus to the great Council said ;
 You *Ithacans* assembled now, hear me,
Ulysses not against the Gods Decree
 This work hath done, I saw a Deathless God,
 Who like Old *Mentor* at his Elbow stood ;
 And when he cours'd the Sutors through the Hall,
 That Power assisting, they in Heaps did fall.
 These words the General Concourse much dismayd,
 When thus the Heroe *Alitherses* said ;

For

For only he fore-saw this rising Storm,
 And gravely thus their Judgments did inform;
 You *Ithacans*, now hear what I'll relate,
 You are the Cause of their untimely Fate:
Mentor and Me you scorn'd, when you me chid,
 Nor would the madness of your Sons forbid,
 Who such high Mischiefs acted in his House,
 Wasting his State, wronging his Vertuous Spouse:
 They thought Him sure, that ne'r He would return,
 Let me advise you straight, this Court adjourn,
 Nor Him oppose, lest worse you betide.
 This said, they clamouring in Factions side,
 But there the discontented Party stay'd,
 This Speech not pleas'd, but what *Eupithes* said,
 And straight they arming, their Design pursue,
 And forth in glittering Regiments all drew:
Eupithes the distracted Squadrons led,
 Reveng'd He for his Son would be, He said:
 But there He dy'd, and ne'r return'd again,
 When thus to *Jove Minerva* did complain;
 O Thou who govern'st all, so favour me,
 That I may know thy undisclos'd Decree:
 A lingering War design'st Thou in that Isle,
 Or wilt Thou else both Parties reconcile?
 Then He who oft Heaven with black Clouds doth mask
 Said; Daughter, why such Questions do'st thou ask?
 What er'e thou hast design'd, ne'r prov'd in Vain,
 Hath not *Ulysses* all the Sutors slain?
 Do as thou wilt, and let all Quarrels cease,
 And let them joyn in everlasting Peace:
 They now being punish'd, let Him alwaies reign,
 They shall forget their Dear Relations slain,
 And as before in blessed Union joyn,
 Where Peace and Riches shall with Justice shine.

This

This said, He sends willing *Minerva* down,
She shoots like Lightning from *Olympus* Crown.
When they with Meat and Drink were well-suffic'd,
Ulysses thus the Company advis'd ;

Go forth, and see if any draw this way.
Straight *Dolius* Son, as bidden, did obey :
And He a Party on the Threshold saw,
Then shouts ; *Ulysses*, arm, they neer us draw.
This said, themselves they for the Fight prepare,
Ulysses four, six Sons had *Dolius* there,
With these *Laertes* and old *Dolius* arm,
Age not exempts when suddain's the Alarm.
When all in compleat Steel the King beheld,
Through open Gates he draws into the Field :
To them, like *Mentor*, the Celestial Maid
Conjoyns her self, at which *Ulysses* said ;

Thus to his Son ; Thou'lt see in this Contest,
Who boldest are, themselves behaving best ;
But do not Thou thy Ancestors disgrace,
Who ne'r in Valour gave to any place.

Then he reply'd ; Dear Father, you shall see,
Neither shall dishonour Them, nor Thee.
At this, *Laertes* much reioycing, said ;

You Gods, I hear now that which makes me glad,
That I have such a Grand-Child, such a Son.
Then to *Laertes Pallas* thus begun ;

O *Arcefiades*, when thou hast pray'd
To *Jove's* fair Daughter, the Celestial Maid,
Then throw thy Lance : this said, he makes his Prayer,
She gives him Strength, and first he throws his Spear,
Which pierc'd *Eupithes* Cask, and Skull, to ground
Th' Old Heroe falls, his rattling Arms resound :
In rush *Ulysses* and his Valiant Son,
And at them with their Swords, and Javelins run,

A a a

And

And with huge slaughter they their way had made,
When *Pallas* loud to stop their Fury said;

Hold, hold, you *Ithacans*, from War abstain,
Part without blood-shed, let no more be slain.

Thus *Pallas* said, and Fear surpriz'd them all,
And from their trembling Hands their Javelins fall
Upon the Ground, the Goddess threats aloud,
They fly, and to the Town for safety croud;

Ulysses follows close the routed Crew,

And after them like a swift Eagle flew;

Then *Jove* at them his dreadful Thunder shot,

Which lighted just before *Minerva's* Foot,

When to *Ulysses* thus the Goddess saies;

Jove's Off-spring, stand, stand *Laertiades*,

No farther in this War thou must engage,

Lest thus displeasing, *Jove* thou should'st enrage,

The King at *Pallas* threatnings makes a stand,

And joyfully obeys the Maids command.

Pallas, like *Mentor*, as she had design'd,

Thus them again in happy Peace conjoyn'd.

FINIS.



